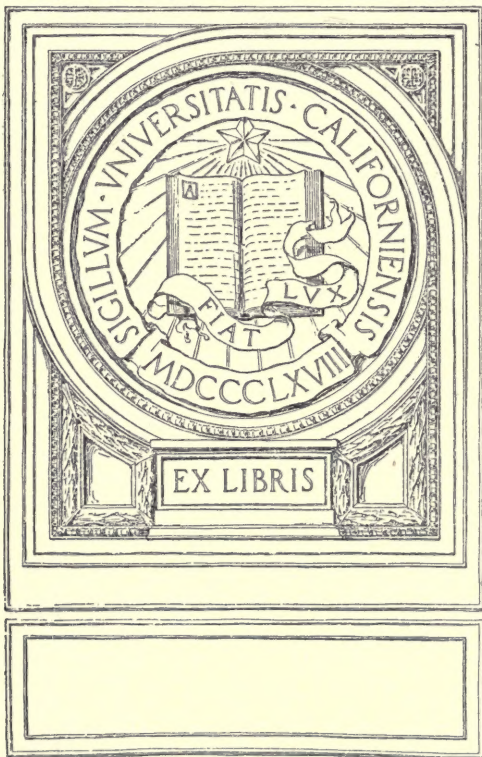



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COLLECTION
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VOL. II.

THE
BOHEMIA

OR COLLECTION

OF

P L A Y S.

VOL. II.

THE
BOHEMIAN,

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

BY

GEORGE SOANE, A. B.

Author of "The Innkeeper's Daughter."

"Peasant of Lucern," &c.

" —Neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio, thyrsūve potest contingere sana
Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dieque
Corpus eget—

" Quis locus ingenio, nisi quum se carmine solo
Vexant et, dominis Cirrhæ Nisæque feruntur
Pectora nostra, duas non admittentia curas."

JUVEN. Sat. vii.

London.

PUBLISHED BY C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL.

1817.

THE

BOHEMIAN

TO

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS
SAMUEL J. ARNOLD, Esq.

GEORGE THOMAS, Manager, is

peculiarly interested as a reading, but

sincere token of gratitude for his

many acts of kindness and esteem

for his acknowledged talents

by his obliged

and humble servant,
J. ARNOLD.

From the Press of Oxberry & Co.
White-hart yard Drury-lane.

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1871

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V. 1

SAMUEL J. ARNOLD, Esq.

This *Tragedy* is respectfully inscribed as a trifling, but sincere token of gratitude for his many acts of kindness, and esteem for his acknowledged talents,

by his obliged

and humble Servant,

George Soane.

Lately Published by C. Chapple, Pall Mall.

THE PEASANT OF LUCERN, a Melo-drama in three acts, together with Poems, Songs, &c.—By the Author of the “Bohemian,” Svo. price 3s.

“The language of this Melo-Drama is essentially different from the unmeaning verbiage which is generally put into the mouths of the characters in such pieces. It is, indeed, a drama of superior merit, and we can warmly recommend it to the perusal of our readers; they will find that our praise is by no means misplaced or undeserved.

Some miscellaneous poems are subjoined, the major part of which originally appeared in our work, and we therefore of course feel an interest in them; but in truth, they stand in need of no such recommendation. The *lines to the Memory of Mrs. Lovegrove*, and *The night of Parting*, are particularly entitled to our commendation. There is a poem which we do not recollect to have seen before; it is entitled *Lines written at Night in a Church Yard*, and displays much of that forcible expression, blended with the morbidness of feeling, and gloomy view of things, by which the poetry of Lord Byron is distinguished.”

“The insertion of two songs from a romance called, ‘The Eve of San Marco,’ leads us to conclude, that Mr. Soane is the author of that work. We recollect reading it some years since, and it then struck us as being distinguished by much originality, and uncommon vigour of thought and expression; his talent appears to be that of ‘darkening the gloomy, and of deepening the sad; of painting life in extremes, and representing those struggles of passion, when the soul trembles on the verge of the unlawful and the unhallowed.’ We should be glad to hear that he had resumed his *romantic pen*.”

Vide Theatrical Inquisitor, Vol. VII. pp. 13 and 14.—August 1815.

P R E F A C E.

THE publication of an unacted play is generally considered as a declaration of war against theatrical managers, as an appeal from their taste to that of the public—for myself, this certainly is not the case. I agree perfectly with the opinion of the liberal critic who pronounced this *Tragedy* to be unfit for *representation*, at least in its present state, yet I shall hope that it may please in *perusal*—Grateful to Mr. Lamb for his kind advice and generous assistance, I hope he will allow me to offer this public acknowledgment of his kindness, which has laid the foundation of whatever success I may hereafter enjoy. To my illustrious patron, the Earl of Essex, I am on many points indebted, and not the least for that his lordship has endeavoured to reconcile me to the bosom of my family.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERMAN, Count of Aspenau.

BERTHOLD of ASPENAU, his Cousin and Friend.

MALTINGEN, Chief of the Secret Tribunal.

ALBERT of URFFEN, his Friend.

FRANCIS KLAUSNER, an old servant in the family of Aspenau.

ANSELM, Prior of St. Stephen's Monastery.

CYPRIAN,

HILDEBRAND,

URBAN,

AMBROSIUS,

NIKANDER,

LAY PORTER.

} Principal Monks of St. Stephen's.

HOFFMAN, Captain of Gypsies.

CONRAD,

KARL,

SPIESS,

} His chief associates.

WENZEL, an Avenger.

1st AVENGER.

2nd AVENGER.

3rd AVENGER.

WOLF, Steward to Maltingen.

IDA, Her man's Mother.

ADELA, Herman's Wife.

EDITH, an Idiot Gpysey Girl.

ORRILA, Servant to Adela.

ALFRED, Adela's son, about four years old.

Knights, Avengers, Monks, Gypsies, Male and Female,
Huntsmen, and Vassals.

THE
BOHEMIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A thick wood.—Repeated volleys of musketry heard in the distance—Enter MALTINGEN and ALBERT, both habited for the chace.*

Alb. The chace is fruitless now; we may as well
Rest here awhile; the tumult of their war
Has driven the forest tenants from their lair.
Again! It breaks in thunder on the air!—
Brave sport! Brave Herman! Now, my life the
stake,

He truly winnows this thin Swabian chaff.

Malt. Would that this body rotted in the dust,
So that some nature might from thence draw life
To sting him to the heart—and you too! Why
Must you, my vassal, friend, who know my hate,
Why must you pour into my list'ning ear
The poison of his praise?

Alb. Because I am
Your friend.

Malt. It were a kinder act, methinks,
To feel with me: true friendship's of the soul,
And does not take a counsel from the brain
To limit out the sum of its affection.
It's voice should still be, like the echo, tun'd
To the same harmony of joy or woe
As his that ask'd its hearing.

Alb. That's a part
For flattery, not for friendship; I'll not feed
The rank and evil growings of your brain.
You envy this man's greatness, which brave minds
Would rather follow with a holy love,
And sin in emulation.

Malt. True, he stands forth
In all the majesty of pride above us;
As the gigantic monarchs of this wood
Suck the soil's richness, drink the gracious dews,
And fold the day-beams in their woven leaves,
While the shrubs wither in pale life beneath.

Alb. Is he not wise, brave, charitable, good?

Malt. It may be so.

Alb. It may be so!—it is—
But to the mind film'd o'er with envy's mists,
Naught holds its colour, like some turbid stream
Which on its surface shows the purple clouds
In mass and form, but colourless and dull
As the dark ooze, o'er which it rolls its way.

Malt. You take a larger licence to your tongue
Than friendship warrants.

Alb. Does it displease you?
I'm sorry for it; but 'tis most times so;
The palate seldom relishes the drugs,
Which sickness calls for.

Malt. Peace!—No more of this.—
Where can our fellows of the chace delay?
I muse they leave us thus.

Alb. It matters not;
The tumult of this conflict brought so near
Has driven the beasts to further refuge—Hark!
I hear—or is it fancy?—no—I hear
The iron clash of arms, and close at hand
The hollow beating of their horses' feet—
Aye, and the hurried tread of men.

Malt. 'Tis so;
You're right—yet it should seem the strife declines

Alb. Oh, no; it goes on merrily.

Malt. Hark! Hark!
The sound of nearing steps.

Alb. 'Tis some strange knight,
With Herman, bearing in their arms a third,
Dying or dead—Why, sure it can not—yes,
It is old Francis! he whose earliest youth
Was in the service of the Aspenau,
When Herman's father was no more than boy.
'Tis strange the mellow fruit so long should brave
The storms of nature, thus at last to fall,
Pluck'd by the hand of man.—How! You turn
pale!

Malt. We'll stand aside.

Alb. This mark'd emotion is—

Malt. Is hate—strong, deep, unutterable hate.

Alb. Say envy—shame!

Malt. Give it what name you
please.

Whene'er I meet this man, it is as if
Some serpent cross'd my path, in whose fix'd eye
Instinctive hatred glar'd, and to whose life
My nature own'd a born antipathy.

Alb. I'll not believe it; you're of human form,
And thoughts like these are proper to the fiend
Who stole on Eden's glory to destroy.

Malt. I do not ask your judgment; what men
think
Shall never check the freedom of my will.

Her. (*without*) 'Twere better to go on—the
Vale of Pines—
'Tis close at hand—through this thick clump of
trees.

Alb. They come!

Malt. Retire behind these tangled
shrubs.—(*They conceal themselves.* HER-
MAN and BERTHOLD enter supporting
FRANCIS.)

Her. How is it with you now?

Fra. Sick! Sick to death!
I feel life's ebb; the dreadful hour is come!
Its darkness gathers round—Oh, life is sweet!

Her. Tears for the evils we perforce must bear
Are idle as a present grief for things
Left in the rear of time; they but add the ill
Of grieving to the ill that's done. We all
In turn shall be subjected to this hour—
Heav'n grant it come to me, as now to you,
Married to honour and the living thought,
Which stands remember'd in the wrecks of time.

Fra. I would say something—but my tongue
is parch'd!
The dust of death is cleaving to my mouth!

Ber. The Fount of Roses flows in yonder rocks,
But his worn strength will hardly reach the spring.

Her. Then fill your helmet—put wings to your
speed. [*Exit Berthold.*

Fra. Oh, for the grace of Heav'n, leave me not.

Her. It was not my intent.

Fra. Give me your hand;
The clouds are clearing from my sight; my
strength
Is abler than a moment since.

Her. Indeed!
It gives a hope, then, worth a kingdom's price;
Courage, old man; you shall yet live to laugh
At this day's chance, and in the lapse of time
Look back upon it as a tale long past,
Too old for younger memories to tell.

Fra. That thought but mocks the time; I feel
death here;
His grasp of iron might is on my heart,
And sorely bruises the reluctant spirit—
Oh, I must die!—Leave the warm light of day,
All that lov'd me, and all that I have lov'd,
The recollections and the hopes of life—
Oh God! Oh God! My healthful fancy reck'd
But lightly of this hour.

Her. (*half aside.*) And is it so?
Is resolution but a heat of blood
That draws its temper from the ebbing veins,
And marches to their beating? Is pale death
To bow me to this shame, I blush to think of.

Fra. I do not hear you, for a deaf'ning noise,
Like to the roar of many waters, fills
My list'ning ears.

Her. My words were born of thoughts
That pitied your estate.

Fra. It is not yet—
When will it come, the last, strong, fearful wrench,
That tears the struggling spirit from the flesh?
Sick! sick!—and life had still such hoarded sweets
For time to reap—the kiss of infant love,
The smiles of social joy, the thousand hopes,
That fourscore years had twined about my heart—

And I must die—must rot in the cold grave,
 And stranger feet will rest them in my home,
 And stranger joys will laugh around my hearth.

Her. Poor, weak old man! dear in thy weakness, lift

Thy downward thoughts from earth, to that high world

Where glory shines in immortality.

Fra. Life is so sweet! so rich in thoughts for love!

The gossip winter with his blazing hearth,—
 The bright-ey'd spring, new-married to young hope,
 Who pipes the measure of his laughing steps,—
 The sturdy summer with his face of toil,
 His loose robes, woven of a thousand dyes,—
 The frolic autumn with his revels wild,
 Where plenty, vine-crown'd, ministers the feast—
 All these things were—will be—and I must die!

Her. I have no words to comfort thee, old man;
 The tears, that pity drops upon thy wounds,
 Heal not their festering.

Fra. They are too deep!

Too deep! too deep! hope has no skill to tent them.
 I have seen many die, yet death seems strange
 Now that I wrestle in myself with him.
 Could I shake off this dizziness of brain—
 I would say something.

Her. Vex not your faint strength
 By tasking it to words.

Fra. Hers was the crime—
 My heart was Eden, ere the first-wrought sin;
 No thought of ill dwelt in it; but she came,
 The temptress came, fair as the forms of light,
 With lips of strong persuasion, that made dear
 Sin's golden fruit—I ate of it and fell.

Her. His words are wild, wild as the jarring winds

That beat against each other. Poor wretch! Death
Deals hardly with thee—Would I could call back
One little hour!—Let me not play the child—
Wishes, impossible of act, are weeds
That choak the growth of action—to hope that
Which is in reason writ, it can not be,
Is to let slip the business of the time,
And leave undone things level to our reach.

Fra. The Moon was in her brightness, and looked down

With fix'd eye on the stealthy pace of Night,
Who pale and fearful shrunk from purpos'd ill;—
The wolf in hunger howl'd and sought his lair,
The robber curs'd her for his broken hopes,
And flung him on the matted earth to sleep;
Nay the foul fiends, that steal on slumber's ear
To sow the seeds of evil for the day,
Stood trembling at her brightness; but we—
Oh! we were worse than wolves; or thieves, or
fiends;

We gathered in her eye the herbs of death,
And made her glory aidant to our sins.—(*Sinks
back exhausted.*)

Her. These are the shadows, of the setting mind;
I know it well, yet do I strongly fear
To lend my ears to this delirious speech,
Lest fancy top the sovereignty of reason;
For in the treasur'd past we still have proof,
That things, heard in the fear lest they should be,
Will be to fancy, howe'er false to sense.

Era. (*recovering.*) Then the loud revel came—
Oh God! oh God!

'Tis as a deed of yesterday—He sate
The monarch of the feast, and ev'ry tongue
Did homage to his pride, and ev'ry ear

Was turn'd in constant wonder on his state,
And seem'd to feed by that it gaz'd on.

Her.

Strange!

Fra. There was no tongue, sight, ear, or mind,
for ought

But his observance—aye, and his joys were full,
And smil'd returning greetings on their love,
As the ripe harvest waves its golden locks,
And wantons in the burning kiss of day.

Her. Are these the compell'd words of secret
guilt,

That, lava-like, boils in its just restraint,
'Till its own workings swell it into bulk
Too monstrous for its limits? Or indeed
Are they the mind's distemper?

Fra.

Then I came,

The minister of death, mask'd in fair looks
And smiles of ready service—to his call
Proffer'd the treach'rous draught—he drank—and
soon

The scene had chang'd,—for the loud noise of mirth
Was sorrow's silence—for the cheerful clang
Of goblets ringing in the mutual pledge
Were the half-told whisperings, fill'd out by signs,
Of those who fitted death for its last home,
And wreath'd the sable honours round its bed—
For th' hall of marble, gay with borrow'd light,
That set day's roses on the night's pale cheek,
Was the still, eyeless, grave, where darkness sleeps,
And nought gives voice to sound, save the light step
Of the cold grave-worm feeding on its prey.

Her. Who was your victim? who the tempting
fiend,

That did beguile thee to the act of death?

Fra. Thy father was the victim, and the fiend
was—

She who bore thee.

Her. Thou liest—as deep
As lowest hell—My mother! mother!—no!—
Her thoughts are holy, pure as the light dreams
Of lispings infancy, ere knowledge stain
Its spotless lilies with the blush of shame.

Fra. Hers was the guilt, and be his blood on
her!

Her. Man, thou art mad—or thou wilt make
me so.

Fra. My life was madness, for it days were sin;
But reason's light has risen on this hour,
And o'er the mem'ry's tablet brightly burns,
Where guilt stands graven by the equal hand
Of ever-busy conscience.

Her. 'Tis a thought
For hell to batten on—What! My mother? She,
Who was to all the loveliest of her sex,
As the bright lily in its maiden snow,
To the pale sullen yellow of the leaf,
That autumn bares—Oh, all ye host of Heav'n!—
Swear, quickly swear, by thy best hopes of life,
Of life in immortality, the health
Of the pure spirit parted from its earth,—
Swear, that 'tis false, and I will bless thy falsehood—
He's dead—and I am wedded to despair.—(*A long
pause—he stands gazing on the body—
BERTHOLD re-enters.*)

Bert. The strife has gather'd by the fountain's
side;

Death has been busy there; with no light toil
I carv'd an eager passage to its banks,
Stoop'd to the water, and drew forth from thence
Not the fount's pureness, but the blood of those
Whom the red strife had buried in its bed.

Her. This need were subject to regret, but that
A greater need has choak'd its malice—Look!

We want the life should blush upon those lips.

Bert. What! Is he dead?

Her. For ever to this world.

Bert. Back to the field; hope is in its bloom.

And past ungather'd, time, that ever looks
With forward eyes, will not retrace his steps
To pluck the flow'er, ignorance neglected.
One more, or less, weighs little in the scale
Of such a day as this.

Her. Mother!—Come on—

At my heart burns the fire of despair,
And blood must slake it, or its wrath consumes me.

—(*He rushes out, followed by BERTHOLD.*

MALTINGEN, and ALBERT re-enter.

Malt. Didst hear?

Alb. I did.

Malt. So cold! Where is the
joy,

That, caught from me, should lighten in thine eye?

Alb. Was this a tale for joy?

Malt. Thy sense grows
dull!

Thou hast not heard aright—He, whom I loathe
In the extreme and bitterness of hate,
With zeal as near the heart as the sick pray'r
Of pin'd and lank disease—He, he, my foe,
Is link'd to such a deep and sure disgrace
As will infect the wholeness of his honour,
Untill it ulcer to a cancr'ous wound,
So foul to life, no herb beneath the moon
Hath in its grace to medicine its rancour;
Is not that cause for joy?

Alb. When the first blood
Was shed upon the spotless breast of earth,
The fiends laugh'd transport, but the angels wept.

Malt. If such my disposition, be the blame

On nature, whose thwart care has made the fault.
 The fashion of the mind, as of the flesh,
 Is from an outward bias, not in us.
 We might as lightly swell the stunted dwarf
 To the full properties of perfect man,
 As mould the spirit from its course of birth.

Alb. My best skill goes not to unfold the web
 That sophistry has spun: you are in words
 Beyond the measure nice, in deeds too gross.

Malt. And you too cold in blood: you are a man
 Without the vice or virtue of a man;
 A substance, kneaded of such equal parts,
 They rest oppos'd in passiveness of ill.
 Hate can not hate thee, for thou art above it;
 Love can not love thee, for thou art below it;
 In thy cold bosom burns no noxious heat
 To nourish vice, but virtue's tender germ
 Starves in its coldness, as the steril earth,
 Lock'd up in winter's snow, bears its pure breast
 Unsmutch'd by weeds, but in that moment finds
 The roses wither on its barren cheek.

Alb. Suppose it so; what then do you infer?

Malt. Better the weeds should prosper in their
 rankness,
 Than that the rude and bitter-breathing frost
 Should nip the evil, when it needs must blast
 The beauty twin'd by nature with the ill.

Alb. Thou art most eloquent in vice.

Malt. Indeed!

Alb. Thine eye too laughs, but 'tis the dark,
 wild laugh

That vengeance smiles upon its sleeping prey.
 What is thy purpose?

Malt. Can thy dullness ask?

Death—infamy and death, to all his house!
 Is he not sworn a brother of our bond,

The ministry of blood that judge in night?
 And is not his false mother, whom he loves
 With adoration stolen from his God,
 Is she not guilty of a husband's death?

Alb. What then?

Malt. What then? Are our blood-written laws
 So lightly graven on your memory?
 Do they not bind the brothers of the bond,
 To publish all crimes to the gen'ral ear,
 All nice respects of feeling, dues of blood,
 And what men hold the nearest to the heart,
 Being submitted to the cause of justice?
 The penalty of disobedience, death,
 Not to th' offender only, but his kin
 In their most distance;

Alb. 'Tis a cruel law,
 On murder's anvil forg'd by burning pride;
 And when death calls us to the great account,
 We shall well wish oblivion could blot out
 The record from the volume of our life.

Malt. I look not to that time; here is rich food
 To gorge the present appetite of hate.
 This man, I know him well, clings with too fond
 Too sick a dotage on his mother's health
 To blaze her secret guilt; that whets the knife
 For his own throat, his wife, his children, kin,
 Yet saves not her. Or say he make his love
 A servant to his duty, and give tongue
 To that he would have secret; then she dies,
 And dying so by him, there springs a thought
 As I shall work it, to compel his sense
 To the full top and madness of despair.

Alb. Are you a man?

Malt. Are you a friend? I doubt—
 The eye of friendship, should be as a glass,
 That images in soften'd truth the forms

Of ev'ry passion that is passed before it—(*Horn without.*)

Ha! 'tis our huntsman's bugle; give reply.—(*ALBERT answers with his bugle. At this moment FRANCIS groans heavily.*)

Malt. Did you not hear a groan?

Alb. (*sullenly.*)

Not I, Not I.

Malt. 'Twas heavy with deep pain. I hear it now.

'Tis Francis; he yet lives, he opes his eyes—
Speak, if thou hast voice; he answers not—yet
His eyes roll wildly in strong pain and wonder;

Alb. 'Twere better thou wast dead; this world
for thee

Has little part of good.

Malt. Is not this well?

Here is a sun gives ripeness to my hopes.—(*Rapid fire of musketry without.*)

He must be borne from hence with instant speed,
Lest time walk quicker than our purpose.

Alb. So!

Malt. Albert, thy looks of doubt—(*Huntsmen enter*)—You're here at last—

Nay, spare all explanation, for I see
Some tale of wonder sits upon your lips
With doubts of question; but the time now lacks
A limit for their utterance. No words;
Take up this dying man, and bear him safe
To the rock fortress—No, no; not that way;
The strife is there; steal through the closest woods
In hasty silence. Am I understood?

1st Hunts. You are, my lord.

Malt. Enough!—(*they bear off Francis*)—Come, Albert, come.
—(*MALTINGEN and ALBERT follow them.*)

SCENE II.—*An apartment in HERMAN'S castle.*

ADELA kneeling before a crucifix, placed on a table. The moon shines strongly through the window.

Adel. Thy mercy, father, is for all, the least
And worst of thy offending creatures ; for
The lone raven screaming in the wilderness
His tale of hunger ; for the sad, lost, wretch
Condemn'd of man, and bloody with the guilt
Which lost the first-born fruit of woman's womb :
And shall then innocence despair thy love ?
Such thought were sin ; I will not dwell in it.—
(*rises.*)

Let the war-tempest in its darkness howl,
And shoot its blazing bolts about thy head,
There is a holy might in chaste love's pray'r,
That hallows thee from its wild wrath—No fear!—
And yet I weep—Alas ! there is no grace
In reason that may temper the heart's pulse ;
The best is writ in my belief—but still—I fear
The worst will be in act.—(*enter* IDA.)

Ida. In tears ! They wrong
The object of their homage. Peasants weep
The peril of their lords, the theme of tears
As humble as the mourner ; both become
Such lowly show of grief ; but greatness spurns
This badge of feeble minds ; tears to its state
Are as wreath'd tinsel to the marble forms
Of sculptur'd excellence, which mars with base
And empty glitter that it would adorn.

Adel. Nature knows no distinctions ; though
pride dress
Her naked humbleness in gew-gaw shapes
That reason scorns, danger no more respects
The lofty palace than the straw-thatch'd cot ;

Then, why should sorrow? Think, it is thy son,
It is my husband, whom my terror weeps for.

Ida. If e'er he bring dishonour to thy arms
Then weep for him, and I'll weep with thee; now,
Thy tears are injuries.

Adel. They spring from love.

Ida. All weeds will grow to rankness in the sun,
When to the teeming earth its bounty shows
Most full and plenteous, filling it with life,
But I for that do not condemn its light.

Adel. Oh, do not chide my sorrow that it weeps.

Ida. Daughter, again, thy tears are an offence,
Worse than the mock of scorn; they speak a doubt,
Wounding his honour, or for want of heart
To noble daring, or of brain to guide
His valour in its action, or, perchance,
Of fortune, the which not to have
Is not to be, or wise, or valiant, since
The twinn'd perfections of the heart and brain
Have in them no sufficiency to work
The ends of purpose, when her hand is from them.

Adel. You talk, as war were but a May-day game,
Whose worst of evil is the merry scorn
That mocks the loser. But war's pair'd, alas!
In all his sports with death, and he who plays
With war must play with death, the stake too great,
For it is life; the gain too little, for
'Tis honour, a vain thing of air, a shade
Not tangible by sense, a dream-bought good,
Which he who has it knows not that 'tis his,
But by another's speech, for he nor feels
Nor sees its presence. 'Tis a word that lives
But in the breath of man, and therefore brief
As man, and frail as his caprice; then when
'Tis utter'd 'tis gone by.

Ida. Oh, let my life

Still slumber in such dreams, for they are pure
 As Heav'n's upper air, unmix'd with thoughts
 Of earthly grossness—Honour ! 'tis a dream
 That fills the sleep of none but noble minds.

Adel. You smile in scorn, dear mother, but in
 truth,

This sun of honour, that still seems to burn
 With brilliance too intense for thought to dwell on,
 Is cold and cheerless ; it has no spring-warmth
 To lift the torn and drooping flow'r of hope,
 Or dry the killing dews, which sorrow's night
 Has shed upon its blooming. Say, he return
 Bloody with death, would not these pride-born words
 Be chang'd to tears of weakness ?

Ida. Do you think
 That I would stoop my mind's nobility
 To the vile beggar touch of grief, that whines
 And writhes beneath fate's lash with tear-dimm'd
 eyes

And weeds of sable, begging the world's gaze
 To shed the alms of pity on its baseness ?
 No ; tears, and broken sighs, and hollow cheeks,
 And the dark vest, and all grief's outward shape,
 For those whose spirits shrink beneath the storm ;
 I'll grapple with its fury, though its might
 Should blast me—Tears ! oh yes ! I'd weep, but not
 'Till the hot-thirst of my revenge were full
 Of that it long'd for, quitting the just law
 Of blood for blood, the murd'rer for his victim.

Adel. Leave this, dear mother, it but chafes
 your spirit.

Ida. Child, I would doff the female garb of peace
 For war's rude mail, and fashion to that change
 The inmost wearing of my heart and brain ;
 They should be as the time, bold, full of wrath,
 Stubborn and apt to blood.

Adel. To blood!

Ida. One drop

One little drop of blood, by vengeance shed,
Were on his tomb an off'ring of more worth
Than a month's flood of tears—But tush! We talk
Of things improbable to thought; the owl
Ne'er check'd the eagle in his high-plum'd flight;
The mouse ne'er ambush'd danger in the path
Of the proud lion. Oh, he will return,
Whole in his body, richer in the state
Of his deep honour growing to a flood
From victory's encrease.

Adel. Heav'n grant it prove
In the event as in our hopes.

Ida. Tush! tush!
It will be so.

Adel. Dear mother—(*Horns without*) List!
His horn!

He comes!—Accept the thanks, all-bounteous pow'r,
Of humble gratitude.—(*BERTHOLD enters.*)—Where
is my lord?

Bert. At hand, fair cousin, breathless in his
haste,
But dark as a December's night; your smiles
Perchance may warm the winter from his brow.

Adel. Blighted! struck down by grief, and I
not with thee!

Oh, Herman! [*Exit ADELA.*

Bert. Find one other of thy sex
To match thy worth, and it might almost bend
My stiff neck to the yoke of womanhood;
But that, I thank Heav'n for it, is beyond
The grossest scope of possible effect.—
Most noble lady, I should crave your grace
Upon my halting courtesy, but faith
My will lacks words to round the begging phrase.

Ida. Your plainness best become you—yet what means

This grief in Herman ? Has dishonour touch'd
The conduct of your battle?—Ha ! Is't so ?

Bert. There is no colour in these cheeks, save that

Which health has planted there ; mine eye meets
thine,

My form stoops not its pride, although it stand
In woman's presence. Are your doubts resolv'd ?

Ida. Most amply, nobly : you have had much
wrong

From my dull thoughts, which burthen'd in their
pace

By tortoise doubt, have lamely lagg'd behind
The full speed of your virtue. Let the past
Have no place in your mem'ry ; I repent
Of that I utter'd.

Bert. 'Tis enough ; my wrath
Died e'en with the past moment that begot it.

Re-enter ADELA with HERMAN.

Her. Chide me not, love, with question ; I am
well ;

Sound in my body's health : but in my mind—
'The blow was hard—time will not heal the wound
Yet let it pass—I have no thoughts of thee
That are not gentle, loving, fair, content,—
Admiring in the excellence and top
Of high-wrought wonder. Trust me, they are such
As love would offer at grave Hymen's shrine
To woo his blessing on the hopes of years.

Ida. What shall I think of this ?

Bert. He is much
chang'd

From his accustom'd habit.

The witness of my proper senses—Speak !

Her. Put off this wonder; 'tis a mask: I am,
Alas ! that it is so, your son.

Ida. Indeed !

My senses err'd not then—And owns a son

No dearer rev'rence to a mother's love?

Is there not present one, to whom your knee

Might bend, and lose no honour in the act ?

Her. I am an honest man.

Bert. Is he not mad ?

Adel. My dearest Lord, o'ermaster this sick
mood,

That parts you from yourself, and makes us look
In strangeness on the thing we love.

Her. Peace ! Peace !—

Forgive me, Adela—nay, do not weep ;

My words were harsher than my thoughts--no tears—

You must not think of it—my mind is sick,

And sickness will be humourous—This kiss

Will tell my thoughts more truly than my speech.

Thou art too good for wretchedness like mine—

(To *IDA*) Am I not honest ?

Ida. You have still seem'd so.

Her. Were men but what they seem, their sum
of good

Might match the bright perfection of the choir,

That wake in immortality, when now

Their best of virtue stands in so great doubt

The laughing demon writes them in the book

Of sin condemn'd—But this is from the point.

Am I not honest ?

Ada. Grant it so ; what then ?

Her. Then wouldst thou blush, unless the front
of vice

Be proof against the burning touch of shame,

To see me at thy feet ; it is as though

A king should bow him to a beggar's baseness
And sue to it for alms, so poor is vice
Virtue so truly rich.

Adel. What can this mean?

Bert. Madness, I fancy, for to sober sense
It has no meaning.

Ida. Son, your words would seem
To hint a darker tale than they express.
'Let's have your plainer purpose; speak, what is't?

Her. Francis is dead.

Ida. Peace to his ashes then!
His years had grown to greyness in the course
Of faithful service—He will have more note
In my lone thoughts than in my words.

Her. Methinks
Such service, so approv'd, might fairly ask
A larger epitaph—yet, no; for now
I think on it again, there is one sin
Bids him despair the Heaven—or the hell
Your favour is the key to.

Ida. I'm amaz'd!

Her. His death was drunkenness; it could not
keep
The hidden sinnings of his life untold.

Adel. Our better angel's fled, and from this hour
There is no joy for us.

Her. (*Taking IDA by the hand*), No doubt
The secret was a burthen fit to bow
A younger strength—but yet for twice ten years
To bear the load unbent, without so much
As a pale cheek, or tear, or chance-breath'd word,
To whisper e'en a hint of that he bore—
And then to faint, and shake the burthen off,
The end of this long travel in his eye,
When, but a moment past, his near friend death

Would shift it from his shoulders—Oh, 'twas foul!
Too gross to hope your pardon.

Ber. Let me die
But this to my dull fancy looks like madness.

Ida. Well, Sir, what more? When you have done
Your mother may have leave to speak—and will—
But now proceed.

Her. (*Letting go her hand in astonishment.*)
Was it a fiend-wrought dream?
Will nothing call the blood into her cheeks?
Or blanch its lilies with the paler hue
Of sickly terror?

Ida. (*To ADELA who seems entreating her to calmness.*) Oh, fear not, my child;
His hum'rous folly may provoke my scorn,
But not my anger—Sir—

Her. (*To himself.*) Guilt should have ears
As quick to sense as terror; the light air
That in its motion has not power to lift
The gossamer, should break its startled sleep—
Mother, your blessing.

Ida. This is pleasant, son;
But, as I think, your reason does not hold
Its wonted sway, and in that thought 'tis yours.

Her. Innocent! By Heaven, most innocent!
Had she been guilty, shame and the sharp sting
Of baffled pride, pin'd in its own contempt,
Had chok'd the blessing in its utterance.
A guilty mother had not dar'd to bless
The child of her affection, lest her pray'r
Should turn to curses.

Adel. Heavens! You grow pale!

Ida. Your arm; I am not well.

Her. Stay, mother, stay;
Let me look on you.—Guilty!—Lost!

Adel. Behold, she weeps! thy mother weeps!
and tears

From woman's eye should fall like Heaven's dew
Upon the fev'rish earth, changing its dry
And steril hardness into teeming health.

Her. Had I a human heart it might be so;
But no; they fall upon a rock, a cold
And blasted rock, whose breast of flint
The constant falling of the drops may wear,
But never soften into wholesome teeming.

Ida. My weakness is my shame—That I should
weep!

A mother's curses on thy head!

Adel. Forbear!

Her. Is there such stubbornness of pride in sin?
—(*His eye suddenly observes the moon-
light, that shines strongly into the room.*)

Look up! Behold! The witness of thy crime!
Mother, she too that night was in the vale,
When you first made a sacrifice to hell,
Plucking the root, which in its life doth bear
The enemy to life, a deed of night
That makes belief grow sick.

Ida. My heart will break—
Let go my hand.

Her. You thought you were alone;
Her eye was on you; and lo! now she comes
In the same form of majesty and light,
To testify against you?—Will you dare
To challenge her with falsehood?

Adel. Oh forbear.

Her. Blaspheme her brightness; say to her aloud,
I'm innocent; tell Heaven that it lies;
Baffle it with seeming—Oh 'twill do well
But yet beware—take heed—tempt not too far—
Lest that you slander, yon bright angel form,

The agent of Heav'n's ministry o'er night
 And ocean's flowing, start from her fixt course
 To visit with her light the dead-man's sleep
 And summon him to earth, in form as when
 He writh'd in the deep anguish of your poison—
 Aye, call my father from the bed of death,
 Substantial to the sight, with the clench'd hands,
 Swoln veins, black lips, and staring eyes that burnt
 In their strain'd, blood-wrought sockets, the whole
 man,
 As in the agony of death.

Adel.

She swoons!

Is this well, Herman?

Bert.

This mocks all belief.

Her. Swoon'd, say you? This then were the
 fittest time—(*Drawing his dagger, but
 standing so as not to be seen by the other.*)

The senses, that should ache beneath the blow,
 Are for the moment dead—Let me be quick—
 How pale now are those lips! How wan those
 cheeks!

Thou wast so dear! I lov'd thee with such love!
 So pure, so infinite! Oh, I could count
 The untold stars, as lightly as give words
 To the vast sum of my affection—Now—
 I can not do it—Wake, my mother, wake!—
 Wake at my call, for I am still thy son.—
 Is this the hand that reft my father's life?
 Blood on it still?

Adel.

Herman! Dear Herman!

Her.

Look;

The scarlet sin is deep upon their whiteness!
 Tears will not cleanse them—If I look on thee
 I shall go mad—and yet thou art so dear!—
 The different purpose of my heart and brain
 Pulls with opposed strength, and soon must tear
 The cord that binds the spirit to the body.

Mother!—(*He gazes on her tenderly for a moment, and again starts from her in horror*)—
Murd'ress! Hell folds me in its round.

(*HERMAN rushes out.*)

Adel. Follow him good Berthold—Help, with
out there.

Help, or she dies—Nay, follow him, dear cousin.
(*BERTHOLD goes out after HERMAN. Servants enter, and bear off IDA, followed by ADELA.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Chapel attached to the Monastery of St. Stephen. Faint peal of the Organ. HERMAN enters.*

Her. Thought crowds on thought; yet in this busy world.—(*striking his forehead.*)
 Hope finds no counsel; time too fleets so fast,
 That mine eye, mock'd with dizziness 'vails not
 To mark his speeding—whither shall I turn?
 The star of hope each moment paler smiles,
 As the night's beauty sickens in the light
 Of growing morn—I can not save her—no—
 But I can die—and spare my fainting soul
 A long, long weary pilgrimage of woe,
 And what were death deferr'd, since life must end
 With all our care in death—I will not pause.—(*He is about to stab himself, when the organ peals more loudly and the voice of the choiristers is heard, chaunting over the dead—He starts, drops the dagger, and remains in fixed attention 'till the voices die away. The organ continues to sound through the whole of the scene, but faintly so as not to interrupt the speakers, bursting forth only when the choir chaunts.*)

CHAUNT OF THE CHOIR.

That day of fire, when death shall die,
 And earth and Heaven in ruins lie,
 And man takes immortality,—
 Oh, where shall sin for succour fly?
 How shall he 'scape that dreadful eye,
 That looks through all eternity?

Her. Where have I stray'd?—On holy ground!
 'tis Strange!

Why should it trouble me? 'Tis chance alone—
 Yet chance oft times deals strangely with his slaves;
 His course is like some star, that to our sight
 Wanders o'er Heav'n as it were cast its sphere,
 Yet holds its course as constant as the sun.—

*(The organ bursts into a louder strain.
 —Choiristers chaunt.)*

No leaf that fades, no wind that sighs,
 No child that's born, no beast that dies,
 But Heaven's hand is over all
 And bids them rise, and wills their fall.

(The sound of the organ becomes fainter.)

Her. Most true! Most true! Yet what avails
 the truth?—*(Father CYPRIAN crosses over
 the stage.)*

Cyp. Health to thee, son.

Her. Health to thee father!—
 Say,

Why are these melting tones of woe, that breathe
 A sweetness, which would almost win the soul
 To be in love with grief, it is so rich
 With nature's calm.

Cyp. The death-wail is for one,
Whose life was blest with all men covet most;
She was most high in blood, most full in wealth,
In form most beautiful, in mind most rich.

Her. And now she shares a good beyond them
all,

Death—I could almost accuse thee, Heav'n,
That thou hast left to earthly wretches nought,
Which they may call their own. Shame! Must
the blest

In life partake the benefit of death?

Who was this happy one?

Cyp. The Lady Jane
Of Dasselberg.

Her. I can not weep; my heart
Is too familiar with the voice of grief,
And habit feeds with pleasure on the things
Which unaccustom'd appetite would loathe.

Cyp. She was a worthy dame.

Her. She was so, monk;
I know her worth; and yet I can not weep.
Let me not keep thee from thy holier tasks.

Cyp. Our holiest office is to balm the wounds
Of the afflicted spirit; to pour out
Upon its festering the gracious tears
Of sympathy! to feed its broken hopes
With counsel; and to cool despair's hot pangs
With resignation's medicinal dews.

Her. I pray thee, leave me; mine's a grief,
That will not hold community with man.—
Nay, no reply—save in thy blessing.

Cyp. Son,
It is upon thy head; may it have grace
To work the peace of Heaven on thy soul.—

(CYPRIAN goes out. A pause. Loud peal
of the organ.)

Bert. It is the sound that mingles her with the earth!

With earth! Shall the worm gorge upon those lips
Whose living kisses were a burning bliss.
That hope grew pale in watching! Shall those eyes
Where love once laugh'd and was ador'd a God,
And that warm bosom, once the luscious lap
Where pleasure lov'd to slumber—shall they now
But serve to fill the hunger of the grave!
Why was I born?—(*BERTHOLD enters.*)

Bert. This is most fortunate;
I've sought you ev'ry where.

Her. What would you have?

Bert. Some evil is abroad that aims at you.

Her. Aye, truly is there; much evil, much.

Bert. Then
Profit by the knowledge; danger is not
To men forewarned: the storm has little ill
When distant thunders tell of its approach
And warn the trav'ller to a timely refuge.

Her. Where shall I seek for refuge?

Bert. In yourself.
Some drowsy spirit sure inhabits here,
With breath that, like the poppies' fragrance, steepes
The sense in cold inaction. You but lack
The outward dressing to be perfect monk.
Shake off these dreams and hear me; 'tis most time;
A liegeman of old Maltingen, by name
Hassan,—you know him well—

Her. I sav'd his life;
But what of him:

Ber. He will'd me seek you out,
And say that fourscore knights with their full files
Of armed vassals, gather in the halls
Of your foe Maltingen.

Her. Said he no more?

Bert. No, not a word, but, as if wing'd by fear,
Mounted his horse, and ere a moment's lapse
Our eyes look'd after him in vain. Howe'er
The castle is prepar'd against all attacks.

Her. Yes, from without, but there are foes
within;

Those who carve with us at the social meal,
Who are most inmate to our thoughts and hearts,
Will turn against our throats e'en while they pledge
The cup of friendship to our body's health.

Bert. If danger be so strong we can not hope
To cope with him like men, flight were no stain
On honour's maiden whiteness;—but it seems
Your better part's asleep: you had a mind
Would start and kindle at the name of danger
As gladly as the war-horse paws the earth,
And snorts, and champs the bit, and snuffs the air,
At the shrill trumpet's call.

Her. Talk not of that
I was in gone-by days—Berthold!

Bert. What now?

Her. I would fain know one thing.

Bert. What is it, coz?

Her. Amongst our peasantry there's scarce one
heart

That is not twinn'd to mine; whilst 'mongst their
lords

There's tenfold hate to one that loves my name.

Ber. The reason's plain; the peasant in his cot
Is far too low to envy your estate,
Therefore his eye is open to the good
And sovereignty of your high mind; but those
Whose birth is equal, do not love the mind
That in its finer qualities so far
O'ertops their greatness; they would be as you,

The which not being, they're content to hate
That which you truly are.

Her. Cousin, this sounds
Too much like flattery.

Ber. No, not a whit;
I only would you were yourself again.
How now! You look—(*Several men in masks pass
over the bottom of the stage. HERMAN
perceives them.*)

Her. They're here!

Bert. Who? Who are
here?—(*BERTHOLD turns round and sees
one of the Masks, who hastily conceals
himself.*)

Men mask'd! no doubt the agents of that bond,
Which works in secret deeds of blood and ill,
That they call justice, but which honest day
Would shrink in horror from—I see it now;
'Tis all too plain; you are—

Her. A man of blood;
They are my brothers, by more holy ties
Than knit the children of one womb—by oaths
Whose lightest syllable would freeze thy soul,
And bow thee to the earth in hopeless horror.

Bert. Be calmer; we are watch'd.

Her. I'll tell it thee
In whispers of such softness, their low breath
Might touch the gossamer, and never wound
Its filmy tenderness.

Bert. Well, what is it?
I'm all ear.

Her. Know—I think you are my friend—

Bert. The life which speaks that doubt was
sav'd by blood
Drawn from this wounded breast.

Her. Enough! Enough!—
My mother—she whom I ador'd with love,
That almost was a sin to Heav'n—she,
Like to an early blight upon the wheat
Ere ripen'd for the sickle—

Bert. Speak no more,
The prologue is too terrible.

Her. She—she
Gave to my father's lips the damned draught
That stole his life.

Bert. It was a deed of hell!

Her. She is still my mother.

Bert. Flight! Instant flight!

Her. It is in vain;—my wife, my child, my kin,
E'en to the topmost branches of the tree
Must fall if she escape.

Bert. Thy wife and child
Then with thee, and with speed; the rest must
stand
The hazard of the time.

Her. You know not those
From whom you bid me fly; their giant grasp
Is stretch'd o'er all the land.

Bert. All is for hope;
To doubt is to be lost.—(*A Mask enters to them
hastily.*)—Stand on your guard.

Mask. I am a friend.

Bert. Friendship might show its
face
In open day; it does not need a mask—
Stand on your guard—This mystery looks ill;
Plain honesty thrives best in day-light.

Her. Peace!

Bert. I say again, keep to your guard; 'twere
best.

Her. Bridle your tongue.

Mask. Your ev'ry step is watch'd;
To night you will be call'd; your mother's name
Is writ upon the list of blood; the charge
Is hedg'd with proof so strong, there is no hope
To save her but by flight.

Her. Then there's no hope;
You, of the bond, must know that flight were vain.

Mask. It asks a mighty sacrifice, no less
Than wealth, home, country, friends, and kin.

Bert. The means?

Mask. Mark me. To night—(*Another MASK
appears at the extremity of the stage, and
shoots the first.*)

Bert. For whom was that?

Mask. For me;
And well the blow was aim'd—I feel death here.—
(*Drops into BERTHOLD'S arms.*)

Air! air! I gasp for air!

Her. Tear off his mask.

Bert. By Heav'n, 'tis Albert! Maltingen's fast
friend.

Her. The slave, not friend; for friendship will
not grow

In single state; it must be fed with love,
Must marry with itself; but no love roots
In Maltingen's cold heart, save self-regard,
Which, like the thistle, bears no fruit to man—
If I could ever hate, I should hate him,
For round him envy's dark'ning shadows fall,
Blasting all hopes of verdure underneath.

Mask. I am past help.—(*PRIOR and MONKS rush
in.*)

Prior. What meant that fearful sound,
Which breaks the stillness consecrate to Heav'n?
It had the voice of death—A bleeding man!

Whose was the hand that did this deed of wrath?
 Will no one speak? Whose was the impious rage,
 That, in the house of holiness and peace,
 Has dar'd to break the image of his maker?

Mask. Give me more air—more air.

Bert. The villain fled,
 I know not whither.

Her. Search will not avail.

Prior. There is an eye look's on his secret path;
 There is a voice, which hath already spoke,
 An age of anguish for each drop of blood
 That now is purpling on these stones.

Her. He dies!

Prior. If that thine eye be open yet to sense,
 Look for a moment on this cross, in sign
 Thou diest in charity with man, and faith
 In Heav'n—Lo! He does! He does!—and dies
 With smiles of hope upon his lips.—'Tis past!
 Peace to the spirit!—Bid the death-bell speak
 The parting of our brother from this life—
 And some bear out the body—Forward, sons.—

*(The bell tolls, as the monks bear off the
 body, followed by the Prior, who goes out
 slowly, with his hands folded on his breast.)*

Bert. You look as this sad scene of death had
 stunn'd

In you the faculty of thought, which yet
 Should rather stir the spirits into action.
 It is the storm, which shows the seaman's skill,
 When death sits thron'd upon the bursting waves,
 With angry breath, urging the tardy winds,
 Tearing the heavy ocean from its bed,
 And hurling from the clouds the sheeted fire,
 That his eyes see the ruin of his hands.

Her. *(starting from deep thought.)* 'Tis but
 struggling of despair—and yet—

Despair oft works what reason can not hope.
 Your hand—partner in victory—or death.
 A few years ebbing makes all equal—Come.

[*Exeunt* HERMAN and BERTHOLD.]

SCENE II.—*A room in HERMAN's castle. IDA seated in deep thought; ADELA looking on her pensively.*

Adel. Dear lady—yet I hardly dare to speak
 The word of comfort to her, she's so chang'd
 From all that bears the stamp of earthly life.
 Her agony is not human;—Oh, it is
 More like the images, which fear's dark spell
 Calls up from night in loneliness.

Ida. (*not attending to her.*) To die!
 To die! 'tis nothing—but a moment's pang
 Which leaves no after pause to tell its anguish.
 The burning fever on the lip of thirst,
 Famine's worn body, or the gaping flesh
 That festers in its wounds, are gyv'd to pains,
 Whose fiery throbbings double its amount.

Adel. Mother! Dear mother!—Still she hears
 me not.

The busy mind is turn'd upon itself,
 And has no sense for things that are without.
 Heav'ns! that laugh!—The laugh of mad despair,
 Mocking the agony of sin. Sure, sure,
 It is some deep, some yet-unspoken crime
 Which could thus warp humanity's fair features—
 Yet no; I wrong her; no; her mother face
 Is as a mirror, which to fancy shows
 The semblance of my Herman;—and could sin
 Lurk in a form like his?—Oh, no! Oh, no!

Ida. But then what lies beyond? There all is
 doubt!

Perhaps to live within the grave—to live
With all the consciousness of that dark change
Which death is working on the flesh—to rot,
And know that we do rot—to feel the worm
Feed on the body still link'd to the spirit—
Aye, and when death has moulder'd into dust
The last memorialial of mortality,
To wander amongst men a form of air
With all the appetites of mortal flesh,
Without the fleshly power of enjoyment—
To shiver hopeless in the winter's blast
To scorch and writhe beneath the summer's sun,
To groan with all the anguish flesh can feel,
Without its hopes to sooth its joys to comfort.
Daughter!—I did not know that you were here.

Adel. Shall I read to you? you were wont to love
The fairy dreams of poesy, its world
Glorious with high imaginings, beyond
The grossness of the earth, its thrilling woes,
Its joys pure as the air the fresh spring breathes
Upon the cloudless mountain top, the stern
Sublimity of its high-wrought passions,
Its magic tints that lend a richer glow
To nature's brilliance.

Ida. Oh, that time is past ;
Grief, like the waters of some chilling spring
Whose coldness numbs the light-wov'n flow'r to
stone,

Has wrought mysteriously about my heart
And frozen it to ice—but there 'tis lock'd ;
There is no witness in the face to tell
The workings of the heart.

Adel. You are deceiv'd,
Dear lady; still the sickness of the mind
As of the body stamps its well-known mark
On ev'ry feature.

Ida. Oh 'tis false ! most false !
 Look on my brow—Aye steadfastly—again !
 Is there ought written that may tell of blood ?

Adel. Are these the words of madness, or of
 guilt ?

Ida. Of both—of guilt, therefore of madness ;
 for

The sober sense had never pluck'd sin's fruit,
 Brib'd by the outward promise that made fair
 Its kernel rottenness. Had not some fiend
 Touch'd my mind's health, I could ne'er have sought
 For happiness in guilt, which is confess'd,
 To the least practis'd knowledge, to be rank,
 Or in its acted consequence of pain,
 Or in the sleepless fear that it will be.

Adel. Dear mother, leave these fancies ? they
 might teach
 Belief to err in the false faith that you
 Were truly mad.

Ida. Believe me mad, for so
 Madness may seem the temper of my crime,
 And therein half the measure of offence
 Reach not my tempted weakness.

Adel. Some one comes.
 Dear lady, hush ! such wild and doubtful phrase
 Fits only the mute solitude of air,
 Or th' ears of love, who, in his fondness dumb,
 Hath not a tongue for fatal repetition.—

(*BERTHOLD enters with the child.*)

You, Berthold !

Ida. Haste is in your eyes.

Bert. Be quick.
 Here, Adela's your boy ; he must with us.
 Fit your conditions, for immediate flight.

Adel. Whereof comes this bidding.

Bert. Of the most fix'd
And absolute necessity ; quick, quick ;
This hour is yours, the next is for our flight,
Therefore stand not to argue with the time,
Why it will this, or rather will not that,
But shake hands with occasion.

Adel. What new grief?

Bert. Make yourselves ready with unbridled
speed

For long and secret travel—yet stay—no—
Upon maturer thought I've counsell'd wrong,
Such preparation might give rise to doubt
And reas'ning of the cause wherefore 'tis so—
Your journey as you are.

Adel. But why is this?

And whither do you go? And with whom go?
And where is Herman?

Bert. Oh, for Herman, coz,
He will be here anon ; but for the rest
Content you in your present ignorance ;
A time will come to answer that you seek—
We must all hence before the evening's fall.

Adel. What ! Leave these halls, that from their
earliest date,

In time long since grown mouldy in man's records,
Have had one only name, one only race,
The master of their grandeur. Here I feel
I must be safe, for that wrath ne'er has touch'd
The safety tied by habit to these walls.
War blaz'd about the land ; but my alarm
Yet found a sanctuary here so safe,
So sacred by long custom, danger still
Forbore by her fierce presence to prophane
Its silent holiness.

Ida. You rend my heart.

Bert. He comes.

Ida. How am I fall'n! I feel it now!
 Guilt, guilt has stripp'd my presence of the awe
 Should guard a mother's state, and with chang'd
 part

I dread the subject duty that 'twere fit
 Should bend to me in fear.—(*Enter HERMAN.*)

Bert. Well, Cousin, now?

Her. What the brief time allow'd in act is done.

Adel. I was so sick with dread! so maz'd with
 doubts!—

But you are here, and all again is well.
 There is no danger to me when I fold
 My weakness in the shelter of your presence.

Ida. O bitter time!

Her. My sweet enthusiast!
 Dear child of untam'd fancy! But the time
 Has little harmony with dreams like thine.
 They're strange to it, as would be thoughts of mirth
 To some lost wretch, who on the waste of snows
 Hears his death-knell rung out in the loud blast
 That winds the snowy shroud about his life,
 And shrieks in lone and hopeless agony,
 With parted thought, half given to the fear
 Of death, half to wild wishes for the home
 For ever lost to his regret.

Ida. True! True!
 It is a time of measureless despair.
 And I'm the blight upon your wholesome joys!
 And I'm the wretch, who blast your healthy state!
 With the rank poison of my guilt—I! I!
 The mother is the children's curse—O God!
 I was once proud—but now—my heart will break.

Her. Mother, let not the error of my speech
 Be still my fault; in humbleness of love
 And child-born duty, I submit th' offence
 To your just censure.

Ida. Speak not to me thus;
 Load me with curses rather; let me feel
 In my son's hate the punishment of guilt;
 It were more kind; for in the outward stripes
 That punish crime, we lose the keener pain
 Of thinking on the crime. To scourge offence
 Is to make dull the feeling of remorse.
 Therefore, I charge you, hate me; lend that hate
 The stern'st impress of words, the darkest form
 Of act—Curse me!

Her. Still!

Ida. Bruise me in the dust,
 Trample me to death—and I will bless you.

Her. Rise, mother rise—Berthold I can not speak.

Bert. Why should she weep? Tears will not
 wake the dead.

But thus it is with women in the best;
 Fiends in your passion, children in remorse;
 There is no sin too great for your wak'd wrath,
 No fear, no virtue of sufficient stop;
 Set mountains in the way of your desires,
 You would o'erleap them all—The evil past,
 Like children, you would make the matter whole
 With a few cheap tears—Psha! You're sins to sense.

Adel. Hush, Berthold; your rough speech is
 burning oil

To the fresh tenderness of wounds.

Her. What's done
 Is done, and let the thought be, as the act,
 Buried in time.

Bert. With all my heart; to me
 'Tis just the same—Are we to go? Or stay,
 Washing the past in tears 'till time shall lame
 The foot of our intent?

Her. Come, Adela.

Nay, mother,—we shall yet be happy—come.

(As they are going out, he turns back.)

One brief farewell! *(to BERTHOLD)* Oh, laugh not
at my weakness.

The coldest heart has still some genial spot
Where use may ripen love. The untaught child
Will weep to leave what habit has made dear,
Though habit in his years be young; the son
Of the ic'd north more loves his desolation
Than the voluptuous breathings of the south.

Bert. I think there is contagion in this scene;
I shall weep shortly.

Her. There is no thing so vile
But habit ties it to the heart of love;
A horse, a dog, yea e'en so poor a life
As a despised cat, by custom, takes
A place in th' affection. Though, perchance
We dote not on it present, still we find
A sorrow in its absence.

Adel. A voice here
Speaks to its truth more forcibly than words.

Ida. Will not this pass away? Our dreams oft
times
Are dark with horror; but the morning wakes
And they are gone—Will not a morning rise
Upon these images?—I think it must;
These have no substance in them more than dreams;
Why should not time that doth dissolve the one
Have force to break the other?—It must be.

Her. Here was I born; here too my son; and
here

The antient fathers of our race, as far
As memory can see through that thick mist
Which time throws o'er the past—Ye noble dead,
Where are ye now? Will it not break your sleep,
When other voices echo in your halls?

And other bones rest in your tombs? and pray'rs
 For other weal breathe o'er your marble beds?
 If ye have life in death, and in that life
 The capability of earthly sense,
 Ye are most wretched; one short hour has kill'd
 Your glory—that glory which till now
 Was as a goodly tree, which though the breath
 Of winter, bare its leaves, still in its trunk
 Keeps healthful life, that with returning spring
 Breaks forth in freshen'd foliage—So with you
 The whirling blasts of death in season came
 And smote the dry leaves on the tree, but still
 The trunk was whole, and th' honour, lost in him
 Who died, liv'd in the spring-tide of his son.

Bert. O noble recollections of past days!

Ida. These thoughts are kin to madness.

Her. On this spot.

Three hundred years roll'd back, our glory's sire
 Pledg'd the first health e'er echo'd to these walls,
 In honour of their rising; in this hall
 Friendship has revell'd, sorrow found relief,
 And enmity, from it's high birth priz'd dear,
 Oft by its yielding own'd the greater worth
 That stoop'd its nobleness; here the first days
 Of my remember'd youth mock'd in their sports
 The well-ap'd tricks of manhood—the safe war
 That gave no wounds, the love that, when denied,
 Mimick'd the pain it felt not, the false toil
 That grew to weariness in fancy's dreams.

Bert. Come, Herman, come—my tears are hot
 with shame!

That I should play the woman with my eyes!

Her. Here too for the last time my father drank
 The breath of life, and little thought pale death
 Had mingled in the feast and stood so near
 The side of rosy mirth—that two hours past

His body would be that life fears to look on,—
 A rotting mass on which corruption feeds
 His loathsome appetite. Here, here he drank
 Th' unrighteous draught prepar'd by—mother!—
 Oh!—

Let us begone—Quick.—(*As they dre going out,
 the Avengers in sable armour, and helmets
 corresponding, rush in and fill the back of
 the stage. All wear their vizors down.*)

Her. The Avengers!

Ida. Lost!

Adel. What i'st you fear! I've heard it said
 these men

Usurp Heav'ns office here to judge of guilt—
 There is no guilt with us.

Bert. They do indeed

Usurp, more guilty in the act than those
 Their unask'd voice condemns; themselves most
 weak

They would judge weakness; most corrupt they
 would

Scourge sin with death, most blind they would
 direct

The way of blindness; most deform'd they would
 Set strait the back of crookedness; their hands
 In others lash the vice of their own hearts;
 And being to the full gross with the sins
 And weakness of mortality, their pride
 Would wield high Heav'ns thunder, and put on
 The office of eternity.

Ida. Alas!—(*1st Avenger signifies
 to HERMAN by signs that he is called to
 to their nightly meeting.*)

Her. To meet this night!—Well be it so—The
 hour?—*1st Avenger spreads both his
 hands, and then beats twice with his staff
 on the ground.*

Her. At twelve?—I shall be with you,—Now :
 what more?—(*1st AVENGER signs that
 ADELA and the child are to go with them
 as pledges.*)

Her. My wife and child as pledges of my faith
 Must hence with you?—That's hard!—Am I awake?
 The world has call'd me brave—can courage stoop
 To such a lowness? What! my wife and child!—
 O, mother! mother!—I had once an arm
 That would have smote the malice of these fiends—
 Once, did I say? This very morning!—Now
 I'm weak as infancy; but oh! 'tis thou
 Hast made me so—destruction light—No! No!
 I dare not curse thee—no—And must they go?
*1st AVENGER answers by signs that they
 must.)*

They must?—Then—let it be.

Ida. Not on their heads,
 Just Heav'n, be thy hand! the guilt was mine!

Adel. Never; nor man nor hell shall loose our
 grasp

From thee, the father and the husband—no,
 The storm is up; the air is red with fires
 That flash on all sides ruin; your right hand
 Is our fear's refuge.—Do not cast us forth
 From the safe shelter of thy loving strength
 To the wild tempest's fury; the flood whirls
 In boiling eddies at our feet; but once
 Wash'd in its current, 'tis not in man's might
 To snatch us from its fury.

Ida. Must I yet live?

Her. Has Heav'n no fires to pour upon this
 head?

Is there no spirit in the vast of hell
 That hears and loves the curses of despair?

Adel. You will not leave us; 'tis my folly's fear.
 Av'rice would turn the key upon its gold

When thieves were nigh; and has not love a zeal
As careful of his wealth, when in his eye
Robbers stretch forth their daring hands to steal
What is more worth than jewels, pearls, or gold?

Bert. Surely, I think, some spell is on his mind,
Or this could never be—my sword is out—
Now let me see the best—or all your tribe—
Bar our free passage—yes I hear the laugh
Through your clos'd helms.—'Sdeath! Do you
mock my wrath?
I'll teach you to use words.

Her. Hold! Hold! You do
You know not what.

Bert. Am I, or drunk, or mad?
I think not either; and by your good leave
Courage in act were apter to your place
Than this fond talking helplessness of grief.
Leave tears to women; action is for men.

Her. Be temperate, I charge you on your life!

Bert. Yes, temperate, I say; 'tis a fine word,
And suited to the time, as lovers' sighs
To the rude ear of battle, or thin air
To fill the appetite of hunger.—Yes—
Yes; do be temperate; see these, your child,
Your wife, dragg'd to the slaughter.

Her. Have regard
To your own safety; tempt me not too far,
Lest in the feeling of a present wrath
I should forget the dearness of your worth :
My evil part is strong ; I have not now
That mastery of blood which reason owns ;
I'm not myself.

Adel. Oh, let not passion rend
In civil war those hearts which should be leagu'd
To meet the coming enemy abroad.

Bert. Let go his arm ; I fear not, I—Without!—
Ring the alarm-bell ; danger is abroad.

Ida. Berthold, forbear !

Bert. To Arms ! To arms !

Aye laugh—

Your scorn is merry now—Speed, speed, my friends
The blows of death will ring in lustier notes—
Speed, vassals, speed.—(*Vassals rush in.*)

Her. Berthold I say, hold off.

I could well praise your zeal ; it is a fruit
Good in itself, and yet abus'd in that
'Tis offer'd out of time, it makes more sick
The sickness it would qualify.

Bert. You talk

As words would heal this matter.

Her. Your ear ! Hark !

There is more strength in craft than in our arms
To match their mightiness.

Bert. Let that be tried.

Her. Stood I alone, I could be so content ;
These lives are of more worth than to be stak'd
Upon so nice a game—Nay, patience, coz ;—
'Mongst these my vassals, many, as I know,
Are servants to the bond, and it must be
That more are leagu'd with it than now are fil'd
Within my bounds of knowledge ; not one such
Who would not deem it virtue to break faith
With his worn service, and our eyes, thoughts, arms,
Engag'd in the death-strife with these, to steal
Upon our unfenc'd side and murder all
In whose regard we fought, wife, mother, child.

Bert. Th' eternal curse be on them ! The arch-
fiend

Enfold them to his breast of flames !—At least
We'll die like men.—(*1st AVENGER makes signs of
impatience to HERMAN.*)

Her. I understand ; time flies ;
Our limit will be brief.

Bert. Will you then yield ?

Her. The time will have it so.

Bert. My cheeks are
hot—

You own these fiends your masters ? Give your wife,
Your child, to their disposal.

Her. I have said—
My mother to your care ; it is a charge
Of empire's weight.

Ida. And Adela, my son ?

Her. She stays with me ! the time is most unfit
For more extended answer ; be content.

Bert. If this day set in evil—but there's not
A space for " if " to stand on—'tis resolv'd ;
The evil's done ; be sure you charge the blame
To your own folly—Had I yet my will—
But it is past—Now, lady—if you please
Blame but yourself. [Exit with IDA.]

Her. Now, sir, a word with you.
I know you, Maltingen ; I have to thank
Your malice for this hour—A time will come
To talk of it at large—Meanwhile, take this,
And look your mem'ry flag not—Keep my words
As you love life—Dare not to put in act,
Or but in thought contrive, the least of ill
To these, whom not my will, but the harsh time
Trusts to your charge—Dare not to think of harm—
By my best hopes, I will have vengeance—such,
As were it utter'd, would turn pale your cheek,
And done, would make hell shudder—Take good
heed—

Malt. Tush ! Tush ! fright boys with shadows,
for vain threats
Are but the shades of action—Shall I fear

Because the wind may shake about my head
A few, dry, falling leaves? Not I indeed.

Her. Death in its worst were light to that dark
thought.

Which has its lair within my brain—'Tempt not
The danger it may bring you—Take good heed—
Wake not the sleeping demon here—You've seen
Men writhing on the wheel, with bleeding flesh
Wrench'd from itself, and quiv'ring in its wounds,
Nature's whole building torn and broken up,
'Till reason fled in agony and left
The naked life to howl, in madden'd wrath,
O'er the deep fiery throbbings of its pain.
All this were mercy to my darker thought;
'Tis of such horror that I scarcely dare
Trust myself with it, my mind's own progeny;—
'Twould make me mad—therefore again, take heed.

—(*MALTINGEN by signs tells the AVEN-
GERS to seize ADELA and the child.*)

Adel. Stand off as ye are men—Save, save the
child!

I ask not love for me—Leave my weak strength
To grapple with the danger; but oh, save
Thine unoffending child—Turn not away—
Save, save thy child—What hope is for the lamb
When that the shepherd leaves it in the eye
And danger of the wolf, who walks unscath'd
And fearless in his presence.

Her. Chide not, love;
Your fear hoodwinks your reason; there's no sense
In these sad fancies more than in the dreams
That oft will show so terrible to sleep.

Adel. I have strong fear upon me; these mail'd
men,
Whose faces shun the light—there is no truth,
No honesty in that, which fears the day.

Thieves mask themselves in night, the bloody wolf
 Prowls in the dark, and howls against the moon
 If her light break upon his hour of darkness—
 Why are they mask'd?

Her. Because—think not of that—
 'Tis nothing—one embrace, or ere we part—

Adel. Then be that one for ever—In the sight
 Of man and heaven, I am thine—thy wife—
 This child is thine—And to what saving love
 Should a child fly for refuge in the storm,
 If not a father's—A fond mother's hand
 Is all too weak to turn the winged bolt
 That, wreath'd in fire, bursts her feeble guard,
 And, smashing her young plant, bears to the earth
 Its bruis'd and broken fragments.

Her. Love, no more.
 One, one embrace—At night we meet again.—
 (*HERMAN rushes out—AVENGERS seize
 ADELA and child.*)

Adel. Fiends! Murderers!—O, for the fabled
 strength
 Of earth's first children—We are lost, my boy.
 (*The AVENGERS force them off.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The refectory of St. Stephen's Monastery. HERMAN enters, preceded by the LAY-PORTER, and followed by BERTHOLD.*

Her. Say to the father Anselm, I request
A moment's audience on affairs whose need
Brooks no delay.

Lay P. I shall obey you, Sir.—(LAY-POR-
TER goes in.)

Her. Now leave me, for my purpose here admits
No witness to its speech.

Bert. Whate'er it is
Heav'n prosper your intent: And yet I doubt—
You waste yourself in arts to loose a knot
Will not be loos'd, when one bold stroke
Would sunder it at once.

Her. And in that stroke
The cord itself were torn for whose dear use
You cut the knot; so shall you lose the end
For which you work.

Bert. The world allows you wise,
And therefore you are wise—perhaps too wise—
And so most dull; 'tis in the gen'ral speech
That too much light is to the eye as dark
As thickest darkness.

Her. You say well.

Bert. Indeed!

Then profit by the maxim; for the air
Is not more common to the vulgar sense.

Her. The time is strange; our actions must put
on

The garb of fashion, and be strange as that
Which is their master—But to heal thy thoughts,
Which, I see, hold me as one sick in fear,
Irresolute of act, I tell thee this,—
Frances still lives, and will this night be brought
To witness 'gainst my mother.

Bert. 'Tis not so;

Reason cries out absurd on the belief.

Her. 'Tis no less true; his wounds were no-
thing; jests;

Such as would hardly pale the cheek of youth;
But his poor age that in its wither'd veins
Had scarce so much of blood to keep life warm,
And that too spent with toil, could ill afford
One drop of its supporting sap, and fell
To a sick trance of sense that imag'd death.

Bert. How learnt you this?

Her. From one I held
my foe;

But thus it often is; as enmity will rise
Where we sow seeds of friendship, so oft times
On hatred's rocky breast, which should not teem
With ought but thistles, friendship's flow'r peeps out
To mock our wonder.

Bert. Seldom, I believe.

Few in the storm will leave their shelt'ring home,
To light a beacon o'er the hidden rock
That threatens ruin to the passing bark.

Her. The world is bad enough, yet some part
good;

Half of its time is day, half night, but you
Paint it all night.

Bert. Well, well! Who was this friend;
Whose unbought kindness almost makes me doubt
The value of his service. Come; his name.

Her. Ask me no more; I've said enough to still
All worthy doubts, and have no wish to quench
The thirst of curiosity—Begone.

Bert. Oh, as you please—Yet I once deem'd
my love
Was nearer to your heart than to be spurn'd
In any task of danger. I did think
My worth in higher rate—Well, very well.

Her. Nay, nay, wrong not yourself or me by
doubts
Begot in fancy. You're as ever dear:
But sorrow in the best of us will blanch
The health of mind, and sickness is too apt
To utter waywardness; it speaks from pain,
And not from reason: therefore, take't not ill,
Or think my love is less, for that my words
Sound harsh; it is not so; I am the same.

Bert. Then let me stay with you.

Her. That can not be.

Bert. The can not's in your will, not in the act,
Which is as possible as bend a rush,
Or any other lighter thing to thought:
Be you persuaded.

Her. Do not urge me more.

Bert. In one word, shall I share you with this
hour?
Be it or yes or no.

Her. No—And in that word
I show more deep regard than had my will
Been sway'd to that you ask.

Bert. Enough—I go.

But a dark day, I see it, is at hand;
When you will wish each single friend were ten,
And all too little for the peril's call.

Her. You are not angry, cousin.

Bert. Griev'd, perhaps,
But rev'rence knows not anger; and though age
Gives me the preference, I do confess
I join the gen'ral homage of thy greatness—
And you deserv'd it once—You were more wise,
More valiant, bounteous, temperate, and just,
Than those of highest price.

Her. I did not know
You were so taught a flatt'rer.

Bert. 'Tis but truth.
All that was good, in diff'rent men, combin'd
In fullness in your single state; nor stood
My praise alone—The stoutest heart would quake
When Herman frown'd; the proudest name rejoic'd
In Herman's smile; honour itself did stoop
To do him homage, and in the act became
More honour'd—You are alter'd now.

Her. I am;
Alas! much chang'd—My mother's guilt is mine;
And how should murder lift its head in pride?
But leave me—not in anger.

Bert. Fear not that—
Time's ruins are cherish'd though not for themselves,
Since in themselves is neither use nor form,
But as memorials of the king gone by—
You were once great—in memory of that,
You've still my homage—and with this I leave
Your will to its own guidance. [*Exit BERTHOLD.*]

Her. Bitter! yet
More true, perhaps, in heart than those whose tongues
Use smoother accents—'tis so often—When
Will this monk come?—(*A long pause, during
which he draws his dagger, and gazes on*

it in silence.)—"Twere better I were dead!

—(*A second pause. He opens the window, and looks out upon the night.*)

How dark! how earthly silent!—Nature sleeps!—

Might not one work in this most lonely hour

A deed of ill, invisible to Heav'n?

The eye of light is keen—but night, deep night,—

Night with substantial darkness laps us round,

And shuts our world out from the world above;

The wind too shrieks; it speaks with voice might
dumb

The cry of death that else would smite the skies.

The PRIOR enters.

Prior. Heav'n's peace be on thy head.

Her. (*not perceiving him.*) His death

Is life to her—Yes—he must die—no time so fit

As this of darkness—Nothing wakes

Save holiness that prays, and grief that weeps,

And sin that watches in the thought of ill,

Too monstrous for the day.

Prior. You seem wrapt up

In earnest meditation that denies

All outward purpose.

Her. Father, I must pray

Your holy pardon; though my duty slept,

My will was still your servant.

Prior. Peace and health

Be with you, gentle son. You did demand

My presence hither; what is it you will?

Her. I would solicit of your love a grace,

Which granted, brings no loss to him that gives,

Yet profits me; 'tis nothing in itself,

Save that the time has made it precious, as

Things of base worth we often see made rich

By estimation borrow'd of some need,
Or fancy of the moment; the bright ore
So priz'd in most men's thought is yet more poor
Than the trod grass, but that it takes a price
From outward circumstance.

Prior. What is this grace?

It must be something strange I would not grant
To your request. The eldest of your race
Did found this goodly pile, and from that time
To this same hour that hears us, we have been
Your daily debtors for some bounteous act
The day brought with it, and therein much bound
To do you grateful service. Say then, son,
What is it you would ask?

Her. I know your love,
And do not fear denial.

Prior. You've no cause;
If your request be worthy him that asks.

Her. I thank you, father, and do hold me rich
In that my humbleness bears so much price
In your dear reck'ning—But to the point
Which makes me here your suitor.

Prior. Speak, my son.

Her. 'Tis said the father Fritz, your cloisters's
leach,
Visits the sickness of an aged man,
A prisoner to Maltingen.

Prior. It is true.

Her. I would fain this man.

Prior. How can I aid
The current of your wishes?

Her. Briefly thus.
Send me in place of Fritz—A monkish garb
Hides my true seeming; the pretext may be
That other duties, of more urgent haste,
Detain the wonted visitant.

Prior.

Which yet I have not said, that I should lend
The graver character of my high place
To this deceit—what colour for the time
Of such unseason'd visit? The spent day
Is close upon eleven.

Her.

That's no bar; The faintest tint will hide the face of doubt
So light as this; Make such pretext no cause
To frown upon my asking.

Prior.

Very strange! Why this request?

Her.

Well; I will make your love
The partner of my secret; This sick man
Is mine own vassal,—Maltingen, my foe—

Prior.

And you would steal upon his strength,
not meet
Its open opposition; 'tis not thus
The glory of your race was built—

Her.

But hear. Ere you condemn—

Prior.

Do you hear me—I say
This does not match the colour of your deeds,
Which ever wore the livery of day.
You were a hero in the top of praise,
The boast and wonder of our time, and not
A midnight murderer.

Her.

Nor am I now;
But you'll not hear—My purpose bears no harm
To him I hate; this vassal is grown old
In faithful service, and his age is stor'd
With past events that would be talk'd of now.

Prior.

Then let me bear your question.

Her.

I must thank,
But can not use your kindness; 'tis a point
Finds no place in your books; your life of calm

Is most unfit to argue it; and though
 You bore my message whole, which might well be,
 Yet further question grows upon reply,
 And more to that 'till hungry doubt is fill'd;
 All which to ask, I think, is not in you,
 Who lack the habit, which should wake demand,
 Grown out of practic'd knowledge; therefore let
 My suit find no denial.—Silent still?

Prior. You've set a civil war within my mind,
 That whatsoe'er its choice, or to refuse,
 Or grant your wishes, still the end must be
 Regret for that is done.

Her. What is your fear?

Prior. I know not what I fear—but I do fear—
 And reason warrants fear—yet my weak love
 Can not deny your asking.

Her. Father, thanks;

This kindness is more worth than your best thought
 Can fancy to itself.

Prior. Come, then; within
 You shall be fitted with the proper garb
 To suit your purpose.

Her. That I have prepar'd,
 Secure my wish would prosper in your love;
 It is without; I want but from your hand
 Some written witness to my borrow'd shape.

Prior. I had forgot; it is most needful.—

(*Prior seats himself at the table, and writes.*)

Her. Now,

Now, mother, thou art sav'd—but at the price—
 Of my eternal weal. Why do I shake?
 Why does the blood thus curdle in my veins
 As it were frozen? What is this that swells
 Towards my throat, and will not be put down?

Prior. What is it you say?

Her. I? Nothing—Why?

Prior. I thought

You spoke of Maltingen.

Her. Oh no; or if,
I did but commune with my inward mind.

Prior. 'Tis very well—I shortly shall have done.

Her. To save a mother's life—the end is good,
Though the means look so ugly that sick thought
Turns from their foulness—yet thus nature works,
Evil the instrument by which she gains
Her best of good—The tempest that awakes
The ocean's danger, swallowing in wrath
Its many trusted lives, and making lean
The ripe hope of the husbandman, does yet
Cleanse the thick air, whose rank and sultry breath
Was heavy with disease to man and beast.
The aches of weary labour keep health fresh
That else had sicken'd; yea the chearless face
Of icy winter, frowning on the growth
Of summer's children, yet is good in that
It gives a night to overwearied earth,
Who, from the short repose, starts up to toil
With freshen'd vigour.

Prior. (*Rising from the table.*) It is done.

Her. Again
You have my thanks.—(*Takes the letter.*)—Add
but your blessing too,
And I'm most happy.

Prior. Son, it shall be your's;—
(*HERMAN kneels.*)

Yet ere my tongue shall utter it, mark this
And hold it sacred.—If your thoughts conceal
Evil to ought created, rise, deny
The word ere it is breath'd, bid me take back
My hand that stays in blessing on your head;
For be assur'd—In sight of Heav'n I speak,—

Be well assur'd, the blessing spoke on sin
 Would be as water to the burning thirst
 Of livid fever, as opposed, as full
 Of certain danger—Son, each word would turn
 To deadly curses—Now, look up, and say,
 Shall my voice bless you?

Her. I do look up, and—
 Why art thou chang'd? 'tis not thy wonted form—
 The mild and sparring eye, the trembling age
 Whose weakness spoke encouragement to fear—
 Where are they now?—But on—(*He looks again at*
the PRIOR.)

By the great God!
 Thou art not what thou wast—But yet—go on—

Prior. The grace of Heav'n be with you; may
 its love

So teach your life that death may have no fear;
 Thy years be many, and no moment pause
 To wish their number ended; be thy joy
 As plenteous as autumn, rich, like that,
 In fruit to those who cultivate its grace;
 And to crown all—

Her. (*Starting up.*) Forbear!—Some other
 time!

I am not well.

Prior. I doubt your mind is sick;
 You brood upon some evil wish, whose birth
 Will be most fatal.

Her. 'Tis your fear informs
 Your reason, not your reason fear.
 Put me in better thought; ill weeds will grow
 In ev'ry soil, and thorns, perhaps, too much,
 Choke up my better growing; yet I hope,
 And with fair modesty, I do not own
 A ranker nature than my fellows.

Prior.—*Son,*—
Your words are gentle as the summer sea,
But your looks wild as winter; this approves
Your speech is onward, not drawn from the heart;
The tongue may lie, the features never can,
'Till habit harden guilt and blur the truth
Of the mind's mirror.

Her.—*I intend no ill.—(His dagger drops from his vest.)*

Prior. What was that fell?

Her.—*(half aside)*—Will not my senses
turn?

'Tis as if Heav'n us'd the hand of chance
To point out my intent, and tell the world
The secret of my heart—Let me not think—
My brain is all on fire—Father, farewell.

Prior.—Yet stay a moment.

Her.—No; my time is come—
I must begone.—*(HERMAN rushes out)*

Prior.—There is some task of ill,
But, counsell'd yet, not put in act, that shakes
His wonted firmness—yes—it is too plain!—
I will first fit me with the proper garb
'Gainst the night's roughness, then set forth to bar
This purpos'd mischief—Heav'n grant me strength
To turn aside the blow whate'er its aim.—

[*Exit PRIOR.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in HERMAN's castle—IDA and ADELA.*

Adel. Would it were morn!

Ida.—It is a mournful thing
To watch the dreariness of night, to live
When all sense loves is dead, and wake to that

Which may not look on light.—*(pause)*—What
didst thou say?

Adel. I did not speak.

Ida. Methought you made reply.

Adel. No; not a word.—*(second pause)*

Ida. I hear the death-watch
click

His heavy omen—What's this spell in night,
That gives to things most common to the sense,
A form so hideous? There's some secret pow'r
Which awes the reason—I could well believe
That death is but continu'd night, dark, still,
Full of unbodied fears, and each soul pin'd
In utter loneliness.—*(another pause)*—The moments
creep

As time were weary.

Adel. 'Tis a long dull night—

Would it were past!

Ida. Thou'rt o'ewearied; life

Is almost slumb'ring in thine eyes—Poor girl!

I can not blame thee; two nights, no repose!

'Tis a sad task to youth; yet it must be;

Your eye must wake to watch; you must not sleep

Though nature ache—And yet night's drowsy kiss

Is all so sweet to weariness, it scarce

Will be denied its wooing.

Adel. I am well pleas'd

If my care balm our suffering; yet sure

The mind is wasted in this restless watch,

And turns to sickness. Sorrow should love sleep

Which gives it mastery o'er pain, and makes

Its worst state rich as happiness.

Ida. No, no;

I dare not sleep—Sleep has no rest for guilt.

To wake, and dwell in the conceit of fears.

Bred from the fancy, is indeed a task

Most terrible—more than the wholesome thought
 Can image to itself—but yet my sleep
 Has dreams of deeper horror—Oh, for worlds
 I would not slumber at the dreadful price
 Of those dark dreams which visit me in sleep.

Adel. But nature must have rest. You lose
 The strength should wrestle with the grasp of grief
 In fruitless watching.

Ida. I must not dare repose;
 You would not ask it, if your thought could scan
 The secrets of my slumber; I want words
 To tell its terrors; 'tis heap'd up of things
 Whose form and colour are not of the earth,
 And therefore find no type in earthly words.—
 It may sound madness, but I'd rather hug
 Substantial horror than sleep in the fear
 Of my most awful dreams.

Adel. But this long watch
 Feeds the disease in wasting the mind's health.
 No dreams will haunt you now, for fancy, tir'd
 In its own workings, will soon turn to rest,
 And slumber with the body.

Ida. The whole earth
 Has not a price so great to tempt my fear
 To such a trial; I would rather dwell
 In lonely darkness with the fearful dead,
 Or hold my night-watch by the murd'rer's gibbet
 And list the raven screaming to the wind
 His fun'ral song, or with the owlet hoot
 To the free fiends that wing the waste of night.

Adel. Ye powers of mercy! thoughts like these
 might rouse
 The fear-wrought brain to madness—Talk not thus.

Ida. Talk not of sleep—No; when my eyelids
 sink,
 And my tongue break its words, and my faint limbs

Relax in lifelessness, rouse me, by force,
 If words avail not ; let me not sleep—
 'Tis a sad task, but such I fear to trust
 To menial love, for, should my senses flag,
 What might my sleep not utter ?

Adel. O, fear not ;
 Affection is immortal as the soul,
 And knows not weariness—I'll watch 'till day
 Makes pale the taper's burning—'tis a joy.

Ida. Thy love is kind ; alas ! that I must tax
 Its dearness to such labour, so abhorr'd,
 So urg'd beyond its strength ; but 'tis the curse
 That follows guilt, it suffers not alone ;
 Its touch is ruin ; all that comes within
 The circle of its love must share the wrath
 That blazes round its head ; it is a fire
 Which burns the means that feed it ; to hold kin
 Or amity with guilt, is to be lost
 By that your love would prosper.

Adel. These sad thoughts
 Grow out of weakness and augment the ill
 From which they live. Give up your mind to births
 Of better nature.

Ida. It was once my joy
 To think I lov'd you all—but no—'twas false—
 The mind, that purchases at price of sin
 Its own delight, has no affection, can
 Have none but for itself, since in that sin
 It binds a scourge to fall with heaviest blow
 Where most it feigns to love.

Adel. You must shake off
 These waking dreams of fancy. Shall I call
 Your little minstrel, Orrila ? Her voice
 Has a sweet magic in it, that can steep
 Our reas'ning part in slumber, and build up
 An airy world of such intense delight,

That thrill'd in boundless ecstasy of sense,
 The soul stands quiv'ring on the lips, as if,
 Impatient of its dwelling, it would mix
 With fancy's images.

Ida. E'en as you please.—
 I am most wretched.

Adel. Orrila !

Enter ORRILA.

Ida. How goes
 The lazy pace of time? Is it not morn ?

Adel. In truth I know not.

Orril. 'Tis almost one.

Adel. It can not be ; I should not think the
 night

Had toll'd its hour of parting. By the shade
 Which yet hangs on the earth, 'tis scarcely twelve.
 Come, Orrila ; your voice must woo the time
 To mend his tardiness.

Orril. What is't you will ?
 That I should sing to you ?

Adel. Any light air,
 That in its merry pace may outstrip sleep,
 And hold us waking.

SONG.—*Orrila.*

Wake, my love—the young day wakes,
 And, from yonder clouds of night,
 The star of morning freshly breaks
 In a beam of purple light.

Wake, my love—it is the hour !
 The sky-lark trills our nuptial song—
 Wake, my love—has sleep the pow'r
 To charm thee to thy lover's wrong ?

O, wake! O wake! my love to bliss,
 Th' unconscious rose by love is won,
 And blushing opes its cups to kiss,
 Its bridegroom in the rising sun.

*(During the song IDA seems to struggle
 against her weariness, and towards the
 conclusion of it falls asleep.)*

Adel. Kind Orrila, my thanks;
 The warbler of the night ne'er breath'd her love
 To the young harvest moon in notes more sweet,
 More rich.—She sleeps!—Leave us (*Exit ORRILA.*)

Her slumber looks
 With the calm face of infancy; no fear,
 No evil recollection of the day,
 Breaks on its peace; e'en fancy wakes no more;
 All its strange shapes, fantastic horrors, sights,
 Form'd of the immaterial air, are lost
 In slumber's utter darkness; they are not,
 Or being, are unseen—Such deep repose
 Wants not an eye to watch it; I will take
 The offer of the time, and yield my frame
 Its needed rest—Dear mother, all good thoughts
 Possess thy sleep; May thy worst dreams be calm
 As the hush'd ocean slumb'ring in the light
 Of evening's unveil'd star—One kiss—One kiss—
 In night be happy, and the waking morn
 Be happier than the night—Heav'n guard thy rest!

*(Exit ADELA into an inner room. After a
 pause IDA rises in her sleep.)*

Ida. You say right; the morn is yet far off—
 No;

I can not think it—Adela, my child,
 You must not leave me now; grasp my hand firm;
 I feel the fit is on me; I shall sleep

Sleep in that dreadful dream ; a weight of lead
 Sits heavy on my eyes—Look on my hands ;
 You see there is no blood on them ; they're clean ;
 Why then you can not say I murder'd him—
 Sick ! Sick !—Where are we now ? 'tis piercing cold !
 The wind sighs heavily !—Tombs ! tombs ! How sad
 And gray they glimmer in the moonlight ! Ha !
 Who lies here (*She seems to read painfully*) The
 Count—poison'd—by his wife—
 Great God ! my husband !—Hence—this is no place
 For me to dwell in—What's this glues my feet
 To this damn'd spot—No, no—I will not die—
 Close up that grave ; 'tis full of creeping worms !
 I will not lie in it, 'tis a cold bed
 For warm and living flesh ; let go my hand ;
 I will not sleep with thee ; thy touch is ice ;
 The charnel green is on thy bones ; thy breath
 Is heavy with the grave-damp ;—Look not thus—
 Hadst thou but eyes I would not dread their gaze—
 Aye do—grin with thy fleshless jaws—laugh ! laugh !
 Glare from thy empty sockets—I've no fear—
 Strip but the outward vesture from these bones
 And I am like thee !—Ha ! Hell is broke loose !
 Help, Adela ! Help ! Help ! The room's in flames !
 The serpents hiss ! They fold me in their grasp !
 A thousand forked tongues dig in my flesh !
 Help, help—They wind more lightly round my
 breast !

My bones are crush'd !

(ADELA rushes in.)

Adel. Mother, awake—awake—
 Shake off this horrible conceit—Wake ! Wake !
 'Tis Adela that calls.

Ida. Do I still live ?
 And am I safe ? This room !—These burning lights !
 Ye are scarce wasted, yet an age of act

Has roll'd by since I left you—I saw him,
Him the fearful one—But where is he now?
I saw him dig my grave.

Adel. 'Twas but a dream.

Ida. I would not wish mine enemy the ill
To sleep in such a dream—Hell, hell itself
Has no such torture for the damn'd.

Adel. Awake!

To better things; these fancies are too dark
For earthly weakness; think of them no more.

Ida. No rest by night or day! And horror grows
More dreadful from acquaintance. Can not sleep
Divide me from myself? Is there no place,
No time, of refuge? Oh, for one short hour,
But one, of still, unbroken sleep—but one—
'Twere joy past words—that I might gather strength
To wrestle with my fate.

Adel. Give not your mind
To such uncomfortable thoughts; I trust
That all may yet be well.

Ida. When? When be well?
For here it can not be; and why should hope
Look to the grave for rest, since none is found
In sleep, the only form of life, from which
Our untried fancies can derive a thought
To image death—My brain!—(*Puts her hand to
her head as if struck by sudden pain*) I'll
not stay here.

The air is thick with horror.—I must go—
Yes, I must go.

Adel. But whither would you go?

Ida. Forth—forth into the night—my blood is
hot!

I thirst to feel the wind, to drink its breath—
My throat is full to suffocation—forth! [*Exit* IDA.]

Adel. Dear mother—Gone ! I must not let her dwell

In the wild solitude of dark thoughts ;
And yet—such weary life might almost tempt
My better nature to rebel, and sin :
'Gainst Heaven's *power* in the wish for death.

[*Exit ADELA.*]

SCENE III.—*A wild rocky country, overspread with wood. GYPSIES, male and female, seated round a fire, under a hanging cliff. EDITH in peculiarly wild attire, with loose black hair, sits remote from the others, her face in her hands. and her hands resting on her knees. KARL, CONRAD, and SPIESS in front.*

Spi. (*Offering a cup to EDITH.*)

Wilt drink ? 'tis wine, good wine ; that word was wont

To turn thy sourest mood to laughter—Drink—

Con. Her mother's death has chang'd the idiot much.

Spi. Yes, truly has it ; it has made her dumb,
And she would chatter so, I almost lost
The use of my own tongue.

Karl. 'Twere no great harm,
The tongue itself were lost, so no one found
The worthless bauble.

Con. Silence—Edith, speak—

Karl. She pines still for her mother—'tis no use.

Con. It makes me wonder—Troth, I did not think

She had the sensibility of pain
Save in the body's suffering.

Spi. — I myself
Am that way very sensible.

Karl. 'Tis strange ;
The proper ills of reason should not be
Where reason is not. I have seen ere now
Such creatures, but they had no sense of that
Which troubles healthy minds.—(*Bugle without*)

Con. Our Captain's horn.

Enter HOFFMAN.

Karl. What news, Captain ?

Hoff. Much—much—and good.

All. Let's hear ?

Hoff. But first, how fares my child ?

Con. She pines, poor wretch,
And seems as if she had nor sight, nor ear
For outward things.

Karl. Best leave her to herself ;
You will but vex her.

Hoff. Dear unhappy girl !
Thou art the only thing on earth I love—
And yet I wish thee, dead.

Karl. Think not of her.

Hoff. Think not of her !—True, true—I had
forgot—

I am a beast, and dwell 'mong beasts.

Con. The news ?

Spi. Pour out thy havings ; for delay's a tax
More than my sum of patience. Come—the news.

Karl. That may well be ; thy whole account
might lie
Unelbow'd in a nutshell.

Spi. Aye ; you talk—

Con. What have you heard, good Hoffman ?

Hoff. That which brings

Fresh harvest to our mill—Whispers of feud,
 'Twixt Maltingen and Herman, are abroad.
 'Tis said—and that so loudly, other ears
 Than Heav'n's, list the tale—'tis said fresh war
 Will be, of such extremes that one or both
 Must fall ere time is even.

Karl. This sounds well ;
 The wheel turns round ; time gives hope
 For full revenge on Maltingen, a beast
 That's human but in form.

Hoff. I'll have it too ;
 And such revenge—as shall make black the night,
 And be a lasting wonder to the world.
 Let him look to himself—He hung my wife
 For a poor petty theft, whose utmost price,
 A chiding word outvalued.—Let him look
 To his own safety.

Spi. I do marvel much,
 You leave your wife, 'twixt Heav'n and earth, a feast
 For crows and kites to gorge on.

Con. It were more
 For your own honour's name, to rob the birds,
 And give her to the worms.

Hoff. There shall she hang,
 'Till I can place him there, who bound her flesh
 To such dishonour ; it is memory's book
 Where ev'ry day I read the bloody act
 In its first character, which time might else
 Write in a milder phrase.

Con. Time, I have heard
 Works wond'rous changes, but I think his sponge
 Will scarce wipe out the writing of revenge.

Spi. You'll not forget ; ne'er fear.

Hoff. There have been
 hours
 When I almost forgot to hate ; but then,

E'en then some blessed chance would guide my steps
 To yonder tree—I heard the screech-owl hoot,
 The raven scream as he wheel'd round his prey,
 That swung in heavy motion in the wind—
 I heard the clanking of the rusty chains—
 Ha! ha! ha! 'Twas a brave sound, a music fit for
 night!

My heart beat quick to hear it; and my thoughts—
 What dost thou think they were?

Karl. Revenge! Revenge!

Hoff. Thou'rt right!

Con. I have a pious hope the debt
 Will soon be paid.

Karl. These proud ones think the world
 Was fashion'd to their use; they do usurp
 In their insatiate appetites the good
 Which was created general, and live
 In luxury so monstrous, it breeds plagues
 That nature never knew, yet think it much
 We steal a part of that is truly ours,
 To feed the wants of hunger.

Hoff. The full curse
 Of poverty be on them.

Karl. Each one takes
 That which in fair division would be split
 Into a thousand portions.

Hoff. Aye, and why?
 Why is it so? What is in them to hold
 This proud pre-eminence? Why should they feed
 The wants of luxury, while others starve
 In unaccounted wretchedness? What right?
 Who made the law? Are not our forms the same?
 Our arms as strong? Our reason as compact?

Karl. Oh, 'tis most monstrous, 'tis absurd to
 sense.

Hoff. Yet there are some, and Herman is of those,

Who wear their fortune with such winning grace,
So fair, so evenly, that not either pride
Nor envy, tax their state. I love this man;
He's bounteous as autumn, valiant, wise;
His mind is matchless in nobility,
Of qualities more rare and unconfin'd
Than are in vulgar nature; and in that
Seems as created for superior place.—

(HERMAN enters! disguised as a monk,
with a small basket on his arm.)

Spi. A prize! A prize!

Karl. Stay, holy father, stay.

Con. You preach up charity; we're poor enough
To be the practice of your doctrine.

Her. Son,
More of my love than your desert I grant
What you do ask; take this, and if you can,
Mend your hereafter life.

Spi. Why, to confess,
It somewhat needs amendment, but we lack
The means to piece our raggedness; I swear
It is not of our choice we're poor; we would
Most willingly be rich.

Her. You should despise
The help of others, who so well can help
Your own necessities; 'tis a vile life
To dwell in meagre beggary, when youth
Might work the feast of plentiousness—For shame!

Spi. 'Tis a thin diet that's the truth; you'll
ne'er

Grow fat on it.—(EDITH raises her head; her whole
appearance becomes animated, and shows
that she recognizes HERMAN.)

Her. To bear the grin of scorn,
The spurn of selfishness, the gall of pride,
That tramples while it gives, dog-like, to fawn
Upon the hand that beats you, to inform
The tongue with softness when the swoln heart
throbs

To strike at injury—By Heav'n, friends,
I'd rather starve, rot piecemeal,—any thing—

Hoff. You're a strange monk.

Con. I've no faith in
your cowl.

Karl. It covers no shorn head.

Her. I have no time
For further waste in idleness—Farewell!—(*As he is
going out, EDITH starts up, and stops
him, singing—*

Stay, my love, stay,
You must not away,
The moonlight is on the green,
The fairy-elves sing
As they dance in the ring,
And nod to their elfin queen.

Edi. Let my lips kiss thy hands; thou once
didst give

Wine to my asking, and didst speak kind words;
Therefore I love thee, Herman.

All. (*astonished*) Herman!

Her. Yes;

She has spoke truth: but do not thence take hope
Of profit to yourselves.

Hoff. You wrong us much,
Though your laws call us vicious, outcasts, plagues,
Sores in the gen'ral body's health, for that
We do not bow to its obedience, yet
We can be faithful where we love, and you

Have done much good to us, sav'd my child's life,
 Open'd the door to our necessities;
 Therefore fear not; nor steal, nor fire, would force
 One treach'rous syllable from our clos'd lips.

Her. You have said honestly; see that your
 deeds

Be as your words.

Edi. Come, my love come, 'tis time :
 The moon is up; the fairy sports are rife.—
 Look! with this flow'r I'll purge thine eyes; for
 know,

The mortal sight is all too gross to see
 Their airy natures; they may not be seen
 More than the sightless wind, which fans the
 cheek,

To feeling sensible, but to the eye
 Less than a shadow.

Her. Her loose fancy plays
 So prettily with error, it might make
 The reason dote on folly.

Edi. 'Tis a sight
 So heavenly fair! Titania in the midst,
 Her throne compos'd of diamonds, each one
 In circle smaller than the needle's point,
 But brighter than the stars; her robe, of film
 Through which the moonlight glitters; and her
 crown,

The queen-bee's golden wing, shorn to a breadth,
 Thin as the silkworm's thread and gemm'd with
 drops

Of harden'd dew that sparkle to the moon
 More glorious than she. Why do you smile?

Her. I did not smile.

Edi. 'Tis true! 'tis very true!
 And then the elves, in knotted groups, do sport
 About their queen? some on the silver'd turf

Trip in their airy measures to the sound
 Of their own voices, sound, too soft for ears
 Of human dullness, and as sweet as soft;
 Some hunt the waken'd bee with spears of thorn,
 And back-returning, feast upon its sweets,
 And gird their arms with bracelets of its wings.

Hoff. Be silent, child.

Spi. (*aside.*) Would you had broke
 your neck!

(*to EDITH.*) When thou art dumb, I like thee not,
 but when

Thy tongue awakes, thou art intolerable.

Her. Leave her alone.

Edi. I did not speak to thee—

Some from their limbs cast off the filmy vests,
 And bathe them in the liquid moonlight, some
 Do wing the waste of air, and in their flight
 Pursue the falling stars ; some change the vows
 Of love, but oh, most unlike mortal love
 That dies in its own sweetness : 'tis a wild,
 A thrilling ecstasy of bliss, without
 An earthly time of limit. Th' unclasp'd bud
 Of the wood-rose, serves them for couch, whose
 breath

Woos slumber by its fragrance—Oh, their bliss
 Is, as themselves, immortal, without end.

Her. Sweet waywardness! thou rather art a
 theme

For envy than for pity ; reason's world
 Is briefly bounded in its joys, but thine
 Is limitless as fancy. Take this gold ;
 'Twill buy thee raiment.

Edi. 'Tis not that I want ;

Give me my mother ; they have chain'd her limbs
 To yonder tree—Look, there she stands in air,
 And struggles to get free ! Do you not see

How she swings to and fro? I hear the chains—
Clank! Clank! 'tis a long time; the moon was small,
Bent as a bow—and she nor eats nor speaks—
Why is she silent?

Hoff. Girl, you'll break my heart!

Her. Farewell ! Farewell !

Edi. Nay stop; I'll weave
for you

A garland of the woodbine and the rose,
Wet with the tears of night.—(*She gathers the
flowers and suddenly draws back.*)

What's this? what's this?

(She picks up a scull and brings it to HERMAN.)

Her. A human scull ! 'tis a fit gift for him
Whose thought is ripe to murder—strange ! is this
The hand of Heav'n ? Or shall we call it chance ?
Whate'er it be thy dumbness speaks with more
Than life's persuasion. How poor is the world
To thought that dwells on thee : at thy sad sight
Hope fades, for thou dost teach the end of hope ;
Thou art man's mirror : his eye can not see
Its proper form, and in that blindness thinks
His features ape immortal loveliness ;
But thou dost show him as he truly is,
So foul his own gorge rises at himself.
The outward flesh is but a garment, which
Or time or sickness moulders ; once thrown off,
So looks the naked man, so fiercely grins,
So stares from eyeless sockets—Let youth think
Each day will something change of his perfection,
And in that change will bring his form more near
To thy complexion, 'till at last he is
No more than thee. Why should I dwell on this ?
Go, bitter monitor—(*flinging down the scull.*)—thy
language hath
No music to my ear.

Hoff. This need not raise
A moment's wonder; for in time long past,
Some seventy years, or more, on this same spot,
A bloody battle strew'd the field with bones,
Which, lightly buried, will at times peep forth
From the wash'd soil.

Her. All peace be with you'

Edi. No;

You must not go; we'll sit up through the night
By the red watch'd-fire's blaze, and list the cry
Of the shrill cricket—No; you must not go—
And I will sing to thee, and tell the tales
Of swarthy gnomes, and airy sylphs, and elves
That quaff the moonlight, and of darker sprites
That love the church-yard.

Hoff. Edith, peace; thy love
Grows troublesome.—(*Edith retires sullenly, and
seats herself as at first.*)—Good night!

Her. Again, good night.
—(*As he is going out, the PRIOR enters.*)

Prior. Stay—stay—Give back the letter—I
much doubt

The goodness of thy purpose and have bar'd
Mine age to night's raw breath to plant a stop
'Twixt thee and thy design.

Karl. What fool is this?

Con. The hour is colder than thy age—You'd
best

Old father, take thee to thy bed.

Hoff. Do, do;
Thy words will scarce pass current with the night,
And men like night, though day-light fools may
quake

And crouch them at thy mumbling.

Prior. I speak not
To such as thee—Give back the letter.

Her. No,
Not from my life 'till the intent is past,
For which I ask'd it.

Prior. Then I will go on,
And teach thy foe the knowledge of thy aim.

Her. Friends; I have done you service; the
time calls
For easy quittance.

Hoff. Say; what would you have?
If man can compass it, believe it done.

Her. Then take that man—no violence—

Prior. My son!
—(EDITH starts up, and comes to the
PRIOR.)

Edi. What! Will they bind thee too? Thou
wilt be dumb
Like my poor mother there, nor eat, nor drink.

Her. Bear him, I say, to some safe hold; but
mind; no force—
Use him as that is dearest to your hearts;
Harm not a lock of him; the slightest wrong
Done to such rev'rend age were greater sin
Than any burns in hell.

Hoff. That is a point
Finds no regard with us; but for your will
No harm shall touch him.

Her. Look that it be so.

Prior. No father loves his son with dearer love
Than mine was once to you; my only griefs
Have been thy griefs; my only joys thy joys;
When thou hast held thyself in no regard,
And slumber'd in thy danger, I have wak'd
And watch'd in anxious pray'r for thee—and now—
But heav'n forgive this wrong.

Hoff. You talk in vain.

Her. It is the time's necessity; be sure

That I have done was from the spur of need,
No farther harm shall reach thee than the loss
Of this night's freedom.

Karl. (*aside to HOFFMAN.*) No good ever comes
Of this same bastard indecision, born
Of villainy on pity, that grows old
In double will to do and not to do.

Hoff. Keep your own counsel; it concerns not
you.

Karl. That's very certain.

Her. (*aside.*) Yet to trust these men—
Their trade is blood; man's life in their esteem
Is cheap as summer flies to wanton boys.
An ill-tim'd word, their own capricious mood
The wantonness of malice that destroys
Because it will—Any of these might move
The hand of slaughter—(*aloud.*)—Father, you are
free.

Hoff. This is a foolish act, but yet 'tis brave.

Edi. (*starting up.*) Now are we free—free as
the mountain air.—(*sings.*)

Where the citron grows,
And the orange blows,
Where the sky-lark sings
On her outspread wings—

Hoff. Be still, my Edith.

Edi. I must make an end.—
(*sings.*)

Where the coral is red
In the ocean's bed,
In earth, air, or sea,
Oh, there will we be.

Her. You in part know my purpose—as I think,

But indistinctly—Be that as it may—
 I am resolv'd, nor can you bar my will
 But by betraying me to death; no words
 Can change me; therefore choose, or to betray
 His life, who rather than do thee a wrong,
 Gave thee his life in trust, or wink at that
 You would, but can not hinder.

Prior. It were best
 You took from me such choice; being free,
 My duty is my master, and that asks
 My worst impediment to your design
 Leave not my will its freedom then; I must,
 And shall, though to your wrong, oppose the end,
 I fear, is in your purpose.

Her. Be it so;
 Let the ball have its bias; I'll not stoop
 To turn it from my path, although it crush me.

[*Exit HERMAN.*]

Hoff. Thou art a brave one—(to the *Prior*)—
 Go, and, if you can,
 Betray his nobleness—You call us thieves,
 Outcasts, assassins—and perhaps with truth—
 But there's this comfort—you can't call us monks.

(*HOFFMAN retires to the other GYPSIES.*)

Prior. Inform me, gracious Heaven, with the
 means

To blunt this two-edg'd ill---What shall I do?
 Deliberation is the grave of act
 And while I pause, time digs a monstrous gulph
 Between the thought and that which would be
 done.

One effort---if it fail---thought my heart break---
 On his head be the peril of the deed.

(*EDITH stops him.*)

Edi. A moment, father.

Prior. Do not stay me, child;
My business asks despatch—What wouldst thou
have?

Edi. Thou'rt in the dark! and can not find thy
way ;—

Take thou no counsel of thyself, for fools
Are their own enemies ; and who prefers
His enemy for counsel---Dost thou mark?

(Sings.)

Oh, good night! good night!
By the glow-worm's light
On earth the owlet cries;
Oh, good night! good night!
By the sun's broad light
In air the eagle flies.

Edi. Carry not a taper in the day light, for a
little

Spark is not seen in a great blaze.

(She retires to the others.)

Prior. There is more sense in thy words than
in the brain, that gave them birth. Poor thing!
Thou hast said wisely, but thyhead understands
not the wisdom of thy mouth.

(Exit PRIOR.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a turret in MALTINGEN'S castle. MALTINGEN enters, followed by WOLF.*

Malt. How is your prisoner's health?

Wolf. The friar says
His wound at first was but of slight account,
And in its present healing scarcely needs
The trial of his art.

Malt. When was he here?

Wolf. The morn of yesterday; his promise held,
He should be here to night.

Malt. 'Tis well; go, call,
The old man forth. (*WOLF goes into the inner room.*)

'Tis as it should be;
The ball runs evenly towards the mark.
Good! Good! This penn'd confession of the crime
Sign'd by his hand, and so distinctly vouch'd
By unimpeach'd witness, is alone
Of pow'r to work my end; but it were fond
To be in certainty, itself, content,

When we may be more certain ; the estate
 Of most confirm'd security yet stands
 In fear of change ; Besides the two-string'd bow
 May snap its cord, yet shoot the feather'd bolt ;
 The cask with many hoops may lose one gird,
 And yet be true to its contents—No ; no ;
 I will not think I'm safe while there remains
 One single guard to rive on safety's mail.

(WOLF re-enters with FRANCIS.)

Malt. How is it with you, Francis ?—(He signs
 to WOLF to retire.)

Fra. As with one.
 Compact of woe ; I've liv'd to wish for death ;
 Trust me, that's much ; more than the wildest
 dreams
 Of him that has not felt it.

Malt. Peevish fool !
 I've us'd thee in the rev'rence of thine age,
 Not after the abhorrence of thy crime ;
 For musty straw, you've slept on beds of down ;
 For water you've drank wine ; for time-stal'd bread,
 Barely dol'd out to feed, not satiate hunger,
 You have been pamper'd in abundant sweets ;
 For the green dungeon's damps, you have been
 lodg'd

In the warm rush-strewn chamber ; to crown all
 Kindness, the spur of appetite, has ne'er
 Been wanting to the feast ;—Is it not so ?

Fra. Ah what avails the body's rest on down,
 While the mind wakes upon the flinty couch
 Of agonizing thought ?

Malt. The fault's your own ;
 You are your own tormenter ; but one thing
 Excepted from the rule, you can not ask
 And be denied your asking.

Fra. And that one.

Is all I would—Be merciful—Be just—
 Make not my age the instrument of harm
 To the sworn lord of my obedience.

Malt. There is no choice but that you must appear

The witness to the crime; it shall not touch
 Your personal regard: That you're the means
 To publish the offence, absolves your part
 And bearing in the action.

Fran. Say not so;

Think, how despis'd, how monstrous is the act
 To rob that man of all who gave me all!
 How shall I wound, where I so long have lov'd
 In unconfin'd obedience? Say, he frown,—
 Terror will shut my lips, for I have learnt
 Through twenty years to tremble at his wrath;
 Say, he look kindly on me, it will bring
 The tide of mem'ry strong upon the brain,
 And with the benefits of time gone by
 O'erwhelm my purpose.

Malt. This is idle talk.

You must, per force, do that, which I have said.
 Here is your own confession of the deed;
 I need but take your life, which yet I spare,
 To give it full validity, for though
 Your living absence might wake doubt to think
 Its truth a fiction, for you were not brought
 To speak what you had written, yet once known
 To be divorc'd from life, it were believ'd
 As amply as your word. Therefore, be wise.

Fra. Looks not your hope to yonder unscann'd
 world?

As you would have that hope bloom into fruit,
 Be yielding to my pray'r.

Malt. Fond, old man,
 Vex me no more with this; you might as well

Think to turn back the ebb'd stream of time
As alter my intent.

Fra. Yet, yet be kind.

Malt. Be kinder to yourself, and think that love
More lightly turns to hate, than hate to love.
I may hate you for your regard to him,
But never can love him for that regard.
The wind may shake the blossom from the rose
And bare its beauty to a leafless thorn,
But all the breath of summer can not set
A rose upon the thistle. Then, beware.

Fra. These locks are few and white—I kneel for
grace.

Malt. Tempt not my wrath; know, when your
state is well,
And rest contented in its heat—My love
Is now the mansion where you dwell in peace,
Take timely heed: pull not the building down
Lest in its fall it crush you.

Fra. Take my life;
It were more merciful.

Malt. There is no hope
In your entreaties; you must bend your mind
To its enfore'd condition,

Fra. Why? O, why
Ye gentle Heavens! did I not depart
While yet life's draught was sweet upon the lips?
It was once sweet, so luscious to the taste!
But its first flavour has grown sour by time,
And now offends the palate. Let me die.

Malt. I'll no more words; first be thy errand
done,

Then be it at your choice to live, or die,
As may best please you—or as nature will.

Fra. Is there no remedy, but I must play
The traitor in mine age?

Malt.

I tell thee, no.
Before the fourth part of an hour declines,
You will be call'd ; see, that your words
Are such as truth may warrant—no excuse—
Your wounds are nothing ; or suppose they were
Of deeper import ; yet your path is short,
And would not harm them, for our court is held
E'en in this castle, in the vaults that lie
Beneath its basement.

WOLF enters with a letter.

How now ? Whence is this ?

Wolf. A frair waits without, who bears this note
With greetings from St. Stephen's Abbot.

Malt. So !

(*WOLF gives the letter to MALTINGEN, who reads aloud.*)

"Father Fritz being detained from his customary attendance by more and weighty duties, I herewith send another of our order, most able to supply his absence: He is green in years but ripe in knowledge ; his time has been thoroughly practiced in the history of human maladies ; Moreover he is of rare and infinite skill in the mystery of herbs and their several applications, in the which assurance I commend him to your love.

Anselm, Prior of St. Stephens."

Malt. Give the monk entrance.—(*WOLF goes out and returns with HERMAN disguised as before.*)

Her.

Health to thee,

my son.

Malt. The prior of St. Stephens here commends
Your skill in med'cine, and in bounteous terms.

Her. His kindness overrates my humble means ;
Yet in my will I'm rich, and may do more

Than those of deeper science.

Malt. Not unlike.
Their stands your patient; as I think, he lacks
But little of your aid—That as it may—
Your visit must be short—And so I leave
Your art to its discretion.

Her. Heaven's peace
Sill rest with you!—[*Exit MALTINGEN and WOLF.*
HERMAN for a short time listens to their
receding steps.)

The sound of his last step
Has died away—My work may now begin.

Fra. You're welcome, holy father but my mind,
More than my body, needs your helping art.

Her. (*Throwing off his disguise.*) Francis!

Fra. My noble master! Can it be?

And thus disguis'd; Oh, let me kiss your hand!

'Tis a sweet thing, when circled in by hate,

To see again one eye that beams with love,

To hear one tongue that speaks in kindness.

Her. Peace!

Fra. I am so happy now—it seems as if

I heard my native language after years

Of vainly list'ning to a foreign speech.

Dear, noble master!

Her. Peace! no more of this.

Fra. I must, I must; you do not know how
sweet

The voice of kindness sounds to ears, which time

Has made familiar with reproach.

Her. No more:

This speech offends me.

Fra. I'll be silent then.

Yet my old heart will bound—I've done—I'm
dumb!

Ye gracious powers, thanks!

Her. Be still, I say;
You can not more displease than by such words.

Fra. Your wish is my command—but you are
chang'd—
Most sadly chang'd!—Your voice is broken, hoarse,
Cold as the sighings of autumnal winds;
The fire of your eye is quite burnt out;
The hollow in your cheek looks like the grave
Of hope departed.

Her. Is then that so strange?
We are no more than food for grief and time,
Who, when they've suck'd the marrow of our
health

Throw the worst part to lean and hungry death,
Who battens on the offal.

Fra. 'Tis not thus
That you were wont to talk.

Her. The leaves in spring
Wave green; they wither in the season's fall.
But time ebbs rapidly—I've come to speak
On matter of much import.

Fra. Aye, indeed?
Your words awake those thoughts, which joy had
lull'd

In sweetest slumber. I too have to talk
On things of no light weighing—But alas!
I know not how to utter them.

Her. For that
We shall find after limit—Well bethough—
I had almost forgot—Your age is faint,
And needs some spur to quicken it; I've brought
What will refresh your weakness.—(*He takes from
his basket a bottle and horn, and fills the
latter with wine.*)

Fra. Many thanks,
My gentle, gen'rous master, for the love

That breathes in this remembrance, though my want
Needs not its present use. I'm here indulg'd
E'en in the luxury of appetite.

Her. But you must take the cup—take it, I say
—Dost think I've mingl'd poison in the draught?

Fra. The Heav'ns forfend! My mind held no
such thought—

Give me the cup—I drink to your best health!—
(*HERMAN* *tu ns aside, and covers his face*
in great agitation.)

Her. To my damnation—Hast thou drank?

Fra. I have;
It relish'd well!

Her. The dev'lish deed is done!—
And yet I feel no changing in myself—
I am the same! Why then there is no sin.
Guilt should be fearful—or our fathers lie.

Fra. Are you offended, master, that you turn
Away from me?

Her. The fancy, grown diseas'd,
Should shape forth monstrous visions, spectres,
flames,

And forms of hell—but to my eyes the light
Burns clear and brightly—There's no outward change
—All bears its wonted aspect.

Fra. I grow sick.

Her. Tis thy last sickness; thou wilt quickly rest
In a lone silent house, where fever, gout,
Slow-wasting atrophy, swift-slaying pest,
Pale, bloated dropsy, and life's thousand ills,
Find no admittance. Comfort thee, old man;
'Tis a dark home, but it is wondrous still.

Fra. What do you mean? Dear master, be
yourself.

Her. Confess yourself to Heav'n; plead for
grace—

The tide has almost ebb'd within thy veins.

Fra. My brain grows giddy—All around is dark.

Her. Go to thy pray'rs; time's foot will hardly
pace

Three little steps—and thou art with the dead!

Fra. Poison'd!

Her. E'en so,

Fra. May Heav'n forgive the hand,
Which minister'd the deed. The wheel at last
Turns fully round—Mine was the guilt that stole
The father's life,—and by the son I die.
'Tis just and yet 'tis bitter!—Lead me in.

Her. Your hand—No, no—I can not look on
him,—(

Fra. (*Staggering to the door of the inner room.*)
My strength is gone.—(*shuddering violently.*)—
Cold!—Bitter cold!—Accept

My penitence, ye powers!—Oh!—Forgive!
(*He falls down, so that his body lies
in the inner room, his feet at the door—
Long silence.*)

Her. Dead! Well—'tis that I wish'd—Why
should I shake,

As unexpected horror cross'd my path,
To blast the reason? 'Tis but one man gone!
I have kill'd many in the tented field,
And never blench'd—Is not this self-defence?
His life was to my mother certain death,
And in his death she lives—Who then shall say
This deed was not well done?—Down, restless fiend,
That speak'st so loud within! my ears are dull
To all thy utterings.—(*Noise without*)—Hark!—
Some one comes!

I'll close the door, that knowledge of the act
May sleep till I am gone.—(*he fastens the door of
the inner room.*)—

Prior. (*without*) Be speedy, Wolf;
My business is most earnest.—(*HERMAN resumes
his disguise*)

Wolf. (*without*) Ho! Within!
Open the door.—*HERMAN unbars the outer door;
the PRIOR rushes in followed by WOLF.*)

Prior. Leave us, good friends; I've speech
For this man's private ear.

Wolf. I understand.—

[*Exit WOLF.*

Prior. Herman, my son, look up,—Great God!
That face!

I am too late!

Her. If to save life, you are;
If to destroy it, in ripe season.

Prior. Son,
I fear your meaning.

Her. You can not call back
The blow that's struck—but yet you can betray
My life to sure destruction. Here I am
E'en in the heart and centre of his strength,
Who is mine enemy—Raise but your voice,
And I can not escape.

Prior. My son! My son!
You have done greater wrong to me than age.
This drives the first nail in my coffin—Fly—
I'll not betray you—It were fruitless toil
To lop the gangren'd limb from one that's dead.
Fly—quit this place.

Her. O, father---if you knew---

Prior. No words—I had no earthly thing to
love

But you---no wife, child, kin---you---you were all---
And you have reft me of that all---but now---
'Tis monstrous as a dream---no part coheres
Night blended with the day---you were so great!

So good! an angel thron'd 'mongst mortal men!—
My fond old heart will break!

Her. Peace, father, peace—
Unless you'd goad me into madness.

Prior. Hush!

Her. It were a joy to die.

Prior. Live, and repent!
God knows ther's ample cause. Begone; begone.

Her. Yes, I will go—But Hell burns here
within—

I need no other hell. *[Exit HERMAN.]*

Prior. I must protract
The time to give him space for flight. *(Opens the
inner door)* What's this?

The body of the murder'd! 'Tis a sight
Of unmask'd horror!—I must fashion means
To dam the stream of mischief ere it run
To wider course—God grant that all end here.

[Exit into the inner room.]

SCENE II.—*A spacious cavern; from the cieling a
single lamp is suspended. At the back a gigan-
tic skeleton kneels, snpporting a clock, near which
stands WENZEL, watching the time. In the cen-
tre, under the lamp, and immediately before the
clock, but so low as not to impede the view of it, is
a table of black marble; on it is a scull, a dagger,
a goblet, a folio. To the right, an elevated throne,
on which MALTINGEN is seated. The AVENGERS
sit on either side, masked and in black armour—
Deep silence for a few moments.*

Wen. It is the hour—The night and morning
meet.

Malt. I rise—The time of silence is gone by—
Avengers! Ye have watch'd, and ye have pray'd,

And ye have fasted—Rise—Unmask—The night
Is thick around us. (*The twenty-four Chief AVEN-
GERS rise, and take off their masks. The
rest remain as before.*)

1st. Aven. Speak!—And we obey.

Malt. Swear! By the dagger, whose edge murders life—

Swear! By the goblet, whose draught poisons life—

Swear! By the scull that types what man must be

When poison and the steel have done their work—

Swear, that no malice, no peculiar end

Taint the sound heart of judgment.

All

Lo! We swear!

Malt. I swear as you have sworn—as deep—as firm—

Else may each word turn to disease

To bite with cark'rous tooth into my flesh,

And rot it piece-meal from the living bones,

That life may look upon its own decay.—

Are all things fitly done? And may I ope

The book and bond of blood?

1st. Aven.

All's fitly done;

And you may ope the book and bond of blood.

(*The AVENGERS seat themselves. MALTINGEN goes
to the table, and spreads open the book.*)

Malt. The volume is unclos'd—I would accuse—

The second to my place must take my place,

As it is written in the bond.

1st. Aven.

I rise;

And take thy office as the law commands.—

He that hath knowledge of unspoken guilt,

Let him stand forth—Accuse! Accuse! Accuse!

Malt. I know of hidden guilt,—and I accuse!
Accuse! Accuse!

1st. *Aven.* Think, justice is most strict,
 And measures the accuser by the law
 That would have visited the prov'd offence.
 The axe you sharpen for another's neck,
 Are you content its edge shall fall on you,
 If proof be wanting to your words?

Malt. I am.

1st. *Aven.* Short time is now for thought.

Malt. I have
 well thought.

1st. *Aven.* The third and utmost warning—
 Your next word

Will dig a grace whose hunger must be fill'd
 By the accus'd, or the accusing part.

Malt. I wish no other.

1st. *Aven.* Then in Heaven's name!—
 Whom do you accuse?

Malt. Ida of Aspenau.—(*All seem
 astonished. The speakers follow each
 other, in rapid succession.*)

1st. *Aven.* Ida!

2d. *Aven.* Impossible!

3rd. *Aven.* It can not be.

4th. *Aven.* I'd sooner doubt the wedded truth of
 her

Who bore me to the world.

5th. *Aven.* And I!

6th. *Aven.* And I!

7th. *Aven.* This is some trick of error.

Malt. You're too
 quick;

But thus 'tis often found, opinion weds
 Not after reason's pref'rence, but the choice
 Of giddy fancy, whose election's built
 Upon the loose and unsupporting sand.

But I have proof, proof of so loud a voice,
It will be heard.

Wen. A moment's pause; I hear
A foot without—Who comes?

Her. (*without.*) A friend.

Wen. The sign?

(*HERMAN knocks thrice at long intervals.*)

Wen. (*to the VICE-MASTER.*) A brother knocks.

1st. Aven. His

steps are welcome here;

Be the door open to his call.

Her. (*entering.*) All hail!

1st. Aven. I, in the general behalf, return

The word of greeting—Health wait on your ways!

Yet you come out of season; 'tis not fit

We travel back to minister the oath;

You can nor sit in judgment, nor accuse.

Her. So let it be; I have no wish to bend
The law to my advantage.

1st. Aven. Right!—Proceed.

Malt. (*spitefully.*) We have that to talk of,
which concerns you much.

1st. Aven. Take up the broken thread of your
discourse;

Judgment awakes.

Malt. Then I again accuse

Ida of Aspenau.

1st. Aven. But the offence?

Malt. To sate th' unbridled appetite of lust
With a false paramour, she did conspire
Against her husband's being, drugg'd his bowl
With juice of night-pluck'd hellebore.

Her. A lie!
A damned lie of envy born on hate.

Malt. Too hot! too hot! young man—I wear a
sword—

Her. As children do—in mock'ry, not for use.

Malt. Boy! Boy!

1st Aven. On both sides, peace.

Her. Bless thy

kind stars,

I will not match my hate with ought so low.

1st Aven. Silence, again: This is a common wrong;

The first that stirs again in this offence

Dies on the instant.

Malt. Let the cause go on.

1st Aven. The charge is giv'n—Who denies the charge?

Her. Who?—I!—to the last ebbing of my blood.

1st Aven. You can not; 'tis a cause too near yourself.

You can not.

Her. Can not—But I will—I will—

2d Aven. (*Rising, and half unsheathing his sword.*)

I rise, and with my hand upon the sword.

Deny! Deny! Deny!

1st Aven. Accuser, speak;

You hear it is denied; brings forth your proof.

Malt. It is at hand. (*MALTINGEN whispers to the 3d AVENGER, who goes out.*)

Her. And yet, I shink, too far

For your stretch'd hand to reach it: Death has set

A vast abyss 'twixt you and your desire;

Life can not cross its breath to pluck the fruit

Which grows on the remov'd and adverse bank.—

Fiend! triumph now—You think the bowl will run

From its first impulse; you'll not find it so—

A little rub may turn the rolling ball

From its strait course, and mountains fill the way,

Of your direction.

The 3d AVENGER re-enters.

Malt. Now?

3d Aven. The old man's dead.

Malt. Dead! Dead!

1st Aven. Of whom is this discourse?

3d Aven. Of one

Who was the vassal of the Aspenau,
Old Francis Klausner.

1st Aven. And was he to seal
The credit of the words, that taint with guilt
The mother of his lord?

Malt. That it is so
Need not excite your wonder; this strange death
Is more kin to astonishment.

Her. (aside.) Your tone
Is chang'd.

Malt. The cause of this so sudden death?

3d Aven. Poison, it seems, for livid spots have
grain'd

The breast and cheeks; but there's no trace to guess
The hand that did the deed.

Malt. The friar?—No;
Suspicion feeds on grosser food—besides,
His life has been retired from the world,
Devote to holiness, and 'tis in proof
The passions dwell not in seclusion—no—
Gold could not tempt him, for his state forbids
The use of gold, nor could he find in hate,
Or wrath, or envy, motives to the deed;
They must have fitting season, but his life
Shuts out the opportunities of time
On which such feelings grow.

Her. (aside.) Your wisest thoughts
Will fail to ravel out this mystery's web;
The grave keeps secrets well.

Malt. No matter who
The author of the deed; another time
May serve for that—I yet have proof to hoop
The round of my accusing.

1st Aven. Bring it forth.

Her. Impossible! There can be no such proof.

Malt. Here is the penn'd avowal of the crime
With threefold witnesses to vouch the truth
That, uncompell'd, and of his proper will,
The partner in the crime deliver'd this,
The document of guilt.

Her. (*aside.*) I must be calm.
'Tis but a moment's struggle with the heart.

1st Aven. (*reads.*) "I, Francis Klausner, vassal of the Count of Aspenau, by this document allow my own guilt, and testify that Ida, of Aspenau, did, by the help of poisonous herbs, through me, administered at her instigation, destroy the life of her late husband. In the hope that confession may approve repentance, and win an earthly absolution of my sins, I make this acknowledgment from the free suggestion of my own heart, and without any other incitement."

This is a document of worthy faith;
At least it bears the outward face of truth.

Her. And would you murder life upon a word,
Whose best assurance is that it may be?
I say the accuser is the foe of her
Whose guilt he challenges, and brings this charge,
Not led by public motives, but spurr'd on
By private hate.

Malt. Pretext!

1st Aven. Suppose it so,
This paper's full and worthily avouch'd,
First, by two knights of unsuspected truth,
Then, by a holy father of St. Stephens;
'Therefore to judgment—Champion of th' accus'd!

Wilt thou still lay thy hand upon the sword,
And say the charge is false.

2nd Aven. Let the axe fall;
The tree is rotten.

1st Aven. Brothers, you have heard.
Is there among you, one who lifts the shield
Between the victim and the brandish'd sword
Of angry justice? I hear no reply.
Again I summon you—your silence speaks
A second time denial.—Yet again
I call on you—the victim is condemn'd!
I write her name in blood, and blood must cleanse
The words of condemnation from the page.

Malt. (*To HERMAN.*) Speak out your wrath;
pent longer up 'twill burst
The heart that would conceal it.

Her. Wrath! Oh no—
The ocean, sleeping in a summer night,
When no wind breathes is not more calm than I;
And in that mood I ask, who is it sets
So little value on his life to dare
Put this decree in act?

1st Aven. You speak, as if
We were but children to correction, not
As men, your equals—Tush!

Her. I ask again,
Who dares?

Malt. I dare.

Her. You'd better thrust
Your hand into the starving tiger's jaws.

1st Aven. High words!

Malt. Bugbears, to frighten boys.

Her. You'll find
There's substance in my speech.

Malt. We'll soon try that.

Her. I will be brav'd no longer. He who
 moves
 A finger to this deed commits his life
 To th' hazard of my wrath.

1st Aven. I'll hear no more.

(All the AVENGERS rise tumultuously.)

2nd Aven. 'Tis treason to his oath.

1st Aven. He has incurr'd
 The penalty of death, and let him die.

3d Aven. Down with the traitor, down.

2nd Aven. Let him not live
 To boast his treachery.

Her. Poor shades of men!
 Although your numbers doubled their amount,
 I would not blench, nor yield one inch of ground,
 But measure in my death the self-same spot
 I fought upon in life.

Avengers. Kill him—Kill! Kill!

Malt. Brothers, by my authority of place,
 I do command you, strike not at his life.

Her. Cowards who bay a single strength—Come
 on.
 My blood is hot—Had I but one stout heart
 To back my singleness, I would despise
 A hundred such—aye trample you to dust.

Malt. Hold off! Hold off! Let not a few wild
 words

Seeth your cool judgment; this offence deserves
 The lash of punishment, but death is none,
 Save to the pale lipp'd coward—Let him live.

1st Aven. His crime is in the first degree.

Malt. So be
 Chastisement; let not retribution prove
 A debtor to offence, returning less
 Than was receiv'd.

1st Aven. It is for you to speak
The form and measure of chastisement.

Malt. Good!—

For that, in twofold manner, to the law
He has been traitor, not proclaiming guilt
Because it touch'd his mother; and, yet worse,
Defying that authority, his oath
Had promis'd to obey, it is decreed
Himself shall punish the adultress.

Her. What! What!
Murder my mother?

Malt. 'Tis a debt you owe
To your dead father.

1st Aven. It is fitly judg'd.

All. It shall be so; we ratify the word.

Her. Merciful God!—This hand shall first de-
cay,

Be burnt and shrivell'd up in fire, or ere
It works such horror.

Malt. As you please—But yet,
Remember this; if when the clock tells one
To the new-risen morning, this decree
Is still unacted, vengeance first shall feed
His hungry cravings on your wife and child;
For on the very turning of the hour,
The double pledge not being then redeem'd,
Both die without a pause. Think well of it;
Let your will bend to that may not be bent
Unto your will.

Her. Do you mean that you say?

Malt. Yes; most resolvedly.

Her. The prince of hell
Is sure your counsellor—It can not be
That unassisted man in his worst hate
Should compass such a thought—God! I am
stunn'd!

Malt. The hand of time moves swiftly to the hour;

I speak to you in mercy.

Her. Perfect fiends.

Malt. The council is broke up. Let all attend
With their full bands of followers to aid
Th' accomplishment of justice—'Tis ripe time.

Her. Of justice, say you? You profane her name
By this unhallow'd call; justice should act
From no external cause; her bosom's free
From hatred's malice, as 'tis dead to love;
No self regard, nor any brib'd respect,
Divert her level course—Knock at your hearts,
And ask how this applies.

Malt. Our faults afford
No screen for others' vices: Sin would pass
Untax'd of justice, if offence might take
Excuse from precedent; but 'tis not so;
That many err does not make less the sum
Of individual vice; nor his own guilt
Unfit the hangman for his office—But
Bow you to the occasion; be advis'd;
The pulse of time beats quick in fev'rish haste;
Thought travels not more rapidly; we go.

Her. Yet list to me, for I have listen'd oft
When you have pray'd, and ripen'd your thin hopes
With the warm summer of my bounty—You—
By Heav'n! I can not do it—what I think,
That I, perforce, must speak; I can not stoop
To lend fair seeming to my wrath—Fiends!
Fiends!

Malt. 'Tis not in words to traverse the decree;
She dies, and by your hand; or, failing that,
Your wife and child must expiate th' offence.

2nd Aven. 'Tis so, and words are useless.

Her. Bloodhounds!

Malt. Peace!

2nd Aven. Let's hear him no more.

Her. Right! All

join in the cry

And snuff with fiery haste the scent of blood.—

You, whose estate was built upon my love;

You too, whose life was once redeem'd at price

Of my own blood, when in the battle's wrath

You fell beneath your foeman; you, whose wealth

Was my great grandsire's gift; you, whom my zeal

Deliver'd from the church's heavy ban,

Then made your life as cheap as beasts', when none

So great dar'd give your hunger food,

Or pour one drop of water on your thirst,

When fear or hatred barr'd all other door,

Mine was still open to your need.

Malt. Peace! Peace!

Her. You too have tasted of our bounty—Nay

Most of your pray'rs might drop a grateful bead

For past or present kindness from our house;—

And come you now in this unnat'ral league

To do me such despite, whose thought would seem

Borrow'd from hell, but that hell's very worst

Lags far behind it.

Malt. You have done some good;

And who so wholly bad that he hath not

Some part of good to qualify the ill?

Men would be devils else.

Her. There wants not much,

And that of form alone, to rate you so.

1st Aven. Pity wakes something here that
takes his part.

Malt. Account it not merit that you're weak,

And call that weakness pity; in the best

'Tis wrangling with bare words; justice withheld,

It matters little, if the bribe be gold
Or pity that persuaded to the wrong.

2nd Aven. Pity's corruption in a fairer form,
And equally wrongs justice.

Her. Name her not,
Lest from your slander men should curse her truth,
And find a virtue in the doing ill.

Malt. What was this seat of judgment for, but
that

There might be one tribunal on the earth
Where sin should find no leader, or in love,
Or interest, or passion—that offence
Should by itself be measur'd, no respect
Allow'd to circumstance.—Our friends have bled,
And shall he hold prerogative in vice?
Is sin a thing of price, allow'd to wealth,
Forbid to poverty?

Avengers. (tumultuously) No, let her die.

Malt. You've heard—and so we leave you to
your thoughts.

Away! [*Exeunt MALTINGEN and the AVENGERS.*]

Her. To thought!—yes, it is time for thought.
(*looking at the clock*)

Scarce the fourth remnant of an our! No more!
What's to be done?—I must be brief in thought.—
Protect my mother--and in that word die
Those of as dear account, my wife and child---
Two minutes are gone, and yet no nearer that
The mind is toiling for---How swift time flies!
What were it best to do? Self-slaughter ends
This agony of doubt---But then, yon world--
It is a cursed thought, and leads my foot
Close on damnation's brink—I would save all—
But how?—My mother dead assures the life
Of my child's mother, and in use we find
A precedent for this! the limb diseas'd

Is sever'd from the trunk to save the trunk.—
 But then alas! nature has not in gift
 A second mother—Oh this maze of doubt!—
 Two other minutes gone!—Chance be my guide.
 [*Exit HERMAN.*]

SCENE III.—(*A room in HERMAN'S castle—IDA
 and the PRIOR.*)

Ida. I'm debtor to your love in more amount
 Than life can pay, unless my pow'r to do,
 Were as my will, unbounded. Oh, I feel
 At peace with Heav'n; the tide of thought flows on
 In deep and silent calm, as though no storm
 Had ever ruffled it; fear, wrath, despair,
 Have like a shadow pass'd, and only leave
 The wonder that they were.

Prior. Sweet are the dews
 Of holy penitence! They lift up hope,
 As the night-drops refresh the weary flow'rs,
 And wash their faded brilliance.

Ida. I have heard
 That in the immediate pause of time, or e'er
 The spirit quit its home, all earthly mists
 Are purg'd from it away.

Prior. 'Tis often so.
 Each moment of the body's dying hour
 Relaxes some cord of that wond'rous whole,
 Which ties the spirit to the flesh, and as
 The work of separation in degree
 Goes slowly on, the spirit doth shake off
 Its life-infirmities. Bed-ridden old
 Will, a few days before the stroke of death,
 Leave its sick couch, unleft for years, and walk;
 Fever's delirium, madness that has grown
 E'en with the body's growth, incurable,

Will ebb to reason in the parting hour ;
'Tis gen'ral knowledge.

Ida. Then must I believe
My end is near, for this one day hath swept
The constant images and thoughts of years
From my mind's tablet ; 'tis a wondrous change.

Prior. You wrong yourself, in that you so far
trust
The wild inventions of the fancy : Know,
What reason finds not, may not be believ'd
Without offence to reason ; and though death
Is possible to all times, e'en to health
As to worn sickness, yet to think him near,
When neither forseen danger nor disease
Announce his coming, is to sense absurd.

Ida. I grant all this ; but there is something here
That gives the lie to reason.

Prior. Trust it not ;
There is no truth in these impressions—none—
They come, as the wind blows, we know not whence ;
At best they are no more nor less than dreams,
For sense may sleep although the body wake,
And in the reason's slumber, 'tis approv'd
That fancy is most potent in conceit.

Ida. Mistake me not, kind father ; I do think
That I must shortly die, but that belief
Touches me not with sorrow—rather joy ;
I've liv'd to penitence ; in that enough.
The appetite of life is keen in man,
But the most eager appetite distastes
Its constancy of food.

Prior. It glads me much
Your heart is so far reconcil'd to grace
To bear Heav'n's childings with submitted will,
That murmurs not in suff'ring. Rest confirm'd
Earth's dearest blessing is a patient mind,

Dearer than riches, glory, genius, health ;
 When sorrow chafes life's ocean to a storm,
 It splits the strength of the opposing oak
 But lightly whistles o'er the yielding rush.

Ida. I do think so father.

Prior. Daughter, good night ;
 Duties, of other rank and place, forbid
 My longer stay. May Heav'n in you complete
 The work so fairly enter'd—Rest in peace!

(As he is going out, he is met by BERTHOLD.)

Bert. What makes you, father, in these bust-
 ling times

A stranger to your home? Go; to your beads—
 I speak in care of you—What should peace do,
 When battle is abroad, but sleep at home?
 The lamb skips not in presence of the wolf—
 Your helmet is the cowl, your armour pray'rs—
 The one's soon sunder'd, and wild war, grown deaf
 In his own tumult, hears not the still voice
 Of holy interruptors.

Prior. I must praise
 The care of your intent, although its end
 Bring me no profit;—I'm as much below
 As you above all fear—My blessing rest
 In fellowship with your steps.

Ida. He chides well
 Your untun'd language.

Bert. I meant no offence.

Prior. 'Tis so understood—Son, good night.

Bert. Good night.

[*Exit PRIOR.*]

Or I should rather wish the joys of day
 Upon your going, for night's parting bell
 Will, ere long, wake the morn from ocean's bed
 To freshen'd toil.

Ida. What! Is it so late?

Time us'd to crawl on crutches, lam'd by fear,
But to my better'd sense he paces on
In merry quickness.

Bert. Quick enough, God knows !
But as to merry, the word's out of date,
As ill assorted to the time, as songs
Of wine and laughter to a funeral.
Fear for your life.

Ida. No ; if I fear for ought,
It is for Adela, and her young son,
Who, though in my blood's next degree,
Is dear as my own son—Ah, why did Herman trust
A freight so precious on so rough a sea ?

Bert. To steal an hour from danger in the hope
To outstrip danger, who spreads too much sail
To be so cheated, for no harbour's near.

Ida. Oh it was wrong to trust such dear concern
To so much peril:

Bert. I thought so at first,
And, you know, tax'd him with unsparing spleen ;
But he was right ; I see it clearly now :
Had he, in act, been other than he was,
Your lives had answer'd it, for 'tis plain no trust
Can be with safety center'd in the vassals ;
Many, I'm sure, are of that secret league,
That sets its law above all law, and chills
The heart of duty, plants division 'twixt
The soul of love and its affection, makes
Things kn't by nature, sunder from their hold
In civil opposition.

Ida. It can't be,
But Herman, being of the bond, must know
The partners of the bond.

Bert. Aye, so I thought ;
But 'tis their policy to manage thus,
'That half the league know not the other half,—

The key-stone of the arch that locks the whole
Being the master, and the one that stands
In next succession.

Ida. But awakes this thought
Suspicious of our vassals? Three hours since
Your spirits seem'd in confidence to spurn
The neighbourhood of fear.

Bert. I do not fear.

Ida. What is it then hath chang'd you.

Bert. Their chang'd looks,
Their alter'd fashion, which interpret more
Than loud-tong'd words. Some into corners creep
In whisp'ring consultation, as they fear'd
The owl, or passing bat, might hear their speech—

Ida. Your doubt is all too nimble; it concludes
From ill-assur'd foundations.

Bert. I say no;
I speak that I see—Some have on the face
Of pallid sorrow, which should seem to speak
We grieve, but can not help you; some whose
 hearts

Hate us for ills chastised in themselves,
Pass with a spiteful smile and scowling eye,
As who should say, we'll have revenge anon.

Ida. Is there no remedy?

Bert. It was for that
I sought your speech.

Ida. In Heav'n's name let me hear.
Why at the first did you not say so much?

Bert. Because I could not—and can hardly now
Give utterance to my thought; my tongue seems
tied—
Whenever I would speak it.

Ida. But why? why?
Why should the tongue be slow to utter good?
Ill thought indeed will cleave unto the mouth,

Like to birth of preternat'ral growth,
That grinds the womb in slow delivery;
But thy mind's thought is kindly, for it is
The remedy of ill.

Bert. True; but a sharp
And bitter remedy. The deep disease
Will not be heal'd by any grace of herbs;
The knife must extirpate the cank'rous root.

Ida. Well I'm no child to wince beneath the
steel,
Or cruel cautery.

Bert. I'm very loathe—
But as it must be said, the sooner said
The better to the purpose.

Ida. By all means.

Bert. Your son has pledg'd his wife and child to
death
For your enfranchisement. Their peril is
The price and purchase of your safety.

Ida. On!

In God's name, on.

Bert. Is it your wish to snatch
Their feet from this abyss?

Ida. At any cost;
In the world's compass there is none too great.

Bert. There is but one.

Ida. Name it.

Bert. 'Tis this—Your life.

Ida. Take it; and know I gain by that I lose;
'Tis a poor gift, for in the giving life
I part with that, which to my own esteem
Has little value—none—yet had I lives
As many as the single hours of life,
And each more dear than health to worn disease,
I'd wish them to this end,

Bert. Thou'rt still thyself.

I know no higher praise; yet let me say,
And in my love, it is a debt that's due
To fair expectance, which has lent a large,
Almost unbounded, credit, to the name
And promise of your character; this faith
Had never been extended to such height
Had you been poorer in your mind's estate,
Or humbler in your birth—But, as the tree
So do men look for rich or worthless fruit,—
The grape upon the vine, the meagre sloe
Upon its meagre thorn.

Ida. I could well smile
At your high reck'ning of my humble worth,
But that my state, although not sad, hath yet
Something of earnest in it, which doth seem
To quarrel with all thought and show of mirth.

Bert. Be certain, what I spoke was from my
heart;
I can not flatter, for I know not how;
And, if I did, I would not; and to that
Flatt'ry ne'er gives, but where it hopes to feed;
Its appetite is keen, and if not largely fill'd
It languishes to death: Now, what could hope
Expect from thee so lowly fall'n, that those
Who do not hate, must pity, you.

Ida. And that
Is being parted 'twixt contempt and hate,
For pity's more than cousin to contempt,
How'er we colour it,—sister at the least
Though of a fairer face.

Bert. 'Tis so indeed.
Footsteps without—'Tis Herman comes.—
(HERMAN enters.)

Now, coz?

Ida. Some powerful passion shakes you.

Her. Aye, despair!
 Dark, measureless despair!—Is your sense dull?
 Is your sight blind?—Let me shout in your ear,
 Death, death stands at your side with lifted hand—
 A moment and he strikes.

Ida. Well! Well! my son.

Her. The storm roars round you—and you
 dully gaze,
 As would an idiot in the lightning's flash
 That menaces his life.

Ida. It frights not me.

Her. If 'tis not in your wish to drive me mad,
 Look as you'd feeling of the danger near,
 Horror is not so dreadful as the laugh
 Of idiot apathy—Mother—Behold!—(*Drawing his
 dagger.*)

I'm sent to murder thee!

Bert. Yes, she must die,—

But not by you.

Her. Stand off, I say—Stand off!—
 Mother!

Ida. My breast is open to the blow.

Her. Let me look on that face, that when
 death clouds,
 As soon it must, the brilliance of the painting,
 And blends the faded colours to a mass
 Of dusky shapelessness, the memory still
 May keep a faithful copy of the form
 'Till time shall break the mirror.

Bert. Be more man;

Tears may look richly in a woman's eye,
 But on the lids of manhood they show strange
 As childhood's gew-gaws in the hands of age,
 In sooth they're women's gear, and in their wear
 We do confound our natures.

Ida. Rouse, my son,
 Thy sleeping spirit; be as thou wast wont

Her. Would that I might be—in the golden days
Of careless boyhood—thou wast inn'cent then.

Ida. Leave us Berthold.

Bert. I go.—(*aside*)—But not
so far

But that my eye may gather timely note
For evil's hind'rance.

Ida. I entreat you, go.—

[*Exit* BERTHOLD.]

Delay is fatal to your counsel; and be sure
I will not purchase life by the dear death
Of those who rather have a claim on me
To die for their advantage—Then, be swift—
Why do you pause?

Her. You're setting out upon
A distant journey, and it must be long
Before we meet again—Never—perchance—
Each moment of such time outweighs an age
Of those that went before—Why do I pause?
And can you question that? Who would not pause
Upon the shadowy brink of the abyss?

Ida. Fie! Fie! Such speech unmans your
strength and makes
Stern resolution halt in his intent.

Her. No foolish hope!—We part, never again
To meet—Never!—It is an awful word!—
Eternity dwells in it—Thought grows wild
When it would measure it.

Ida. Come; this delay
Of predetermin'd action does disgrace
The heart of manhood. Trust me, I despise
The idle love which makes the heart afraid
To put in act the counsels of the brain.—
Still wav'ring?—I must die—if nor by you,

By baser hands—Gor'd by the angry steel
Of some vile menial—No; an Aspenau
Must only perish by an Aspenau.

Her. O mother! mother! When I lose thee
now,

It is for ever—I no more shall hear
The music of your voice—no more shall feed
My eyes upon that form, so dearly lov'd!
No more—Kind Heav'n have mercy—'tis too much!
I'm cast to deep perdition, for to live
E'en in immortal joys, and thou away,
What were it but perdition?

Ida. Oh, but think
Upon your Adela—upon your child!

Her. Mother, to me
The present time is not, the past fills up
The ample space of thought. Again I live
In boyhood's day's and gambol in thine eyes;
And life's best joy is thy affection's smile,
And its worst evil thy reproving frown.

Ida. Wilt thou still dream? Time flies on
rapid foot.

Her. Then to the task—O, look not on me
thus!

'Twas so you look'd when at your feet I laid
The bloody laurels pluck'd from war's red soil—
'Twas so you smil'd, and in that smile I found
More hearted joy than in the gen'ral cry
That voic'd my name, or in the living wreath
Which honour twin'd around my brows—Put on
Some other form of feature—Do not look
Like to thyself, for to that self is join'd
The thousand recollections of past days,
That flit like spirits round me and disarm
The hand of constancy.

Ida. Art thou a child?

Bert. (*rushing in*) They come! They come!

Her. Now then—

I can not strike.

Ida. My hand must to the deed!—(*She stabs herself and falls down dead. At the same moment the clock strikes one. The AVENGERS and MALTINGEN rush in.*)

Her. Barbarian! Fiend!

This—this for my revenge.—(*Herman advances furiously towards MALTINGEN with his drawn dagger, and when near him suddenly stops, as if struck with dizziness.*)

It will not be.

The world grows wond'rous dark!—(*he swoons*)

Bert. Heav'ns! He dies!

1st. Aven. 'Tis but a moment's ebbing of the blood

Upon the o'ercharg'd heart, he swoons! no more.

Malt. (*aside*) Would he were dead?—(*HERMAN groans deeply.*)

Bert. Soft! Soft?

His sense returns!—(*BERTHOLD occupies himself with HERMAN. The AVENGERS are ranged around them. MALTINGEN stands sullenly at a distance.*)

END OF ACT IV.

 ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in HERMAN's castle. Through the windows the sun is seen setting amongst clouds, as if before a storm. HERMAN enters.*

Her. Men's eyes look strangely on me as I were
 A thing of terror, new-born to the world.
 One mutter'd too of madness—I'm not mad!—
 They're mad to say so—Is not this my hand?
 Is not the sun that lights this eve to rest
 The same that on the ocean's purple tide
 Whisper'd farewell to yesterday?—Yesterday!
 What is yesterday?—A dream that is gone by?
 Let me not think on it!—No—I can not think—
 My brain's on fire!—It beats!—It swells!—It
 bursts!

Enter ADELA and CHILD.

Adel. Herman!—Dear Herman!—*(She kneels and clasps his hand: He draws back with a convulsive shudder.)*

Her. Hence!—Thy touch
 has thrill'd

The piercing frost of winter through my veins.

Adel. The kiss of love shall warm thee into joy.

Her. I have no heart for joy; 'tis desolate! 'tis dead!

Pleasures meridian star plays coldly on it,
As the sun glitters on some ice-built rock,
Where bloodless winter sits, and grimly smiles
As if to mock the feebleness of day.

Adel. The tears that sorrow sheds upon thy
cheek

Shall fall like spring's warm rain upon the earth,
Kindling the life lock'd up in winter's snow.

Her. The grave can not be colder than my
bosom.

What ill has this hand done, or this heart thought,
In secret meditation, 'gainst thy peace,
That thus thou com'st to torture misery?—
Who, and what are you?

Adel. Will you not know us?

Her. I do not know myself.

Adel. Speak to him, boy.

Thy notes of love may chide him into kindness.

Her. What dost thou say? The voice sounds
like the tide,

Whose hollow murmur's beat a distant shore.

The knell of death is ringing in mine ears;

I hear nought else distinctly.

Adel. Look on thy wife!

Look on thy inn'cent child.

Her. I see him not—

Strange shapes are gath'ring round, unearthly forms,
Shadows, and things of death, words can not utter.—

'Twas but a dream!—'tis past!—what would you
have?

Adel. It is thy wife that woos thee with her
tears,

It is thy child that pleads to thee for love

With silence nearer to the heart than words.

Her. They say I'm mad—I know not if 'tis true—

Come hither, woman—Look at yon 'scatter'd oak—
The fires of heav'n have visited in wrath
The glory of its form; its arms are rent,
Its leaves are dankly with'ring on the ground,
Its naked stem is black'ning in the wind—
So 'tis with me; I am a blighted trunk;
My reason's blasted; yet this form is human.

Adel. Oh, for that sleep no time shall ever break?
Oh, for that darkness, which no sun shall light!
The sleep of death, the darkness of the grave.

Her. Why wouldst thou die? Thou hast no cause to die;

Thy May is green; life leaps in thy young veins;
A mother's blood cries not 'gainst thee to Heav'n.

Adel. His reason wanders still!—All cheerless!
dark!

Her. Why, thou art lovely! fairer than night's queen!

Whose silver beauty, imag'd from the sun,
Can not be utter'd by the tongue of man.
The rose might borrow blushes from thy cheeks;
The coral steal fresh rubies from thy lips;
The star of day drink lustre from thine eyes;
And the new May, when first she kiss the earth,
Might woo a balmier sweetness from thy breath.—
(*A loud peal of thunder is heard.*)

What was that sound?

Adel. 'Twas nothing but the storm,
That mutters hoarsely in the groaning clouds.

Her. It may be so—yet—leave me.—(*She seizes his hand.*)

Adel. I dare not—
I dare not leave thee.

Her. Cling not to me thus—
My hour is come—my taskers shriek with voice,
That wakes the slumb'ring tenants of the grave!
Their dark spell is of pow'r to call the sun
Down from his sphere of fire—I may stay.

Adel. We will not leave thee.

Her. Strive not with despair.

Adel. The grasp of love is stronger than despair.

Her. Dost thou not fear me, woman?—

(Storm approaches.)

Adel. I am thy wife!

Her. Sits there not murder on my clenched hand?

Laughs not the fiend upon my writhing lip?

Does not hell's fire burn within mine eye?

Adel. Forbear! Forbear! Thy looks are not of earth!—(*The storm becomes more violent.*)

Her. I am not of earth—earth will not own me—
A mother's blood is hot upon my soul—
And wouldst thou cling to me? Wouldst thou go
forth

To the dark combat with unearthly things

That now are howling in the tempest—come—

Thy soul is apt to mate them in their darkness.

(*He drags off ADELA and the CHILD.*)

SCENE II.—*The interior of a rude cave. The back of the stage is open, so as to represent the mouth of it, looking into a wild and rocky country, which is completely visible to the audience through the enormous aperture. GYPSIES, male and female; some seated round a fire, some drinking, others furbishing arms, and others again sleeping. In a corner EDITH with an infant in her lap. KARL, CONRAD, SPIESS, in front.*

Chorus as the scene opens.

Fill, fill up the glass,
 While green grows the grass,
 For a moment will come
 When our mouths shall be dumb,
 And the time-toil'd head
 Shall rest with the dead
 In eternity's bed.

Fill, fill up the glass,
 For care is an ass;
 And each drop that rolls
 From our full-flowing bowls
 Shall quicken delay,
 And shorten time's day
 The half of his way.

Con. Where can our captain loiter? 'Tis beyond

The promis'd time of meeting: He's not wont
 To trifle with his word.

Karl. He'll soon be here,
 Doubt not, with some new scheme in hand to fill
 The stomach of bold enterprize.

Spi. Aye, aye;
 'Tis like enough; he's true gypsy, sets
 His life at a pin's value, when there's ought
 For profit or revenge—But come; drink! Drink!

Karl. That's still the burthen of your song—
 “Drink! Drink!

Nothing but drink—Upon my conscience—

Con. Stop—

If you had any—You should put in that.

Karl. I say again, upon my conscience—

Spi. Pray,
Don't talk of that you have not ; if indeed
It were a thing that might be stolen, then
There would be hope it might in time be thine.

Karl. Why, thou eternal drunkard! the keen
fox

Is not more hostile to the farm-yard state
Than thou to well-stor'd larders : On my soul
You're never honest but when you are drunk ;
And with a strict economy of time
You steal from sleep that you may steal from men.

Con. Now, Spiess, now—what say you ?

Spi. Why, this I say—

Con. Bravo! Spare him not.

Karl. Out, fools.

Spi. He has no more
Of justice in him than a hungry judge,
Who speaks a hasty sentence in the fear
His supper should take cold.

Con. Dumb him with words ;
Smother him with argument ; it will save
A much more awkward death.

Karl. Now, by my soul—

Spi. Which is not yours, being, as sure it is,
Long since gold-barter'd to the fiend—

Con. Or sold
For some poor petty sin, for it is full worth
Goes not beyond the robbing of a hen-roost.

Spi. The demon must be prodigal indeed
To buy so poor a soul though at a price
Too small for counting.

Karl. Why thou drunken swine—

Spi. There, there again—You reckon what I
drink
Not an iota out, but you forget

To mention that same cruel thirst, which still
By day and night torments me.

Con. Shrewdly said!

Thou art for all in all the finest fool—

Edith. (*Suddenly begins singing to the infant.*)

And thou shalt have gay arms, my boy,

And mix in war's alarms, my boy,

And spur the steed

To battle deed,

For the life of home has no charms, my boy.

Con. Why what's the matter with the ideot
now?

Edith. (*Sings again.*)

And thou shalt sleep on the breast, my love,

Of beauty's chosen best, my love,

And e'en the most true

Shall be false for you

And make you her bosom's quest, my love

Karl. I marvel, Margaret will trust her child
To the lame keeping of this ideot.

Spi. Why

Should that wake your wonder? She's sense enough

To keep her from the reach of danger's hoofs :

She'll ne'er be drown'd by trusting to the waves;

Or break her neck to truly learn the height

Of any precipice ; or wound her flesh.

To know by proof the colour of her blood.

Con. And for affection, she has more of that
Than creatures of more wisdom.

Karl. That is true ;

Instinctive kindness is approv'd more dear,

Of more enlarg'd effect, than love which springs

From well-considered judgment: Thus we see

Things of the poorest mind are the most rich

In treasures of affection ; brainless doves

Might by their truth of love well put to blush
The boasted truth of manhood.

Spi. By this rule
You should be monstrous loving, for I think
You and your doves could never fall to war
For the pre-eminence of brain, unless,
Like other well-nam'd warriors, you should fight
For that which is not.

Con. How is that? Say how.

(*To KARL, who threatens SPIESS with his dagger.*)

Nay, no violence: You should rather laugh,
When folly gibes than wear a serious face
Of anger for its chiding. Know you not
The poorness of the subject does make poor
The anger that would chide it?

Karl. You say right.

Spi. Yes, yes, he's right; I'm nothing but a
fool.

Karl. And yet I know not why it should excuse
Your back from punishment: Fools are a weed
That, like the nettle, have not in their growth
The least of use, but yet have pow'r to sting;
'Twere best to grub up both.

Spi. Pray do'nt say so;
If I'm a nettle, for the time to come
I'll be a blind one.

Karl. Well, take care you do;
Or else—I wear a knife—

Con. Be patient, man.

Karl. Well, well—I've done.

Con. But now—why did
you say

Men fight for nothing—come, list to him, Karl. †

Karl. Not I in truth; I'm weary of such fools;
I like the ideot best.

Con. Explain your words ;
 You're not of that philosophy, I hope,
 Which, with the taste of wine upon the lips,
 Cries out " This drunken wine, this treach'rous foe,
 That, with pretext to drive out other ills,
 Takes reason prisoner."—You are not such.

Spi. That were a jest.

Con. Well then, explain ! explain !

Spi. Why do not your known duellists walk out
 To fight for honour, which they never had,
 Or if they had it must have long since pawn'd
 To some lewd strumpet, or a gamester's dice.
 (to Karl)—Dost mark me, fool ?

Karl. I see how this will end ;
 I shall yet cut your throat.

Spi. No, don't do that ;
 'Twill spoil my singing.

Con. Words, as many, and
 As bitter as you please—Their sharpest edge
 Wounds no part but the fancy ; as to knives,
 They're dangerous weapons ; best not meddle with
 them.—(Storm without. EDITH sings to
 the child.—

The wind howls ! the thunder breaks !

Lullaby ! Lullaby !

The owl shrieks ; the cricket wakes ;

Lullaby ! Lullaby !

(Her manner suddenly changes to that of suppressed horror. She sings in an under tone, and the last " lullaby " is almost indistinct.

Hark ! the raven's death-bell toll !

Lullaby ! Lullaby ! (a long pause follows.)

Peace to the departed soul ! (crosses her hands

Lullaby ! Lullaby ! upon her breast.)

HOFFMAN enters hastily to them.

Karl. Well met, captain.

Hoff. Well indeed, my hearts,
And better than you guess.

Karl. Con. and Spi. Let's hear! Let's hear!

Hoff. Time now has ripen'd what revenge
conceiv'd,

And gives to hatred pow'r to destroy.

Karl. Maltingen, no doubt.

Hoff. Aye—who else but he?
I have no thought that is not Maltingen.

Karl. But to particulars.

Hoff. This night will give
His bosom to the dagger.

Karl. The how! The how!

Hoff. This night—'tis now upon the time—
he goes

To pay a stealthy visit to the wife
Of a brow-antler'd knight, whose castle stands
Upon the forest's edge: and such design
Loves not too many witnesses.

Con. No, sure;
That's plain; he who would kiss his neighbour's
wife
Must kiss her in the dark.

Spi. Yes, yes, once let
A husband know that he has horns, he'll butt
Most furiously for malice sake.

Hoff. Right! Right!
Therefore he only takes a trusty page—

Spi. Who, I suppose, is as a drum, that speaks
But when 'tis beaten.

Karl. I'm puzzled much
To guess what sort of instrument you are,
That must be beaten to be silent: you
Have not a likeness.

Hoff. This boy's one, whose faith
Is a seal to keep the written trust
From all observers.

Spi. Heat will ope the one,
And gold the other.

Karl. Will you yet be still?
Or must I make you?

Hoff. Hold! I'll have no feuds
Amongst ourselves; the hatred of the world
Which dogs our heels, should be an iron bond
To hoop our hearts together.

Karl. I'm content,
And could be always; but he's like a fly,
That buzzes in one's face, till it compels
The hand to brush it off. Patience grows sick
With such a constant blister.

Spi. Patience!—Oh!
He never had so much as might be seen
But with the help of spectacles; and that
He gave as marriage present to his wife,
To help her bear the buffets and extremes
Of his mad temper; and, God knows, the gift,
Had it been doubled, would not be too much.

Karl. You hear! you hear!

Hoff. Come, come; no more of this;
We've other matter for the time.

Spi. I'm still;
Hush'd as a schoolboy, when, with half turn'd eye
That hardly dares to peep from out its lids,
He spies the ready rod.

Hoff. A moment, peace.

Spi. I'm dumb.

Karl. I wish with all my heart you
were.

Hoff. Do, leave this idle talk—I am resolv'd
Not to let slip the offer of the time.

Divide our numbers into sep'rate bands,
 Each in itself of six. I with one part
 Will lie in the strait road ; the rest will take
 In diff'rent parties diff'rent points of watch,
 So to shut out all possible escape.

Karl. But when ?

Hoff. This very instant.

Spi. What ! So soon ?

Karl. So much the better.

Hoff. Thus we shall be sure ;
 And by the pow'r that made me, if I live,
 His mould'ring body swings upon the tree
 On which he hung my wife. Should he scape now,
 (Which is to sense least probable) and chance
 Should lay his corse in consecrated ground,
 I'd turn my nails to spades, and dip him up,
 Though in the grave, half rotted.

Karl. Comrades, up ;
 All to your arms.

Hoff. Without, I'll give each man
 The rule and compass of his conduct—Speed !

Karl. They are all ready.

Edi. (*starting up.*) Whither do you go ?—
 To the gay fair ? You'll think of Edith ?—Yes—
 You'll bring poor idiot Edith home, fine clothes,

White caps trimm'd with lace,
 And paint for the face,
 And gloves for the hands,
 And ribbons for bands,
 And flow'rs for the hair,
 And the finest gay wear
 That shines in the fair.

Hoff. Will no one take her from me ?

Con. Come, child,
 come.

Edi. Adieu, my love; adieu—No night so long
But there's a morning follows it—except
The night of death—they say that has no end—
But they don't always say the thing that is;
Sometimes they mock poor Edith—Once they said,
That grief had tears, but I have never wept,
And I am sorry, very sorry, that
My mother will not come to me.

Con. Poor thing!

Hoff. Take her away.

Spi. Come, Edith, come with me.

Edi. (*sings.*)

We must away
Ere the peep of day,
Lest they should see,
How merry we be.

You should not kiss in day-light—So adieu.—

(*SPIESS leads out EDITH.*)

Hoff. The women will remain, and each one join
To make all ready for our journey hence,
Which may be instant on our safe return;
The purpose of to-night may make this place
Unfit for our abode—Now, comrades, on—

(*The men go out with their muskets in their hands. The women and children disperse tumultuously through the different apertures that branch out from the opposite sides.*)

SCENE II.—*The interior of the chapel, attached to the monastery of St. Stephens. MONKS, with lighted tapers, watching and praying over the grave of IDA. Loud thunder-storm. A few faint peals of the organ, as the scene opens. PRIOR, CYPRIAN, and other MONKS.*

Prior. How goes the time?

Cyp. 'Tis deep night.

Prior. What!

no more?

Will morning never break?

Cyp. 'Tis a dark hour;

The earth is rocking to its strong foundation.

I can not pray.

Prior. It is a time for pray'r!

Man feels his weakness in an hour like this.

The storm, that hurls the granite from its base,

With grasp of more than earthly might, lays bare

The inmost throbbings in the heart of man.

Cyp. I have oft watch'd the slumbers of the dead,

Oft hymn'd the holy requiem-o'er the grave,

But such a night as this, so wild with woe,

Time has not written on the mem'ry's tablets.

The images of death seem lit with life,

The night is thick with darkness not its own—

Strange cries, such as no mortal tongue e'er breath'd,

No mortal ear e'er heard, 'till this sad hour,

Fill up the list'ning pauses of the storm.—

I can not pray.

Prior. Peace, sinful man! Thy words

Offend high Heav'n.

Cyp. Oh, 'tis an awful thought

For beings warm with life, full of its fears,

To be so near the dead, within the world

Of things that live not to our mortal sight,

While that they *are* the trembling flesh assures—

Alas! too well.—(*A pause: The storm becomes more violent.*)

(*To Hildebrand.*) Why art thou silent? speak!

For as I gaze upon thy form, it seems

To settle into something unlike life,

As death had wrought his power on the flesh.—

Wilt thou not speak?—Oh, let me hear thy voice,
That I may know thou'rt human still.—Speak!
Speak!

Hild. I hardly dare to breathe, lest my tongue
wake

The slumbers of the dead, and call from earth
Forms, which to look upon, would blast the sight
And wither reason in the storm of horror.

Amb. Thine is a thought, which talking day-
light laughs at,

But in this hour, when night shuts out the world,
It has a might would wring proud mock'ry's lip,
To agony unutterable.

Hild. Fear

Would lightly lift his foot upon these stones,
Lest in its echoes his strain'd ears should drink
A voice to freeze his tremblings into death.

Cyp. The day is man's; its world is rich with
life

Like to his own—The living streams, the sun,
The painted bloomings on the face of earth,—
All touch his sense with pleasure—all have joys
Ripe for his eye, his ear, his heart—but night
Unfolds a world his senses can not scan—
'Its stillness mocks his ear; his eye sees not
Through the thick shadowing of its darkness:
It wears the gloom and silence of the grave,
And things of death, alone, can understand it.

Amb. Thy thoughts are like the time, dark,
dark, and horrid!—

I pray thee peace.—(*The PRIOR, who 'till now has
been in an attitude of prayer, apart from
the MONKS, rises up—*)

Prior. Let the loud requiem chaunt
In holy blessing to the parted spirit.

(Solemn peal of the organ. The recitative and air by the full choir.)

RECITATIVE.

Father of mercy! thou whose breath
Kindles to life, or chills to death;
Father of immortality!
To thee thy contrite children cry,
With humbled knee and heart of pray'r,
With rev'rence, deeper than despair
That bows to thee to save.
Oh! let our pray'rs thy mercy win
For this our sister, dead in sin,
And rest upon her grave!

(After the recitative a short plaintive symphony follows, which by degrees, swells into a grand, but solemn melody, that introduces the air.)

A I R.

Sleep, spirit, sleep; for Grace is giv'n;
Hope shields thy grave with angel wing,
With eyes and hands uprais'd to Heav'n
Where life immortal drinks its spring.

(The music gradually becomes fainter, and at last dies away. A loud and lamentable cry is heard from without.)

Prior. What strange and fearful sound was that?

Hild. It was

The wail of many voices utt'ring woe.

Hark! Again!

Cyp. Horrible! Most horrible!

It was the anguish'd shriek that terror wakes

In the last, strong, stifled gasp for utterance!

(URBAN rushes in pale and breathless.)

Prior. Thy looks are wan as madness ; thy
strain'd eye
Is full of horror.

Ur. Aye, so is the hour !
Full, full of staring horror—yea, of things
Which lame the tongue to tell of them.

Cyp. Speak ! Speak !

Ur. A dreadful earthquake shakes our lower
world ;

The bosom of the earth is torn ; the graves
Yawn wide, with cold and famis'd maw, as if
Too leanly fed by death, their hunger gap'd
For living food to gorge their appetite.

Cyp. Is not thy tale of horror full ?—Say, yes—
For more than mortal fear is on me.

Ur. No !
The lightning hisses palely on the dead,
That have for ages slumber'd in their darkness.
In the strong blaze we saw their livid cheeks,
The quiv'ring of their blue and writhed lips—
Yea, their op'd eyes glar'd strangely on the living
With fire not of life ; their wild gaze froze
The blood upon our hearts—

Prior. Thy fear mocks truth.

Ur. And for a moment's pausing made us that,
We fear'd to see, yet still did look upon.

(A violent peal of thunder. The wind beats furiously against the chapel window and bursts it open ; through it, a wing of the monastery is distinctly visible to the audience.)

Prior. Heav'n's mercy on our heads !

Cyp. Despair alone
Can watch in such a night the bloody lair,
Where murder, pillow'd on the lap of death,
Sleeps its unholy sleep.

Amb This corse of blood

Pollutes the grave's sanctuary—Oh
It wakes the dead, and will not let them rest!

Prior. Peace, child of earth and of its weakness,
peace!

(A violent burst of the storm. A thunder-bolt strikes the wing of the monastery, that was visible to the audience, through the window; it falls with a loud crash amidst the blaze of lightening.)

NIKANDER rushes in)

Nik. O, holy father, fly—This rock-built mass
Shakes to its centre—Safety, if any where,
Creeps in the lowness of the vale.

Prior. Vain thought!

The hand of Heav'n is over all; the vale
Bows to its chiding, as the cloud-girt rock.

Cyp. You trifle with the time.

Ur. Let him not stay;

This mountain in its loftiness stands forth
E'en in the eye and fury of the storm.

Cyp. The tempest bursts again with darker wrath,
That gathers breath from its last short-liv'd pause.

(The thunder rolls more violently.)

Fly, father, fly.

Prior. I may not leave the dead,
'Till morning dawn upon my pray'r, and speak
Heav'n's grace on the absolved spirit.

Cyp. Here
You must not stay: Come; the quaking earth
Will quickly swallow up these falling walls—
Will you not go?—Brothers, your aid to mine.
Our force is kinder to thee than thy will.

(The MONKS force off the PRIOR)

SCENE THE LAST—*A wild spot amongst woods. The storm continues. Enter HERMAN.*

Her. Aye, now I am not all alone, as when
Wasting in day's companionship with man.

Thou art awake, great nature, and I thank thee!
 Another world is gath'ring fast around;
 Earth is shut out—And if my sorrow sighs,
 The wind brings back a cry of deeper woe;
 And if I wail, the thunder answers it
 In groans of deeper lamentation—
 Be visible to sight, ye things of other life,
 For I do feel your presence.

(ADELA enters with the child.)

What! Thou again!

Adel. Oh, let my anguish woo thee from thy wanderings!

There is no joy in the tempest's loneliness.

Her. In the broad calm I am alone—'mongst men

I am alone—but this dark world is full!

Art thou not conscious of its unseen beings?

Dost thou not feel a world of other life

Is folding thee about?

Adel. His word's have pow'r
 To wrench the rooted reason into madness.

Her. See! See!

Adel. 'Tis but the fancy's shadowings—Nay,
 come

To rest—Wilt thou not come? and wilt thou break

The heart, whose warmest pulses throb for thee?

Still silent? Still unmov'd?—Look on thy child!

His tenderness is bruised by the cold blast!

Do not his shudd'rings move thy heart to pity?

Her. Is that thy child? And hast thou brought
 its youth

To wage war with the ruthless storm? Thy heart

Asks pity, but has never felt it—go.

Adel. It is for thee I've lock'd a mother's breast

Against a mother's softness, yea for thee

Expos'd my child, my lovely darling child

To the rude anger of the elements,
To wring thy heart to pity on thyself.

(The clock of the monastery is heard distinctly tolling one.)

Her. She calls! She calls!

Adel. O, look not on me thus,
For my full heart will not much longer hold
To plead to thee for love.

Her. It is the hour!
Follow.

Adel. Oh, whither?

Her. To her grave—She calls!

Adel. Who calls? I only hear the tempest's
voice.

Her. My—I can not speak it—'tis good alone
For lips of holiness.—Again, she calls!
She,—she who died, beneath the murd'rer's knife,
At this same hour of yesterday—Quick! Quick!
To her grave!

Adel. Thy mother's grave?

Her. Yes—yes, yes;

My—mother's grave, since you will have me speak
That which, in utterance, stings me into madness.

Adel. 'Tis dug in blessed ground, and holy words,
From holy men hymn to her souls repose.

Her. 'Tis false! She moulders 'neath a blighted
yew,
Where murder, howling to the midnight storm,
Keeps his dark watch for death: I should know
this,

For these hands carv'd the earth; tears from these
eyes

Did warm the frozen sod that bosoms her.

Adel. His eyes are wild with madness, but
Heav'n's love

Still watches o'er the life of innocence.

Her. You may not tarry.

Adel. Yes; I'll meet the face
Of awful danger: Though my sins are ripe
Heav'n's watching is o'er thee, my darling boy;
The bolt, that falls, will pass thy unscorch'd head
Nor singe one hair of innocence like thine.

Her. Are thy pray'rs done? for thou must
hence with me.—

'Tis well!—One kiss!—for yet I love thee much!—
And thou, my boy.—

*(He hangs over the child with delight for
a moment, and then starts from it in
horror.)*

'Tis horrible to thought!
Is there no hope, but that my lips must drink
Of this sad bitter cup?

*(A deep pause; the wind burts over the
wood with a sudden gush.)*

Ah! Shriek not thus!
I'll empty its last dregs, though each sad drop
Were fire on my lips—Your hands! Your hands!

*(He places himself between them, and
leads them off. After a short silence, a
loud shriek is heard from ADELA.)*

Adel. (without.) Dare not to wound his life—It
is thy child!

Her. (without.) 'Tis therefore he must die—his
father's sins
Are visited on him.

Adel. (without.) My blood for his!

Her. (without.) Aye, thine—and his—and
mine and all too little!

*(A second and fainter scream, after which
a dead silence ensues. HERMAN enters
with a bloody dagger, in his hand.)*

Her. 'Tis done! Their souls are mingling with
the storm!

Now mother!—What! Dost haunt me still?

(He holds out his bloody hands.)

Drink! Drink!

This blood was shed for thee, mother, for thee!

O, glare not on me with those famish'd eyes!

Art thou not satisfied? Thou shalt have more

More blood! blood, warm and welling from this
heart!—

But turn from me those eyes—They gleam with
fire

That burns as it were caught from hell.

Prior, (without.)

This way—

I hear the moanings of a human voice.

Her. What would'st thou have? Give utt'rance
to thy will;

But say,—thus shalt thou do—and it is done,

Though hell oppose its doing: Breathe but words

That living ear may hear!—What mean those
signs?

That beck'ning with thy shadowy hand to earth?

That I should burst this prison of the flesh

Which hems the spirit in?—Is it not so?—

O, go not hence in wrath—a moment stay—

I will but cast this mortal vestment off

That weighs me to the earth, and speed to thee.

(He lifts the dagger to stab himself, when

BERTHOLD, the PRIOR, CYPRIAN, HIL-

DEBRAND, AMBROSIUS, NIKANDER, UR-

BAN, and MONKS rush in.)

Prior. Tear it from his grasp—Man, what
would'st thou do?

Her. Wing my soul's flight to her—Hold me
not back—

She lingers still—A moment, and she's gone!

Prior. He speaks in very madness of despair.

Bert. It is too true! That sovereign mind is crack'd!

Cyp. What horrid workings glare in his sunk eyes!

Hild. I dare not look on them.

Prior. 'Tis a sad sight!

Her. See! See! She waves to me to follow!—
See!

Cyp. Help, brothers, help; madness has strung
his nerves

With strength would rend the hardness of the oak.

Her. Again she bids me to her arms—I come—
Unloose your grasp—it is a mother calls—

Do you not hear me? Are your senses dead?

It is a mother calls upon her son—

Hang not on mine arm, or it will—(*He bursts from
them and exclaims, with a hoarse, wild laugh.*

Free! Free!

Mother, I come—I come!—(*The lightning strikes
him, and he falls in a heap to the earth.*

The MONKS draw back in terror.)

The Monks.

Most horrible!

Most horrible!

Be t. The latest pang of death

Is past!—Thou noble mind, farewell?—

I will but live till I've aveng'd thee—then—

(*The PRIOR crosses his hand upon his
breast, and looks up to Heaven with air
of melancholy devotion.*)

Prior. The grace of Heaven on the parted spirit!

(*The clash of swords is heard without.*)

Malt. (*without*) Help! Help—or I'm lost.

Prior. What cry was that?

(*MALTINGEN is now seen at the top of the
rock, HOFFMAN, KARL, SPIESS, and GYP-
SIES following. KARL, who is first in the
pursuit, stops upon seeing the group below*)

Karl. Lights in the vale.

Hoff. Then, shoot; let him not 'scape.—(*KARL fires at MALTINGEN, who reels down the rock mortally wounded, and staggers towards the group below. The GYPSIES immediately disperse, and are lost among the woods that cover the heights.*)

Malt. I have enough.

All. Maltingen?

Malt. Follow not—
They're fled—it is too late!—What means this sight?

Herman!—'Twas I that murder'd thee—and now—
Horror! I thought that Heaven had no eye
For mortal deeds—but now I feel its hand
In quick and awful retribution—mark—
I do repent—absolve my soul, or ere
It quit its earthly mansion—I repent—
Too late! Too late!—Mercy!—for ever lost!

(*MALTINGEN dies*)

Bert. I grieve that thou art dead—but 'tis from hate—

Thou should'st have died by me!

Prior. O, talk not thus!

Far other thoughts befit this awful hour!—

Prior. Look on us Heaven with the eye of love.
(*The MONKS are grouped to, ether in an attitude of terror. BERTHOLD looks steadfastly on the dead body of HERMAN, kneeling by the side of it. The PRIOR on the other side, in an attitude of prayer. A wild plaintive symphony, as the curtain slowly falls.*)

END

The Reader is requested to insert these corrections in the text, as the number and importance of the errata make it in many places unintelligible.

page.	line.	Sinks	for	Health	for	Healt
7	21	Read Sinks	—	Read	—	Wound
8	8	Th'	—	Would	—	Their
9	8	Bears	—	There	—	Sill
do.	18	Gazing	—	Still	—	Bethough
10	24	Flow'r	—	Rethought	—	Rom
do.	7	It	—	Room	—	Ther's
15	27	Ill	—	There's	—	Supporting
18	7	Becomes	—	Supporting	—	carkeous
20	1	Ida	—	Insert "And" after "goblet"	—	sblink
29	1	"The" after "with"	—	Read cank'rous	for	Breath
do.	3	Full stop after "bliss"	—	Think	—	—
30	5	'Gainst	for	Breadth	—	—
34	36	Insert "The" after "tis but"	—	"him" after "hear"	—	Then
37	18	Memorial	for	Read That	—	—
42	8	Tempter	—	Insert "A" after "account it not"	—	Sould
46	26	Bares	—	Read Should	—	Our
48	4	Sworn	—	Hour	—	Leader
53	28	Full stop after "thought"	—	Pleaser	—	The
55	do.	Read Thing	for	Th'	—	Childings
58	9	Insert "See" after "fain"	—	Childings	—	But
59	17	Read Cheerless	for	What	—	—
do.	9	Sparing	—	Insert "The" after "Like to"	—	—
61	19	Joy	—	Read Comes	for	—
65	26	Your	—	Not	—	—
65	1	"O" before "wake"	—	En	—	—
65	3	Read Cup	for	Scath'd	—	Scatter'd
66	27	Insert "These" after "solitude of"	—	Insert "not" after "may"	—	—
72	3	Read Tightly	for	Read I'm	for	—
do.	29	Neither	—	Its	—	—
77	9	Plenteousness	—	Guest	—	—
do.	10	We'll	—	Insert "as" after "is"	—	—
78	2	Watch	—	Read Famish'd	for	—
82	9	For	—	Insert "Still" after "Graves"	—	—
do.	15	'Tis	—	Read Lightening	for	—
do.	15	Unimpeached	—	Spirit	—	—
		Unimpeach'd	—	Spirit	—	—

WHAT'S A MAN OF FASHION?

A FARCE.—IN TWO ACTS.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

The Dramatist; Blind Bargain; The Will; The Exile; &c. &c. &c.

NOW PERFORMING WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1815.

Price Two Shillings.

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Mrs. Straightlace	- - - - -	MRS. DAVENPORT.
Emily	- - - - -	MISS MATHEWS.

SCENE.—*A Sea-port Town, and MRS. STRAIGHTLACE'S Villa near it.*

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

1877-1878

1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398	2399	2400	2401	2402	2403	2404	2405	2406	2407	2408	2409	2410	2411	2412	2413	2414	2415	2416	2417	2418	2419	2420	2421	2422	2423	2424	2425	2426	2427	2428	2429	2430	2431	2432	2433	2434	2435	2436	2437	2438	2439	2440	2441	2442	2443	2444	2445	2446	2447	2448	2449	2450	2451	2452	2453	2454	2455	2456	2457	2458	2459	2460	2461	2462	2463	2464	2465	2466	2467	2468	2469	2470	2471	2472	2473	2474	2475	2476	2477	2478	2479	2480	2481	2482	2483	2484	2485	2486	2487	2488	2489	2490	2491	2492	2493	2494	2495	2496	2497	2498	2499	2500	2501	2502	2503	2504	2505	2506	2507	2508	2509	2510	2511	2512	2513	2514	2515	2516	2517	2518	2519	2520	2521	2522	2523	2524	2525	2526	2527	2528	2529	2530	2531	2532	2533	2534	2535	2536	2537	2538	2539	2540	2541	2542	2543	2544	2545	2546	2547	2548	2549	2550	2551	2552	2553	2554	2555	2556	2557	2558	2559	2560	2561	2562	2563	2564	2565	2566	2567	2568	2569	2570	2571	2572	2573	2574	2575	2576	2577	2578	2579	2580	2581	2582	2583	2584	2585	2586	2587	2588	2589	2590	2591	2592	2593	2594	2595	2596	2597	2598	2599	2600	2601	2602	2603	2604	2605	2606	2607	2608	2609	2610	2611	2612	2613	2614	2615	2616	2617	2618	2619	2620	2621	2622	2623	2624	2625	2626	2627	2628	2629	2630	2631	2632	2633	2634	2635	2636	2637	2638	2639	2640	2641	2642	2643	2644	2645	2646	2647	2648	2649	2650	2651	2652	2653	2654	2655	2656	2657	2658	2659	2660	2661	2662	2663	2664	2665	2666	2667	2668	2669	2670	2671	2672	2673	2674	2675	2676	2677	2678	2679	2680	2681	2682	2683	2684	2685	2686	2687	2688	2689	2690	2691	2692	2693	2694	2695	2696	2697	2698	2699	2700	2701	2702	2703	2704	2705	2706	2707	2708	2709	2710	2711	2712	2713	2714	2715	2716	2717	2718	2719	2720	2721	2722	2723	2724	2725	2726	2727	2728	2729	2730	2731	2732	2733	2734	2735	2736	2737	2738	2739	2740	2741	2742	2743	2744	2745	2746	2747	2748	2749	2750	2751	2752	2753	2754	2755	2756	2757	2758	2759	2760	2761	2762	2763	2764	2765	2766	2767	2768	2769	2770	2771	2772	2773	2774	2775	2776	2777	2778	2779	2780	2781	2782	2783	2784	2785	2786	2787	2788	2789	2790	2791	2792	2793	2794	2795	2796	2797	2798	2799	2800	2801	2802	2803	2804	2805	2806	2807	2808	2809	2810	2811	2812	2813	2814	2815	2816	2817	2818	2819	2820	2821	2822	2823	2824	2825	2826	2827	2828	2829	2830	2831	2832	2833	2834	2835	2836	2837	2838	2839	2840	2841	2842	2843	2844	2845	2846	2847	2848	2849	2850	2851	2852	2853	2854	2855	2856	2857	2858	2859	2860	2861	2862	2863	2864	2865	2866	2867	2868	2869	2870	2871	2872	2873	2874	2875	2876	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WHAT'S A MAN OF FASHION?

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in MRS. STRAITLACE'S Villa ; in the Back, a Door, which is strongly barr'd and bolted. A Clock at the Wing. MRS. STRAITLACE discover'd seated at a Table, on which are Newspapers, a Manuscript Poem, Ink-stand, Work-box, &c.*

MRS. STRAITLACE, (*looking at the Clock.*)

THAT's the slowest going clock, still only eleven ! Oh ! how shall I get rid of the next thirty-seven hours ? I've tried to get on with my new Epic Poem here, call'd "Chaos come again !" — But in vain ! — and then, this paper, (*taking up a newspaper,*) I'm sure I've read this paper twenty times over ; and particularly this tiresome paragraph about the long expected singer from Naples, — this wonderful Signor Starritz ! (*reads.*) "He's coming ! — Signor Starritz is positively coming !" Lord, I wish he would come : or any body would come !

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Lawyer Pouncely, madam !

Mrs. S. I did'nt wish he'd come : for, as I say in my Epic Poem, "Oh, Law ! oh ! Chaos !" (*enter* PAUL POUNCELY.) Welcome, good Mr. Pouncely. (*NICHOLAS having ushered him in, Exit.*

Pouncely. Good morning, Mrs. Straightlace ! (*they sit.*) I just rode over from the neighbouring sea port, to what you call, "your Hermitage," here, on purpose to inform you that, to-morrow is the fifth of October.

Mrs. S. Indeed, sir !—Why every body knows that.

Pouncely. Very likely, and perhaps every body knows, that little more than a year ago, your whimsical relative, Colonel Eccentric, feeling himself going, sent for me to his bed side, there ! in that very room.

Mrs. S. No, sir ! nobody knows that.

Pouncely. Don't they ?—not know that this singular character, being gay and game to the last ; smiling, exclaimed : "I have made the most of life, Mr. Pouncely ! but, as I regret deeply, I did'nt marry, and have a son to keep up my name, and inherit my estate—I bequeath all my property to my niece, Emily Eccentric, on the two following special conditions. First, that she marry within one twelvemonth from the day of my decease." That day, is to-morrow ! for to-morrow is the fifth of October ! (*Tittering.*)

Mrs. S. Very well, sir ! go on.

Pouncely. “Secondly and lastly, that her husband and my future heir may as much as possible resemble myself, I direct that the said Emily Eccentric choose no professional character, such as doctor, proctor, trader, player—”

Mrs. S. No, “nor lawyer,” Mr. Pouncely.

Pouncely. No, and that *is* singular! “but that she marry only a man of fashion—must marry only a man of fashion!—which is—and before he could explain, poor facetious gentleman! he grew so much worse, that he’d scarcely time to mention you and sign (*rises.*) So Emily Eccentric must marry only a man of fashion; and now, what is that! Pray, am I a man of fashion?”

Mrs. S. You!

Pouncely. Why the question’s so gloriously puzzling, that I once talk’d of filing a bill of discovery: but then, thinks I, before Chancery decides, fashion will change a hundred thousand times; for if botany were the rage, and fashionable fame depended on having an aloe in bloom, why the court would wait till the aforesaid aloe was in bloom; so look ye, sworn ally.

Mrs. S. Hush! lower, Mr. Pouncely, or Emily there may hear you. (*Pointing to a door in flat; POUNCELY shows surprise.*) The time approaching, I thought more close confinement necessary; and if all along I’ve felt it my duty to conceal both her and the will, ’twas because—

Pouncely, Because, if she remain unmarried, who does the Colonel's whole estate devolve to, you, good Mrs. Straightlace?

Mrs. S. Fie, Sir! when 'tis solely from that just dread of fashionable husbands, which women of my honour—

Pouncely. Gently! honour and business, at least honour and law business, are something like these fashionable husbands and their wives, often nam'd, but seldom seen together; and therefore, in one word, though I consented to take five per cent. for hush-money, I suddenly feel that my conscience can't be satisfied without ten per cent. five thousand being the exact sum I want to open this new country bank with your intended husband, Mr. Project. And there again! think how I've help'd you in this love affair! how I've push'd your love of solitude, morality.—But you hesitate—Good morning! (*Going.*)

Mrs. S. Stop for your partner's—Mr. Project's sake—whom certainly I look on as a suitor.

Pouncely. And who looks on you as a saint; and who's expected to day or to-morrow? His son, that pattern for all young men of the present age, made his first appearance in our town last night—but what's all this to my five thousand? Will you satisfy—

Adm. Project. (*Without.*) I will see her?

Pouncely. Who's that?

Mrs. S. No matter—Nicholas has long had

orders to admit nobody in the hermitage, except you and my fond intended; but that we may talk without reserve, step into the library—come, Mr. Pouncely—and I dare say I shan't let your conscience remain unsatisfied.

Pouncely. I'm sure you won't, and that you'll immediately put it under hand and seal. (*Shewing an agreement.*) Excuse my not trusting to promises—but now-a-days, nobody keeps them; from the place maker who promises sunshine, to the almanack maker who promises rain!

[*Exeunt.*

Adm. Project. (*Without.*) Shew the way.

Nich. (*Without.*) I say again my mistress isn't to be seen!

Adm. Project. (*Speaking as he enters.*) And I say again, your mistress must be seen. (*Admiral enters, dressed in a brown coat, white waistcoat, leather breeches and boots. Nicholas following him in a rage.*)

Adm. Project. I say so—I, Admiral Project! who arriving from India a few weeks ago, and being on a visit at old Lord Tantivy's hunting box in the neighbourhood, am come to prove to my old sweetheart, that "time has not thin'd my flowing hair!" (*Singing.*) Why what do you stare at? (*To Nicholas, who eyes him with suspicion and contempt.*) Admiral Project, sirrah!

Nich. Admiral!—come—come—as if I didn't know the difference between a real naval officer and ——

Adm. Project. (Amazed.) How ! a real naval officer ?

Nich. To be sure—hav'nt I been in London, and seen plenty of them in the street, and at the playhouse ?

Adm. Project. (Sneeringly.) The playhouse !

Nich. Aye, on the stage!—seen officers not talking common language, nor dressed in common clothes ! no, but your right true blue admiral, strutting in fine uniform, and boasting about Britannia, hearts of oak—humanity !

Adm. Project. Here ! the character of an English sailor, is to depend on his uniform, and his boasting about Britannia, Hearts of oak and Humanity ! you common-place ideot ! when I'm on board ship, I talk, dress, and fight like a sailor ! but when I'm on shore, having some notion, that an admiral has as much right to be a gentleman as any other gentleman, here I sit, till I'm treated as a gentleman !

(Drawing a chair and seating himself.)

Nich. You won't !

Adm. Project. I will though ! and stay a month ; if 'tis only to convince you, that a naval officer can go a hunting without a cock'd hat and epaulettes !—can get merry on champagne as well as grog !—and fond as he is of his own country, can scorn to praise it, at the expense of all others ! *(Turns chair round from Nicholas.)* I, that know London, as well as the Mediterranean ! that when I can't pace the quarter deck,

see no harm in walking Hyde Park! (*Turning towards Nicholas who stands staring,*) not gone! look ye—instantly send your mistress, or I'll so far resemble your true blue admiral! (*Holds up his stick.*) You see, true heart of oak!

Nich. I'm (*trembling*) gone! [*Exit hastily.*]

Adm. Project. (*smiling.*) 'Tis now the fourth part of a century, since I and my old flame here, signed together a contract of marriage—but meeting a few winters ago, somehow things took an odd turn—for she cough'd, and I hem'd! and one complained so of the rheumatism, and the other of the gout, that at last we tore the contract, embrac'd, and hopp'd off better friends than ever! but now, this hard frost putting an end to hunting, I don't know how to amuse myself, we, sailors, when on shore, can't sit with our hands before us; and if she'll only let me renew my addresses till the thaw comes. (*Looking at papers on the table.*) What's here? morning and evening papers! (*Takes one up.*) Let's see. (*reads.*) “He's coming!”—who's coming? Oh, in large letters at the top! “Signor Starritz!” confound Signor Starritz! for this is at least the twentieth preparatory puff, I have read of this new alarmist! I'll try the evening. (*Takes up evening paper, and reading.*) “Naples”—come, here's intelligence! (*Reads on.*) “The nightly, magnificent, and multitudinous crowds that flock round—Signor Starritz!” I give it up! for if I go on, I shall only read of Starritz' bonnets, Starritz' caps—and yet, after all.

(Smiling and rising.) How can one be angry? No! whoever's this new puppet mover, success to him for his impudence.

Emil. (Within.) Sir! Admiral!

Adm. Project. (Turning and expecting to see MRS. STRAIGHTLACE.)

Emily. (Within.) Here! a poor prisoner! quick! the door! look under the door!

Adm. Project. (Rapidly approaching the door.) A prisoner! and this hasty writing in pencil! *(snatches it up and reads)* "Only a moment to state, what may seem most extraordinary, but I, Emily, niece to Col. Eccentric, being bound within one twelvemonth from the day of his decease to marry a Man of Fashion, or his whole fortune devolving to his cousin Matilda Straightlace, she has purposely locked me up; and having no lover—and the time expiring to-morrow"—Most extraordinary! poor girl! but however, now I do know how to amuse myself. Extraordinary with a vengeance! if ever I give up this—and to-morrow! soon! however I wont give *this* up. No, poor girl! I'll fight, hunt unkennel, *(Trying to open the door without, effect.)*

Emily. (Within.) In vain! and listen! If I could escape, where in so short a time, where shall I find a husband?

Adm. Project. Where find a husband? how much money did the colonel leave?

Emily. (Within.) Fifty thousand pounds.

Adm. Project. Then I'll find you as many hus-

bands!—or at any rate, one; and of the right sort! for sooner than the old fox shall win the chace, d—n me but I'll marry you myself! mum! somebody's coming.

Re-enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Sir, my mistress, notwithstanding her respect for your brother and nephew, the two worthy Mr. Projects, begs you'll instantly quit her house.

Adm. Project. The worthy Mr. Projects! what, the speculator! Old Mammon has found out she's to get fifty thousand pounds.

Nich. She get fifty thousand pounds!

Adm. Project. No, she shan't get them! for I'm off to the neighbouring sea-port; where I've more than one string to my bow; since, if I don't find a Man of Fashion, why—I can make one! ha, ha! you understand—I'll not be long.

Nich. Long! Why you're not coming back!

Adm. Project. I am; and tell your mistress, though not her husband, I may be somebody else's husband, and I shan't make a bad one! for what with chacing the enemy abroad, and the fox at home, my wife will have very little of my company! so know all of ye, (*Loudly, and near Emily's door*) I shall soon be back—I, the sporting Admiral—On sea or on shore, hark, forward! Huzza! Talleho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*A Street in a Seaport Town. Hotel at the wing. Sea in the centre, and a Sailing Match seen on it—One Vessel passes the others. Shouting without, “Mercury; Huzza! for the Mercury!”*

Enter YOUNG PROJECT, much agitated.

Y. Proj. Confusion to the Mercury! the Town! myself! and the whole bewildering scene! Where shall I go? who apply to? For if my father finds me out—to be sure I’ve one chance—he’s not arrived from London—and being a stranger here—none of them knowing my name—

(Voice without, Mr. Project! Mr. Project.)

Y. Proj. They do, though—I’m off. No—stop—isn’t that my partner, Pouncely’s clerk? It is. *(Enter JEREMY.)* Oh, Jeremy! it’s you, Jeremy?

Jeremy. Ay, Mr. Project,—and who do you think I’ve just met? who but your uncle, the Admiral.

Y. Proj. My uncle!

Jeremy. Even so. And he and your father not being on good terms, I thought perhaps you’d wish to keep out of his way—you can’t—here he is.

Y. Proj. That my uncle! Though we hav’n’t met since I was a boy, I remember I was then his favourite; and in my present pleasant predi-

cament, if I could but take courage—I will—I'll venture—I'll throw myself on his candour, and if that fail, I can but throw myself into the sea. Go, Jeremy, and if my father unexpectedly arrive, say you left me at the old work, coaxing a customer.

(JEREMY *exit*, and Y. PROJECT *walks up the stage*.)

Enter ADMIRAL hastily, and not seeing him.

Adm. Project. Plague on't—when I asked an old acquaintance where I could start a man of rank or fashion, he asked me if I had heard of my trading brother, and his more trading son, starting a new country bank here? It seems young Chip is arrived from Threadneedle Street, and old Block will soon follow. Let them—and let me follow my speculation. (*Going, suddenly stops*) Once—I had once hopes of the boy—but I find Cocker and compting house have so altered and perverted him—

Y. PROJECT, *not having heard him, comes forward.*

Y. Proj. Your blessing, Uncle.

Adm. Project. Uncle! You?

Y. Proj. I! Your once lov'd nephew.

Adm. Project. Begone! I have heard of your conduct, sir—your altered conduct.

Y. Proj. Have you, uncle? then think if my father should hear of it—Lord! the very thought—in a word, uncle, can you lend me two hundred pounds?

Adm. Project. I lend!

Y. Proj. Do, pray, uncle; for that's the exact sum I brought down for business, and its all gone in pleasure; all lost on sailing matches, cricket matches—

Adm. Project. Lost!

Y. Proj. (*melancholy and embarrassed*) Lost! And for the last three months I don't know what has possessed me: but after father had gone to bed, it often struck me to go to the Opera, and after that to clubs and coffee-houses: and once, when he thought I was all day attending a policy cause at Guildhall, where should I find myself but betting the long odds at the Derby.

Adm. Project. At the Derby!

Y. Proj. I could'nt help it—and I won; and out of my winnings I bought a hunter. (*Admiral starts*) Don't be angry, uncle; I've been but at one foxchace; but then think of the sport—think of the breaking cover; hounds, horses, huntsmen, all mad! I darting past the whole field, mounting steeple high, dashing in at the death, huzzaing with the brush. Look'ye, uncle, I am above imposing on you; I wont rob you, by borrowing these two hundred pounds, for as I feel I shall never stand behind the compter without blushing, or cast up the ledger without blubbering, so I'll hide myself. (*Going.*)

Adm. Project. Where?

Y. Proj. Heaven knows: but——

Adm. Project. I know; here; hide yourself in my arms. I always liked you in my heart, boy; but now, (*eyeing him all over*) my jockey

wrist, close stile of sitting, and joyous Talleho ! I warrant ! (*Embracing him.*)

Y. Project. Why, uncle ! nay, you're jesting !

Adm. Project. I'm not, you sly, roguish, agreeable ! but go on, confess your other pranks. —Love ! what sport in love, Tom ?

Y. Project. None ! I'm a novice there, uncle.

Adm. Project. (*smacking him on the back.*) Then, there, I'll finish you ! and the modern high road to high life : at Homes, Fêtes, Waltz, Balls, Suppers ! did you ever give ? (*Y. PROJECT shakes his Head.*) then to-night you shall invite the whole town ! do'nt be surpriz'd : your great people of the law, and of the City, eat their way to fame ; your people of fashion get their fame by making others eat !—Landlord ! Waiter ! (*going to the door of the Hotel and ringing the bell violently.*)

Y. Project. Stop—I know nobody.

Adm. Project. The supper'll make you known ! —House ! Landlord ! (*LANDLORD and WAITER enter.*) Where's the List of Subscribers to your Assembly Room ? (*LANDLORD looks at him consequentially.*) Go ! bring the book directly.

Landlord. (*Haughtily.*) I bring ! what for ?

Adm. Project. This ! (*Shewing bank notes.*)

Landlord. Go—fly George ! (*to WAITER, who Exit.*) Any thing else, your honour ?

Adm. Project. Plenty—this gentleman, just arrived from India, a young nabob, wishes to celebrate his return by giving to night, at your rooms, a grand entertainment ! and for his mo-

tive, perhaps 'tis to please the ladies ; perhaps to please the Corporation.

Landlord. Oh ! our future member !

Adm. Project. Very likely ! and to insure his success, every thing must be as novel and as splendid. (*Music and singing within the hotel,—"Donne, Donne ! chi, &c."* *From the Italian air beginning with those words.*)—Ha ! I guess who that is ; for in my way here, I heard he had just landed from the French packet : it's no less than the long talk'd of, Signor Starritz ! now, Landlord, if we could have his first appearance !

Landlord. Oh ! that we could—I would myself pay Signor Starritz, only to take horses ; but 'twas a mistake, from over anxiety ;—he's not landed.

Adm. Project. Now, who's this, then ?

Landlord. A poor Polish emigrant ; who, having fail'd as music teacher in London, is compell'd to return to his own country : and my wife, having given him and his three children some refreshment, he is singing and playing to her out of gratitude.

Admiral Project. Poor fellow ! and he's not known ? no—nor now I think on't, is Signor Starritz known. Ha, ha, ha ! 'twere excellent ! I'll try,—show me to him,—then bring List of Subscribers,—then issue cards of invitation to every one of them ! Tom, you shall alarm the whole county.

Y. Project. You've alarm'd me ! for though I've certainly heard of your feats of valour.

Adm. Project. You never heard of my other feats? never knew that from a boy I've been a man of the world; and whilst your father was a great Muz at Mile-end, I was a little Pickle at Eton? Lead on, landlord; and if you're surpris'd now, Tom, what will you be to-morrow, when you find yourself married to a girl you never saw or heard of? Away to frolic, fashion, and fifty thousand pounds! [*Exeunt into Hotel.*]

SCENE—*A Street in the Town.*

Enter OLD PROJECT and a STAGE-COACHMAN.

O. Project. So, I'm a day earlier than I expected; and now for my two speculations, the new bank, and the charming Mrs. Straightlace, with Emily's half a plumb! (*Turns to Coachman.*) There, coachman, for your fare from London, and something handsome over; there's a one pound note, payable at our new country bank, only thirty-one days after sight.

(*Producing and offering it.*)

Coachman. Sight! psha! cash! cash! And if, as they say, you're related to Admiral Project. But it can't be

O. Project. Can't be!—why?

Coachman. Because, t'other day, when he, old Lord Tantivy, and Parson Supple, were out hunting on the Downs, they overtook my coach; and I, pointing out which way the fox went, the Admiral gave me this guinea—look! Talk

of bills of sight ! Did you ever see such a sight as this ? *(Showing the guinea.)*

(Passengers without.) Coachman ! coachman !

Coachman. You hear. *(to Old Project.)* If your customers choose to wait, mine won't.—so, *(holding out his hand.)* Cash !

O. Project. Well, since you've no commercial confidence, there it is, and a three shilling piece over.

Coachman. A three-shilling piece ! Come, that's good ! and as this is paying me properly, thank'ye. *[Exit.]*

O. Project. It is paying you properly, for it's bad—Ha, ha ! And for my guinea-giving, bullion-boasting brother, why *(pausing and looking grave.)* I don't half like his being in the neighbourhood. Perhaps he comes to renew his addresses to Mrs. Straightlace, to attempt to cut me out. What ! am I again jealous ? no, Matilda has eyes ; and, suspicious of her, I suspect myself. So to-night for Tom and money matters ; to-morrow for love and the Hermitage. *[Going.]*

Enter JEREMY hastily.

Jeremy. Oh, Mr. Project ! how lucky you are come a day sooner than expected ! For the whole town is in commotion ; and my master, Mr. Pouncely, being out of the way, suddenly summoned to the quarter sessions.

O. Project. Aye, but my son, young Steady : I warrant Tom's at his post.

Jeremy. No, sir, he's out of the way too.

O. Project. He dar'n't! or if he is, he's only after new customers.

Jeremy. Very likely, but he's not after the right customer; the rich stranger, the young nabob, who to-night gives a grand ball, concert, and supper. Every body's pushing for his custom; and out of the three old established bankers, I know to a certainty two are already putting on their best clothes.

O. Project. (Eagerly and anxiously.) They're not, Jeremy.

Jeremy. They are. But don't be afraid; for Mr. Pouncely, as subscriber, having this card sent him (*producing it*)—what's very odd, but very fortunate, this unknown personage, this strange East Indian, is your namesake.

O. Project. (Snatching the card and reading.) Mr. Project at home! So it is! the same name! but I say, Jeremy, a very different person; for were Tom and I ever such cursed fools as to give balls and suppers? (*Reads on*) "music and Signor Starritz!" he arrived, and I hear his notes, without costing any of my own! I'll instantly put on *my* best clothes, wheedle the young nabob out of his rupees, crow over my absent partners, and then (*snapping his fingers*) that for rival admirals, rival bankers! (*Going, Jeremy stops him.*)

Jeremy. Aye, sir! but remember—dwell on being his namesake.

O. *Project*. His namesake ! why, Jeremy !
(cocking his eye) don't you know one of our
 family some years ago settled in India ? I'll
 swear that was his father, and I'm his first
 cousin. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE.—*A grand Ball Room ; a large opening
 in the centre, leading to a Card Room and Con-
 cert Room.*

*Enter through the opening, YOUNG PROJECT,
 followed by LANDLORD.*

Y. *Project*. *(In much flutter and bustle.)* The
 secret out, who wouldn't be in love by antici-
 pation ? who wouldn't be anxious for a fashion-
 able title ? I'm so much so, that I can neither
 sit, stand, nor walk. Certainly nobody's any
 body, unless their names are blazon'd forth, as
 having more company than their houses will
 hold ! but then, if mine's blazon'd forth for
 having no company—and notwithstanding the
 rage for novelty——Oh, Landlord ! so many cards
 of invitation, and yet not one answer ! such a
 fine supper, and no symptom of any body
 biting !

Landlord. No, sir ! and what's much against
 you, half the town have been long previously en-
 gaged to old Lady Squeeze. But then, sir !
(Archly and significantly) her ladyship has no
 Signor Starritz !

Y. Project. Nor have I; and instead of this wild stratagem giving a poor musical professor, fame; a young country banker, fashion; and a pretty girl, liberty and fifty thousand pounds; we shall be all exposed! laughed at!

Landlord. What! you think they'll find the Polish emigrant out?

Y. Project. No! they'll not come to find him out! and *that* widow! *that* Matilda Straightlace! were it only for poor Emily's sake, I could cry, stamp—(*Enter WAITER hastily, with a Packet of Cards.* *Y. PROJECT rises.*) So you're here at last!

Waiter. Consider, sir, I've had to deliver almost a hundred cards, and wait for nearly as many answers.

Y. Project. (*Taking them from him.*) Now be propitious!—aid me but now, kind!—(*reading answers.*)—"Lord Sidlepipe's compliments—comes!—Dowager Lady Ecstasy, and two Miss Ecstacies—come!—Doctor and Mrs. Macca-roon—come!—Alderman Omnium, and two friends from the Victualling Office—come."—They flock! they hunt in packs! and foreseeing her old friends will be all at their new friends, I should'nt wonder if even Lady Squeeze—(*looks at the card*) she does! "and actually postpones her party till Mr. Project and the Starritz can have the honour of waiting on her!"—Where, where's the admiral? [*Going.*]

Waiter. Still below with Lord Tantivy and his party—but he knows, sir,——

Y. Project. And the Signor!—there!—
's'life!—there, I'm down again! for after all, if
he fail!—and the Admiral himself is so afraid—
(*As he is going, enter the ADMIRAL who meets
him—LANDLORD and WAITER retire up stage.*)

Adm. Project. I was afraid, sadly afraid, but
I've hopes now! for I've had a sort of rehearsal
with Lord Tantivy's party; and *they* not in the
secret!—listen—Sir Tim Twaddle pompously
stating he knew Starritz *had* landed, and was
here in cog! I whispered, that he was in the next
room; on which out bolted the Baronet, and re-
entering with *our* Signor—

Y. Project. He did'nt!

Adm. Project. He did! and at first I was all
flutter; but I soon saw by the preparatory dust
in their eyes, we had a good start; and he hadn't
flourished out half a quaver, before the whole
room rang with "new Orpheus!—male St. Ce-
cilia!"—Sir Tim, who is nothing if not critical,
and nothing if critical, pitched his raptures so
high, as to extol the grace and symmetry of his
person! which broad praise, seeming to me
rather dangerous, I just hinted at some of the
Signor's defects—such as his round shoulders,
high hips; but these they voted classical beau-
ties; said "Apollo Belvidere had the same!"
and to crown all, old Lady Tantivy, who has for
years been as deaf as a dead Poodle, burst into
tears, and muttered out, "'Tis too much for me!
I'll never hear the dear fascinating soul again!"
(*imitating old woman's voice.*)

Y. Project. Bravo! and now, unless father pops on us by surprise!

Adm. Project. And if he does, only give me a view holloa!—leave brother sportsman to throw him out; but away and prepare, Landlord—already crowds of carriages are rattling round your doors! (*LANDLORD and WAITER exeunt.*) We must prepare too—I to spur on the honest Pole!

Y. Project. I to receive, and give welcome to my friends; but I say, who's to introduce me to my friends?

Adm. Project. Yourself, or themselves! wait here till they wait on you! and if you don't meet at all, 'tis nothing new; for last winter, one of our club gave an at home at another person's house, and was out himself! mind, no conversation, spy, stare, yawn, strut off, lal, lal, lal, de ra! [*Exit shewing him how, strutting and singing affectedly.*]

Y. Project. At this rate I shall soon get my title, for I've only to say nothing, do nothing, and be nothing; gad! I hardly know myself, and if my partners were to see me, perhaps they'd hardly know *me*—not that I should like to risk it though, for if I wer'n't pretty clear that father was snug in London! (*Music of instruments, and voices, and stamping of feet without.*) Hark, they're coming! some of my dear unknown friends are already after me! I must prepare to spy, stare, strut off. [*Turning round.*]

Enter OLD PROJECT and WAITER.

O. Project. So, that's the great East Indian you say! and I'm beforehand with the old booby bankers! (*WAITER bows assent.*) There. (*Giving him money.*) And now—(*approaching YOUNG PROJECT, all respect, then retreating.*) Lord! there's something very awful in a real rich rupee man! speak for me! (*To WAITER.*) Say I'm his namesake.

Waiter. (*Advancing quickly to YOUNG PROJECT.*) Sir, this gentleman is your namesake,

Y. Project. (*Not turning, but adjusting his spying glass, and looking at his legs, &c.*) Very likely.

O. Project. (*Eagerly, and in a half whisper to WAITER.*) His first cousin!

Waiter. Sir, the gentleman is your first cousin!

Y. Project. (*In an assumed affected tone.*) That's not very likely; because I have no first cousin. (*Turning round, spying, and approaching OLD PROJECT.*) You most consummate, impudent! (*Smacking him on the back, OLD PROJECT trembles, retreats, and dares not look up, but YOUNG PROJECT sees and knows him.*) What! uncle! brother sportsman! (*Calling after ADMIRAL and going.*)

O. Project. (*Still not venturing to look quite up.*) Stop, sir, don't be angry, for though you don't know me, and I only know you as the East Indian, Mr. Project, yet your good father—(*Hesitating, and much alarmed.*)

Y. Project. Oh, you don't know me! (*Turns aside and laughs.*) I see he's speculating on the Nabob interest! and if I can but face it out, till the Admiral faces him! (*Turns to OLD PROJECT, still spying and speaking affectedly.*) Certainly, we're relations, and any service—but I'll call another part of the family, and meantime, don't think its like father, like son, for though he's somewhat gothic, I'm genteel, fashionable! ha, ha! [*Exit humming a tune, spying, strutting, &c.*)]

O. Project. (*Repeating YOUNG PROJECT'S words.*) “Certainly we're relations, and any service—” I have him! the golden, the Calcutta calf is mine! and what do I care about its not being “like father, like son!” I only know if it is, the old blockhead's curs'd easily bamboozled! How I shall crow over Tom and my other partner!—but this uncle! I must instantly follow up the relationship. (*Going.*)

ADMIRAL PROJECT *enters and meets him.*

Adm. Project. Relationship! with whom, brother?

O. Project. How! (*shewing surprise at seeing him.*) But excuse me, brother—I want the Nabob's uncle. (*Pompously crossing him.*)

Adm. Project. (*Stopping him.*) Then you want me, brother! I'm the Nabob's uncle.

O. Project. You! come, that's beyond my claim. I'm not his uncle!

Adm. Project. No, for you're his father! (*Smacking him on the back.*) And a wise one too! for you don't know your own child! Why, 'tis Tom! and if before, Project junior did honour to his family, what does he now, when Project senior comes courting his custom, and boasting he's his first cousin?

O. Project. Tom! (*Pausing.*) My son!—I see it all, he's mad! and the expense! why, 'twill cost him a thousand pounds!

Adm. Project. Only a third. (*Nudging him and winking.*) Co: his partners pay the rest!

O. Project. I'll expose, disown him!

Adm. Project. Disown a Nabob!

O. Project. He's none—a gross impostor! and by your being concern'd, this Signor Starritz is another! I'll expose them both! Within there! I'll clear the room!

Adm. Project. Zounds! I've gone too far. (*Detaining him.*) You'll spoil all! this is the critical minute! Starritz is about to alarm the natives—and already some stare—some doubt.

[*Music within, and Starritz heard singing an Italian note or two—on the shake, he is interrupted by loud clapping, bravo's! bravissimo's and encores!*]

Adm. Project. Huzza! the cry is up! and hurricanes and hounds are calm to fashionable noise! now stop their ecstasies! behold!

[*More music—and YOUNG PROJECT is seen in the opening surrounded by lords, ladies, all bowing and curtseying.*]

Adm. Project (To O. Project.) Next come the dancers from the theatre! next, pine apple, ices, and tokay! then supper! then—(OLD PROJECT, *all rage, is going.*) Stop! you *must* be introduced to Lord Tantivy, Sir Tim, and the Count.

[*Pointing out Lord Tantivy, &c. who stand conspicuous among the other characters.*]

O. Project. I'll to the widow!

Adm. Project. I'll meet you there!

DUET.—ADMIRAL PROJECT *and* YOUNG PROJECT.

Smiling, gay,
Trip away;
Then follow me
To mirth and glee,
To crown the night with revelry!

CHORUS.

We follow thee
To mirth and revelry.

[OLD PROJECT *exit*; *music*; ADMIRAL *and* YOUNG PROJECT *taking part, then grand dance by theatrical characters, and chorus.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—MRS. STRAIGHTLACE'S *Garden; her House; a Window, with Iron Bars before it.*

Enter the ADMIRAL and YOUNG PROJECT.

Y. Project. So, here we are; but I am still afraid.

Adm. Project. What! after Starritz! Afraid, after the little Pole! I can't help laughing; but he was hardly out of bed, before managers of concerts and theatres were bidding for him, at the rate of fifty pounds a solo; and a medical speculator, wanting to get a name, offered him one hundred pounds to have a fever, just that they might duet and quack it in the same bulletin: and then, what we both so dreaded, he began talking; but he had scarcely said "quelle drollerie," before they all exclaimed, "there's wit! there's nature!" Ha, ha! And where's the harm? A poor ingenious professor is saved from ruin, and a whole town amused and enraptured.

Y. Project. Aye, but we've so much to do, and in so short a time; only a few hours to bring about an elopement, a marriage, and complete my fashionable title in. To be sure I've got on, I've played, bought hunters, given parties—

Adm. Project. So you have, boy; but honour—duelling—ever exchanged shots, Tom?

Y. Project. Never—and if I must, uncle—

Adm. Project. (*Considering.*) Why, I believe, now-a-days, we rather fight for real fame, fair promotion, and so on. We don't fight for nothing—no—that's out. But another thing—but money matters—owe a little? (*In an encouraging tone.*)

Y. Project. (*In a melancholy tone.*) Not since you paid the two hundred. No, except a trifle to a City tavern-keeper, for my share of a Burgundy and a buffalo hump dinner.—I had'n't ready cash.

Adm. Project. That's in! For many of my club, with a clear rental of twenty thousand pounds per annum, often can't raise ready money enough to pay for a sandwich. You'll do—and so—(*Crossing him to go towards the house.*)

Y. Project. (*Stopping him.*) But the City—my place of abode—Threadneedle Street—

Adm. Project. Psha! what of that? Hasn't there been long as much fashion in the East as in the West? Who sport the best dinners, horses, and carriages? Who play as deep at Loyd's as at Brookes's? And for love and intrigue—hark'ye—where Cupid's one day sighing midst the young beaus in Bond Street, he's twenty plying 'mongst the old bankers in Lombard Street. You'll do, I say. And now for your dear, adorable, unseen Emily. By the prison-like appearance, that's her window.

Y. Project. No doubt, and I presume I'm to strike her at first sight.

Adm. Project. (*Nods assent.*) Hist! Emily, hist! (*Under the window.*)

Y. Project. Hist! She don't hear. Oh! if I could but sing! but I've no voice.

Adm. Project. Then sing without one, 'tis not unfashionable.

TRIO—EMILY, ADMIRAL PROJECT, and YOUNG PROJECT.

Y. Project. Fair unknown,
I'm all tender love and passion;

Adm. Project. Oh! look down
On a sighing man of fashion!

Y. Project. Passion!

Adm. Project. Fashion!

Both. Oh, look down
On a sighing man of fashion.

Emily (at window) So I'll creep,
Borne by hope and various passion,
Thus to peep
At the sighing man of fashion!

Y. Project. She's divine!

Adm. Project. What, so soon, bewitching, charming!

Y. Project. Oh, be mine!

Adm. Project. This sudden love's quite alarming!

Y. Project. I'll prove most true.

Adm. Project. That's somewhat new!

Y. Project. I'm wild to know!

Emily. My blushes spare;
But, if I dare,
I'd not say—No!

Adm. and Y. Proj. She'll not say—No!

Emily. Hush! Hush! I hear
The Widow near:

Fly, swiftly fly!

Adm. and Y. Proj. Good by! good by!

Adm. Project. But, trust to me,

I'll set you free:

We'll enter straight

Y. Project. Your prison gate.

Emily. She'll still oppose—

Adm. and Y. Proj. Away! dispatch!

We'll win the match!

And make the match,

And be a match,

For all Love's foes.

All. Away! dispatch!

&c. &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*An Apartment in MRS. STRAIGHTLACE'S Villa. The same as Scene I. Act I.*

Enter MRS. STRAIGHTLACE.

Mrs. S. (*All exultation, and speaks rapidly*). My prisoner's safe; and the wish'd-for day arrived at last. Oh, in the words of my "Chaos come again," "I've made assurance doubly sure." By the by, that thought being also in Shakspeare, I must omit it in my second and following editions. (*Begins unbarring and unlocking the door.*) Now for my daily, and my last visit. (*Leads out Emily.*) So, the time expires to-night, and secure from a fashionable husband, be more than ever grateful to that friend, who has thus secluded and preserved you.

Emily. Am I preserved? is danger over?—I doubt it—at least if dreams prove true, aunt.

Mrs. S. Dreams! What dreams?

Emily. Why, I dreamt that a brave noble gentleman brought with him a young fashionable lover ; who look'd at me, and smil'd ; and I look'd at him, and smil'd again !—and, but for your cruel iron bars, I should by this time have been—that is—I dreamt I should have been—an ungrateful—happy—married woman !

Mrs. S. You dream of marriage ! how dare you take such a liberty ? (*Emily smiles*) and that alter'd manner, and those arch-confident looks !—Why, Nicholas !

Enter NICHOLAS hastily.

Nich. Here I am, ma'am, and so frighten'd !—first, here's this letter, from Mr. Project senior.

Mrs. S. From my intended ! (*Immediately reading it.*) “I write these few lines to state that, if you have renew'd your attachment for the Admiral, as he seems to insinuate, I'm above intruding ; but if you are still constant, two minutes conversation will oblige your still devoted—O. Project.”

Emily. Lord ! is old Mr. Project jealous of you, aunt ?

Mrs. S. Peace, girl ! and go, Nicholas,—go and assure Mr. Project, that this false Admiral shall never shew his face under my roof.

Nich. Indeed ! then you must look sharp about you, ma'am ; for just now, I saw him and

a gay young spark loitering round the garden gate.

Mrs. S. (Turning, all rage, to EMILY.) So—your dream is true! Heav'ns! where could he hear? but no matter—away, Nicholas—tell Mr. Project I'm all constancy and truth—and whilst I myself guard and secure her in the chamber, you lock the outer door and take the key (*Exit NICHOLAS.*) In, miss, in!—and whoever is this unknown Colin, you may as well at once give him up.

Emily. Never!

SONG.—*Old words.*

Never till now, I felt love's dart,
Guess who it was that stole my heart,
'Twas he alone, if you'll believe me;
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away!

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease!
When his passion we discover,
Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please.
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away!

[*Exeunt into the chamber—*MRS. STRAIGHT-LACE *heard bolting and barring the door after her.*

Enter the ADMIRAL *and* YOUNG PROJECT.

Adm. Project. You hear! poor old Nicholas is locking us in.

Y. Project. He is—and thinks he is locking us out!—but though we've given him the slip, uncle—remember, Time flies.

Adm. Project. So do we! and as a proof, instantly for our little fifty thousand pounder! (*Tries the door.*) Of course, still barr'd! and therefore we'll just—(*Looking through the key-hole*) there she is, poor girl! weeping!—and by her side—yes—the old Fox!—Soho! I'll have her out.

Y. Project. In vain!—You'll only rouse,—incense.

Adm. Project. Be quiet! don't she expect her dear intended?

Y. Project. And what then?

Adm. Project. Why then, if in his name I can coax her out, and detain her, till you prepare Emily for the true hark forward!

Y. Project. (*Joyfully.*) I see, I understand!

Adm. Project. You do!—then mark, (*Tapping at the door.*) Within there! 'tis I, Mr. Project senior! (*Imitating Old Project's voice.*) I, your intended!—She's coming!—I, your dear, darling, doating——She's opening the door!—now, Tom!

Mrs. S. (*Opening door, and speaking as she enters.*) Oh! I'm so glad you're come, Mr. Project! (*enters*) and as to that rude boisterous old Admiral—how!—you here! (*seeing ADMIRAL, and at the same instant YOUNG PROJECT rushes behind her into the apartment*)—there! mercy! a man rush into Emily's apartment! but I'll follow! catch—

Adm. Project. (Taking her hand and detaining her.) Oh Matilda! long parted, shall I again lose you? *(She tries to break from him)* No! thus and thus! thou sole, lovely, adorable! *(still holding her, and kneeling, between her and the door.)*

Enter OLD PROJECT hastily.

O. Project. Here I am, widow!

Adm. Project. (Kissing MRS. STRAIGHTLACE'S hand.) And here we are, bachelor!

Mrs. S. (Breaking from the ADMIRAL.) Mr. Project, 'tis all a conspiracy! he came to carry off Emily, and that you may be satisfied, see! *(pointing to the apartment)* why now I look again! 'tis your son! only *(smiling satisfactorily)* your amiable son!

O. Project. Certainly, only my amiable son!

Mrs. S. Then I defy you, sir! *(To the ADMIRAL)* he may carry her off! for he's no legal title! he's not a man of fashion.

O. Project. Why that's true, *(brightening up)* and though he may try, he can't, in the time, get a fashionable name; so he may carry her off.

Adm. Project. (Running to the door.) You hear!

Enter YOUNG PROJECT and EMILY.

Emily. We do!—and thank'ye, aunt!

Y. Project. And thank you, first cousin!

(*speaking affectedly, spying and strutting as in former scene.*)

Mrs. S. (*Looking at YOUNG PROJECT with alarm and astonishment.*) This! heavens! this the same—correct—I retract—I—(*going to take hold of EMILY.*)

Adm. Project. (*Coming between her and EMILY.*) But, Emily, don't retract, and observe—first he goes to operas, clubs, and the Derby—next, he buys a hunter, and is in at the death; then he gives a party, that's to cost him and partners hundreds, and now he elopes, and not in the old hacknied style, by stratagem, bribery and disguise, but openly! before your faces! and mind, you're both witness to his fashionable achievements, and if you like sport, follow, and we'll shew you plenty.

Y. Project. Plenty.

[*Exeunt EMILY, ADMIRAL PROJECT and YOUNG PROJECT.*]

Mrs. S. He is! by his whole style of ease and impudence, I know he's fashionable—stop him, Mr. Project!

O. Project. I will. Nicholas!

Mrs. S. Away—(*OLD PROJECT exit*) and unknown to all, I'll seek Mr. Pouncely. Oh! this is forestalling my poem—Chaos is come again!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*A Road leading into the Town;
POUNCELY'S House-door, and Windows.*

Enter in great haste, ADMIRAL PROJECT, YOUNG PROJECT, and EMILY.

Adm. Project. (Puffing, and fanning himself with his hat.) A smart brush! but Nicholas and the old gentleman are completely at fault. *(Hits YOUNG PROJECT on the shoulder.)* Don't tremble and look sheepish: 'tis a flaw in your title—Pheugh!

Y. Project. If I do tremble, 'tis for' poor Emily. See!

[EMILY shows symptoms of being exhausted.]

Emily. I shall be better soon. *(More overcome)*

Adm. Project. Why!—what!—you're not going to faint? Don't, my dear girl! *(patting her hand)* don't, for my sake.

Emily. The alarm! fatigue! But on, lead on!

Adm. Project. Aye, on to the little parson; on to honest Supple.

Emily. I will. So! *(Tries to proceed, but cannot, and reclines on YOUNG PROJECT'S shoulder.)*

Y. Project. There! What's to be done now?

Adm. Project. (Half crying.) I could faint myself! She'll be overtaken! caught! No cover! *(Seeing the house, and going to knock, the door immediately opens, and enter JEREMY.)*

Y. Project. Jeremy!

Jeremy. Mr. Project !

Y. Project. How fortunate ! for, in my partner's absence, you'll oblige me, friend Jeremy, by giving us house-room, just to revive the young lady.

Jeremy. By all means ! pray walk in.

Adm. Project. Thank'ye, friend Jeremy ! And, to oblige me, Emily, (*taking her hand*) be soon ready for another start : she will ! and meantime I'll go prepare the little parson and return. (*YOUNG PROJECT leads in EMILY, followed by JEREMY.*) I'll not be long ; and my groom, who I sent express on my best hunter for the licence, he'll not be long. No, sweet girl ! before twelve to-night, we'll toast, " Success to love's true lord of the manor, Hymen, and confusion to all old poachers and interlopers."

[*Exit.*

Enter POUNCELY, conducting in MRS. STRAIGHT-LACE, who is muffled up in a calash and long cloak.

Mrs. S. (*Turning away her head.*) Spare me, Mr. Pouncely ; so long since I've ventur'd from the Hermitage ! and, haply, to be seen by him " who doats, yet doubts."

Pouncely. And spare me ! or rather, don't spare me ! Tell me more of Emily's elopement, of my partner's giving balls. Curse those dilatory quarter-sessions !—Which way did they go ? who pursued them ?

Mrs. S. Only Mr. Project and Nicholas.

Pouncely. Snails! superannuated snails! But I—I'll rouse the *posse comitatis*! call up all my servants! stir up every thing above and underground, before they shall nonsuit Paul Pouncely! (*knocks at the door*) Within there! Jeremy! Jonathan! (*Enter JEREMY.*) Now follow me in search of the fugitives, in search of Young Project and—

Jeremy. Young Mr. Project! why he's here, sir!

Pouncely. What! in my house?

Jeremy. And with him a young lady, so overcome with fatigue!

Mrs. S. 'Tis Emily! Oh, my dear Mr. Pouncely!

Pouncely. And oh, my dear Mrs. Straight-lace! (*half embracing.*) I wouldn't have lost her for five thousand pounds! call the plaintiff!—till the clock strikes twelve, we've only to lock them both in.

Mrs. S. No—they can't escape now!—poor heiress!

Pouncely. Poor man of fashion! come (*strutting and offering his hand.*)

Mrs. S. I would—but alone, in an unmarried man's house! and of whom Mr. Project was once jealous!

Pouncely. Psha! and, at the worst, if you should lose your intended, haven't you a rare corps-de-reserve? (*Here ADMIRAL PROJECT re-enters behind and stops.*) In fifty thousand pounds

won't old Admiral Project see fifty thousand charms? Mum!—half-pay—mum!

[*Exit into the house with MRS. STRAIGHTLACE.*

Adm. Project. (*Coming forward.*) Old Admiral, and half-pay! Why what familiar, full-pay scoundrel's this? And that muffled up female! Surely 'tis not the widow!—If it be!—if the mild Matilda has stolen from her den! (*Knocks at the door.*) They're a long time coming! (*Instantly repeating knocks.*) I don't dislike a little hot water—but too much of a good thing!—However, I'll be calm, cool. (*Knocks again violently.*) Zounds! am I to be kept here all night?

Pouncely. (*Opening the window over the door.*) Who's there?

Adm. Project. Don't you see?—I, Admiral Project.

Pouncely. It is—Is it?—beware!—good night.

Adm. Project. Beware! of what?

Pouncely. Not of steel traps and spring guns, for I'm one who don't need them! [*stretches his head forward, and speaks loudly.*] I'm a lawyer!—beware!—good night! (*hastily shutting down the window and exit.*)

Adm. Project. So, this is an antagonist! a lawyer! well, having all possible awe for his profession, I'll—I'll—plague on't—what! what shall I do now? (*in a desponding crying tone.*)

[*During the latter part of this speech,*

YOUNG PROJECT *has been seen descending from the window ; here he lights on the stage, and spinning round, comes suddenly against ADMIRAL PROJECT, who don't at first know him.*

——Tom! my dear boy, where do you come from ?

Y. Project. The clouds ! and I'm there still ! I recollect nothing.

Adm. Project. What ! not of Emily ?

Y. Project. Oh, yes ! I can't forget her !—watch'd, guarded by her old gaoler ; poor girl ! I've seen the last of her—unless—but 'tis hopeless ?

Adm. Project. What !

Y. Project. Why, before “Pouncely and Co.” could hustle me into one room, and force Emily into another, I told her we would attempt something : what that something is to be, Heav'n knows ! but I'd just time to prepare her for the signal.

Adm. Project. And what was the signal ?

Y. Project. Rattling of pebbles against her window.

Adm. Project. Rattling against her window ! and where is her window ?

Y. Project. There, (*pointing off*) tow'rd the garden !—but it won't do—and if it wer'n't for the loss of her, I shoud'n't mind ! for, Lord ! Lord ! (*puffing himself*) what a fag it is to be fashionable !

Adm. Project. But I say it will, and it shall do ! (*taking out his watch.*) We've an hour left, a whole hour ! this isn't my first match against Time !—and with Emily for the stake, sha'n't I again beat him hollow ?—come on !—a race is nothing, unless 'tis neck to neck !—I'm still the favourite ! Seven to four, the blue against the black.—“The Admiral against John Doe and Mistress Roe !” [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Pouncely's House ; large window Curtains drawn ; Table with lighted Candles on it ; Chairs ; Window opens to a French Balcony.*

Enter POUNCELY, MRS. STRAIGHTPLACE, and EMILY.

Mrs. S. (Embarrassed) Nay, Mr. Pouncely, you of the modern school have no idea of primitive punctilio !

Pouncely. I tell you, old Project and old Nicholas are far off ; both of them knock'd up or asleep, or—so, as we can't part, as none of us can stir out of this room till the clock strikes twelve, suppose to while away the dark December hour, Emily sings a song ? come, and then I'll tell a story. (*Draws a chair for himself and another for Mrs. S. They both sit.*) Come, begin.

Mrs. S. (To Emily, who shows reluctance.)
Aye, instantly ! or—

SONG.—*Emily.*

Of lovers parted,
Torn, broken-hearted,
The sad disastrous fate, oh ! pity and deplore ye !
Fair Ella met a knight,
Who lov'd her at first sight ;
But soon as he had pleas'd her,
Two evil spirits seiz'd her !
Methinks I see them now in dread array before me !
I see ! I see !
Two evil spirits now in dread array before me !

Weeping, complaining,
No hope remaining,
The knight at length exclaim'd : “ As sure as I adore thee,
I'll combat 'gainst their pow'r,
And ere the midnight hour,
The spirit, black Legalkin,
And the red witch, Grimalkin !
Methinks I see them now in dread array before me !
Yes, yes, I see
Black spirit, and red witch, in dread array before me !

Mrs. S. Speak ! who do you mean by the red witch ?

Pouncely. And who by the black ? But, no ! the song can't be personal, because her cavalier wants somebody to attempt his rescue ; isn't he there (*Pointing off*) closely guarded by honest Jeremy ? So now for my story : “ A silly country attorney,” mine's not personal, you see, “ kept a

clerk, who us'd to say, at last, master, you'll be caught in your own trap."

Jeremy. (Without.) Mr. Pouncely! Mr. Pouncely!

Pouncely. (Rising.) Why, zounds! there's my clerk! What's the matter? surely no accident? I'm coming.

Jeremy. (Without.) Mr. Pouncely, I say—

Pouncely. Coming, and instantly! for deuce is in't if it isn't worth while to watch closely now! now, when at the rate of (*looking at his watch*) exactly two thousand pounds a minute!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. S. (Rising.) Right, Mr. Pouncely.

Emily. Oh reflect, Aunt. Have I done any thing to mar your marriage?

Mrs. S. Every thing; for but for you, would the jealous Mr. Project have found me with the Admiral? But for you, should I have left my Hermitage, and risk'd its being even whisper'd I had been seen entering a bachelor's doors at midnight?

Emily. True, my dear Aunt; but did I wish you to enter his doors?

Mrs. S. No, my dear niece; but having long guarded you in one house, could I resist seeing you safe in another? And you are safe; and my susceptible suitor far off; I may at length exclaim with a brother poet,

"Whilst your star sinks, mine mounts above the skies."

O. Project. (Without.) Holloa! Where are ye all?

Mrs. S. There ! support ! assist ! (*Almost fainting in Emily's arms.*) No ! whilst I've power (*instantly rallying*) first let me secure you ! in, enter this closet.

Emily. (*Half aside.*) Any where ! for since no signal at the window's made—

Mrs. S. In, I say ! (*Emily enters and Mrs. S. bolts the door.*) And now, is there no skreen ! no, this curtain ! Oh character ! character ! how hard it is to support thee. (*Goes behind the curtain.*)

Enter OLD PROJECT.

O. Project. Mad ! they're all mad in this house ! for when almost dropping with fatigue, I knock'd at the street door, Pouncely and his servants opened it—rush'd out—lock'd me in—and gave no other explanation, than that they were in full pursuit of my runaway son ! as if I hadn't been in pursuit of him. (*Draws a chair and sits in it.*) And so worn, jaded, and tired out in the service, that, aw, aw ! (*yawning*) positively I can scarcely open this eye, no, nor wag this foot ; and so, as they're not so knock'd up or so sleepy ! I'll get Tom and Emily out of my head, aw, aw ! and dream only of Matilda—dear, constant Matilda ! (*Falls asleep.*)

Mrs. S. (*Peeping from behind the curtain.*) Is he asleep ? He's fast now ! so, I'm off, unseen, un—(*As she is cautiously coming from behind the curtain, a rattling of stones is heard against the*

window behind her; O. PROJECT partly awakening and raising his head, MRS. STRAIGHTLACE, notwithstanding her fright, is obliged to retreat behind the curtain again, but suddenly stops.) Mercy! a man's hand!

Adm. Project. (Coming instantly forward from behind the curtain, and not seeing MRS. STRAIGHTLACE, who stands trembling against the back scene.) Emily! Emily! (In a low tone.)

Emily. (Within the closet.) Here! here!

Adm. Project. Thanks! (Opening closet door, and leading out EMILY.) Away, run to the balcony! your lover is waiting with a ladder—Parson Supple's license and witnesses are all ready at the church porch! fly! there's yet time! (EMILY kisses his hand all gratitude.) Now, who'll spoil our sport now? (As EMILY is rushing behind the curtain, MR. STRAIGHTLACE advances and seizes her.)

Mrs. S. I! help! help me to detain her!

Adm. Project. 'Tisn't you she'd detain, Emily. (Releases EMILY, and takes hold of MRS. STRAIGHTLACE's hand,) 'tis me! her dear charming!—

Mrs. S. Help! help! (During this EMILY escapes behind the curtain, and MRS. STRAIGHTLACE seeing her, and struggling in vain to get free from ADMIRAL PROJECT, faints, and is caught by ADMIRAL PROJECT in his arms—at the same instant OLD PROJECT, awakened by the noise, starts up, and stands aghast—POUNCELY at the same time re enters.)

O. Project. (Pointing to MRS. STRAIGHTLACE

in ADMIRAL PROJECT'S arms.) There they are again!

Mrs. S. (*Immediately breaking from the ADMIRAL*) Barbarian! brute! but Emily! (*Almost breathless*) there! that window!

Pouncely. Escap'd! I'll follow! seize—

Adm. Project. (*Standing between him and the window.*) Beware! and for your services—mum, —not even half-pay; mum!

Pouncely. Gone! how? when?

Mrs. S. Now! this moment!

Pouncely. What!—only this moment!—and this dark night, still to find lover, parson? Let her go—'tis too late—for know, the church clock is on the point of striking twelve.

Adm. Project. 'Tis not!

Pouncely. It is! (*Church clock strikes one*). Hark! There's music!

Admiral Project. (*All anxiety, listens and counts.*) Not—not twelve! (*Church clock continues striking, but at intervals of some length.*)

Pouncely. (*Speaking rapidly.*) Twelve—the 5th of October past—and this the 6th, being a day that brings with it joy, riches. Many happy returns to you, widow! (*she all exultation*) To you, partner! (*Old Project all exultation*) and to you, Admiral!

Adm. Project. (*Still counting the clock.*) Ten, eleven! is there no hope? (*runs up the stage.*) Tom! Emily! (*Clock having struck for the last time.*) Twelve! Confusion! I'll struggle to the

last ! I'll rush—tear—(*violently throwing aside the window curtains*).

[*Enter instantly, and triumphantly, from the Balcony, EMILY, YOUNG PROJECT, LORD TANTIVY, SIR TIM TWADDLE, ADMIRAL PROJECT'S GROOM, and another Servant, all with their hats on, and large white favours in them—bells ringing a merry wedding peal.*]

Y. Project. The match is ours—won to a minute ; and if you want more evidence, peep through the iron rails, and ask the little parson for the certificate. Bless the 5th of October, say I.

Adm. Project. Many happy returns. (*Bowing to Mrs. STRAIGHTLACE and POUNCELY*).

Y. Project. (*Also bowing round them, and leading up EMILY.*) Mrs. Project, wife to the fashionable Mr. Project.

Adm. Project. (*To O. PROJECT.*) And fashion, meaning fifty thousand pounds, what say you, brother ?

O. Project. Why, that it alters the case ! Tom, your hand.

Mrs. S. Mr. Project !

Adm. Project. Nay, 'tis all settled ; and I trust, that we who do our duty in time of war, may, in time of peace, hunt out such amusement as will promote the public stock of harmless pleasure.

THE END.

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NOW PERFORMING AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,

Drury-Lane.

BY THE LATE

JOHN TOBIN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HONEY MOON, CURFEW, &c.

London:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY,

ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1816.

THE FARTO TABLE;

OR

THE GUARDIAN.

A COMBINATION

OF THE FARTO TABLE AND THE GUARDIAN.

AND THE

THE FARTO TABLE

AND THE

THE FARTO TABLE

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY E. PEACOCK, ESQ.

BEYOND the hopes and fears of earlier days,
The frowns of censure, and the smiles of praise,
Is he, the Bard, on whose untimely tomb,
Your favour bade the Thespian laurel bloom.
Though late the meed that crown'd his minstrel strain,
It has not died, and was not given in vain.
If now our hopes one more memorial rear,
To blend with those that live un withering here.
If on that tomb, where genius sleeps in night,
One flower expands to bloom in lingering light,
Flower of a stem which no returning spring,
Shall clothe anew with buds and blossoming.
Oh! yet again the votive wreath allow
To grace his name, which cannot bind his brow ;
And while our tale the scenic maze pursues,
Still prove kind GUARDIANS to his orphan muse.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED

THE MOST IMPORTANT

EVENTS OF HIS REIGN

FROM THE BEGINNING OF HIS REIGN

UNTIL HIS DEATH

BY JOHN HALL

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

ESQ. OF THE INNER TEMPLE

AND OF THE BAR

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater

at the Sign of the Gun

in St. Dunstons Church-yard

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BARTON, <i>Sometimes disguised as Levi</i>	- - - -	MR. DOWTON.
LORD FILLIGREE	- - - - -	MR. S. PENLEY.
SEDGEMORE	- - - - -	MR. WALLACK.
WAVERLY	- - - - -	MR. RAE.
HINT	- - - - -	MR. HARLEY.
SAPLING	- - - - -	MR. OXBERRY.
NAB, <i>A Bailiff,</i>	- - - - -	MR. MINTON.
ROBERT, <i>Servant to Lady Nightshade</i>	- - - -	MR. COVENEY.
<i>Servant to Waverley</i>	- - - - -	MR. EBSWORTH.
<i>Servant to Lady Wellgrove</i>	- - - - -	MR. APPLEBY.
LADY NIGHTSHADE	- - - - -	MRS. HARLOWE.
LADY WELLGROVE	- - - - -	MRS. DAVISON.
MISS SEDGEMORE	- - - - -	MRS. HORN.
BETTY	- - - - -	MRS. SCOTT.

Servants &c.

SCENE.—London.

The Faro Table;

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

WAVERLY'S CHAMBER.

WAVERLY *discovered reading.*

Wav. LAY you here. (*Lays down the book.*) What enviable sculls must they have, who read law by way of recreation!—For my part, whether the fault lies in my blood or my brains, I can't determine, but I am sure there's too near a connexion between them, for me ever to make my head a lumber-room for the Statutes at Large—No, I shall never be Lord Chancellor, that's clear. (*Knocking.*)

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Barton, Sir.

Enter BARTON.

Wav. (Aside.) Now for a common-place lecture upon dissipation and extravagance.—These old fellows, when they forget the relish of pleasure themselves, endeavour to make it nauseous to every body else.—Hah! my dear uncle! I'm heartily glad to see you in town.

Bart. That may be, Sir, tho' I don't believe a word of it; but I'm not heartily glad to see you, Sir; and I don't know, Sir, that I shall ever be heartily glad to see you again, Sir;—I have heard of your tricks, Sir!

Wav. Very likely, Sir ; I know I've a great many kind friends.

Bart. An't you a *sad* young dog, Sir?—Answer me that!—An't you a *sad* young dog, Sir?

Wav. Sad, Sir!—I never was in better spirits in the whole course of my life.

Bart. Instead of keeping your commons, attending the courts, and reading Blackstone, you must dangle after petticoats—play at faro with people of quality—and keep your bit of blood for the Ascot and Epsom Races!—What d'ye think, Sir, all this will come to?

Wav. More than I shall be able to pay, uncle, I'm afraid.

Bart. Prodigal!—Spendthrift!—Rake!—Beggar!—You I mean, Sir!

Wav. I beg pardon, Sir; I thought you were talking to yourself.

Bart. Hav'n't I done every thing in my power to make a man of you?—Didn't I fix you as clerk with one of the first merchants of the first city in the universe?

Wav. Yes, Sir, you did *fix* me there with a vengeance, where I enlarged my ideas of men and manners, by making the grand tour of the sugar-market; and improved my health and complexion, by squatting ten hours a day upon a little high stool, to acquire the accomplishments of filling up bills of lading, and copying invoices.

Bart. Well, Sir, wasn't I silly enough to take you from the counting-house and settle you in the law?

Wav. Yes, Sir, as you couldn't make me a rum puncheon or a sugar hogshead, you kindly consented to transform me into a wig-block!

Bart. A wig-block, Sir? S'death! what d'ye mean?—Hav'n't I entered you here of the Temple?

Wav. Yes, Sir; where having been properly broke, trained, nicked, cropt, and blooded, I might

start for the plate in Westminster Hall: and, after being distanced the first heat, might sit quietly down in the third row of pale-faced special pleaders, like a succession plant in a green-house, waiting till the old ones drop off.

Bart. Why what do you mean, Sir?—Plant in a green-house!—Hav'n't I taken you handsome chambers?—bought you a noble library of——(*Looks at the book-case.*) Hey!—what the devil's become of all your books?

Wav. Gone, Sir!

Bart. Gone?

Wav. Yes, Sir; as I always pay the greatest deference to your opinion, you see I have taken the earliest opportunity of following your advice.

Bart. Following my advice, Sir?

Wav. Yes, Sir, you recommended me to enlarge my library.

Bart. Well, Sir?

Wav. So, I immediately opened a treaty with a celebrated auctioneer, and in three days they were all at liberty.

Bart. And this you call enlarging your library?

Wav. Yes, Sir; indeed they looked so melancholy in their state of confinement, that the very sight of them gave me the blue devils;—and as you know I mean to give up the business, I thought it advisable to take the earliest opportunity of parting with my stock in trade.

Bart. Yes, Sir; but I see you havn't parted with your stock of impudence.

Wav. No, Sir, that's generally the last thing a man parts with in our profession:—but, seriously, my dear sir, how could you think of confining a steed of my blood and spirit within the dull inclosures of the law?

Bart. Better, sir, than running wild like a colt about a common; and, sirrah, your coat will be soon almost as ragged.

Wav. Not if you'll do me a favour, nuncle.

Bart. What is that, prodigal?

Wav. Lend me five hundred pounds.

Bart. Never, sir:—what, make me a partner in your extravagance?

Wav. Quite the reverse, my dear sir. You know I must have the money; and if I apply to my old friend Levi, fifty per cent. will be the very lowest: now, if you were to advance it me, I know you wouldn't charge me more than five at farthest. Nay, I shouldn't be at all surprised, if you were to lend it me for a year or two without any interest at all.

Bart. And what security do you propose?

Wav. Pooh! you're too much of a gentleman to talk of security;—isn't my honour a very sufficient security?

Bart. Your honour!—Yes, yes, to be sure, when you an't worth a sixpence, your honour will make a very pretty dividend among your creditors. Pray, does your old friend Levi lend you money upon your honour?

Wav. Upon my honour he does not.

Bart. And when you made over the reversion of your fortune to him, did he advance the price of it upon your honour?

Wav. No; but I shall fling him there.

Bart. What, evade the contract?

Wav. Yes, by shooting myself the day before I come of age, and have the satisfaction in my dying moments to think I have cheated a Jew.

Bart. A very pretty Christian consolation, upon my soul!—However, Sir, I see you are not to be reclaimed, and my time is too precious to be thrown away upon incorrigible folly.

Wav. 'Gad that's fortunate, my dear uncle; for I have an engagement upon my hands, which I would not break——

Bart. For any thing I suppose, but a horse-race or a party at Faro?

Wav. Only walk with me to the end of the next street, and you shall be convinced I have a better scheme in my head than either a horse-race or a party at Faro.

Bart. Shew me a scheme worthy the pursuit of a man of sense, and—

Wav. You'll lend me the five hundred—hey! uncle? (Exit.)

Bart. What a mixture of folly, levity, and kind-heartedness. Never steady to any one point; always planning structures, and building castles in the air. What his present scheme can be, heaven knows. Still I doubt not but I shall reclaim him. But now to pay a visit to Lady Nightshade—and then for my profligate ward, Sedgemore—his detestable disease of gaming, I am almost afraid, is incurable; but my friendship for his deceased father, and my duty as his guardian, compel me to use any means in my power to retrieve his honour and preserve his estate. I have just received a letter from him, in my assumed character of Moses Levi, the Jew, wherein he informs me he is in present want of two thousand pounds, and must have it within two days.—(Reads.)—"Let me have the money.—I care not on what terms.—Money I want, and money I will have. "C. Sedgemore."—Yes, my precious ward, I will, as Moses Levi, again visit you. Advance you this money—get you in my power—punish your folly, preserve your fortune, or abandon you to folly and disgrace. (Exit.)

SCENE II.—LADY WELLGROVE'S.

Enter LADY WELLGROVE, followed by SAPLING.

Sap. Why cousin! cousin Letty, I say, why what makes you run away from a body so?

Lady Well. Can't you see I don't like your company?

Sap. What do you speak so cross to a body for?—I'm sure I'm always very civil to you, and would do any thing to oblige you; but you're always so queer and so grumptions.

Lady Well. Why, you know I've been obliged to give you up; for, in spite of all my endeavours to make you a human creature, you don't make the least progress towards civilization.

Sap. Why, you don't give me any encouragement.

Lady Well. Not give you any encouragement?—Didn't I carry you with me on Saturday night to the Opera?—and didn't you begin snoring in the middle of Cherubini's famous Bravura?

Sap. I'd a nice nap, that's the truth on't: but you know I woke time enough to encore it; and ecod, I don't see but that's as much as many of your dilli—what-d'ye-call-em?

Lady Well. Dillitanti?

Sap. Aye, Dillitanti do.

Lady Well. What, I suppose you would rather have heard the roaring of a dozen fox-hunters in your father's great hall?

Sap. No, no, I don't say that: but dash me if I wouldn't rather hear our Doll in the country call the bees together with a poker and warming pan.

Lady Well. Didn't I take you with me to see the new Comedy?—and didn't you set up such a hideous roar of laughter, that my Lady Sarcasm asked me if I had brought you from Exeter 'Change?

Sap. Well, I went to laugh, didn't I?—and what do I care for my Lady Sarcasm, and the rest of your prim, plaistered, antiquated tabbies?—Ecod they don't mind to laugh, for fear of cracking their complexions.—Hang me, if I think there's one of them would stand a good game of romps; I should like hugely to try a few of them at Hunt the Slipper, or Hot Cockles, or Blindman's Buff.

Lady Well. Oh you miracle of elegance!—Women of quality play at Hot Cockles or Blindman's Buff!

Sap. Why not?—where's the use of a woman, if she's never to move?—I'm sure the other night, at Mrs. Kickshaw's, we sat for half an hour as if all the life of the company had got into the plates and dishes; and after all, there wasn't supper enough for a couple of camelions. Lord! lord! how I did long for a good large dish of gooseberry fool!

Lady Well. Gooseberry fool!—Oh you monster!

Sap. Yes, gooseberry fool!—What makes you snub a body so?—we shouldn't cross one another before we're married; we shall have time enough for that afterwards.

Lady Well. Married!—who ever dreamt of such a thing?

Sap. Why, if you come to that, I dare say you have a hundred times.

Lady Well. Not of marrying you tho'.

Sap. Why father said you would marry me. You know he sent me to town on purpose.

Lady Well. Indeed!

Sap. Why you know he did.

Lady Well. Why, then, take my advice:—go home to father, and tell him, I have sent you back as untamable. Go, retire to your native woods; and if you are determined to marry, marry a lioness or a she elephant. Why, how could your father think it possible, that I should ever marry a creature that's more awkward than a bear, before he has learnt to dance, and as mischievous as a monkey, without being half as entertaining? There! go along! Mamma's darling, and father's own son. *(Exit.)*

Sap. (solus.) My mamma's darling and my father's own son!—what does she mean by that?—I suppose that I'm a fool as well as father. Well—all this must be vastly polite, because she's a woman of high breeding. In the country, perhaps, we should call it rude; but in London!—Well, let her go—*(snapping his fingers)* that for her—I'm going to dine with some jolly

boys, at one of the great coffee-houses, and if I don't drink *confusion to her* in a bottle of Burgundy, may I be poisoned with the first glass.—Marry her!—A fig for her! (Exit.)

SCENE III.

LADY NIGHTSHADE'S.

Enter WAVERLY and BETTY.

Betty. Hush!—Hush, Mr. Waverly, for heaven's sake tread more softly.

Wav. Where's Julia?

Betty. In her chamber, poor young lady, little dreaming of the plot they are hatching.

Wav. Who?—what plot?—

Betty. Worse than Gunpowder Treason—it will make your very *hair stand on end*.

Wav. Does it concern Miss Sedgemore?

Betty. You shall hear:—You must know I have long suspected my Lady and Lord Filligree; I thought their midnight confabulations would end in something; so knowing they were alone together just now in the drawing-room, I stole gently up the back stairs, into the next chamber, and look'd thro' the key-hole:—Great discoveries, you know, have been made by looking thro' a key-hole.

Wav. Well, what did you see?

Betty. Nothing, Sir, but I heard a great deal.

Wav. Well, what was it about?

Betty. Why I won't pretend to repeat exactly the words, but they talked a great deal about a Faro table, and five thousand pounds, and then your name was mentioned, and my sweet young lady's, and something about a foolish attachment, and that it must never be, and rustic bashfulness, and overcoming her scruples, and then I heard his lordship say something about a private lodging.

Wav. Ay, are you sure of that?

Betty. Very sure, Sir, I couldn't distinctly hear where, but I know it was in one of the streets leading out of one of the squares.

Wav. So, so, well, what followed?

Betty. That was all I heard, for as I was turning my head round to put my other ear to the key-hole, I fell a-sneezing: so I was obliged to put my handkerchief into my mouth, and steal softly down stairs.

Wav. Are they still alone together?

Betty. No doubt they are, Sir, contriving the ruin of the poor innocent.—I declare the very thought of it almost turns me topsy turvy.

Wav. You must immediately convey me into the room where you heard this conversation.

Betty. Why to be sure I could, but if I was to be found out and lose my place.

Wav. Well, well, if you should, I'll get you another.

Betty. Perhaps, Sir, when you marry my lady, you may take me into your service?

Wav. Ay, ay, any thing.

Betty. This way then, Sir, softly, this way, Sir.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

ANOTHER ROOM IN LADY NIGHTSHADE'S HOUSE.

Her Ladyship and Lord FILLIGREE at a table.

L. Fil. Positively your ladyship is right—I'm afraid I shall never be able to prevail upon the dear girl.

Lady Night. Never depend upon it. This Waverly has quite turned her brain:—and tho' I have forbid him my house, I have lately discovered them carrying on a clandestine correspondence.

L. Fil. Yes, she certainly encourages his addresses, and repels mine; tho' positively, her indif-

ference to me is totally unaccountable:—her education, indeed, has been very confined, and she has never been used to the addresses of persons of a certain rank.

Lady Night. And then you know, my lord, by living out of the great world, she has imbibed such antediluvian notions of honor and disinterested love, and mutual attachment. I wonder, for my part where she has picked up such a parcel of low trumpery stuff.

L. Fil. To do your ladyship justice, she has learnt none of it from you.

Lady Night. No, thank heaven!—I have nothing of that kind to answer for:—but as your lordship cannot take the town by a regular siege, what do you think of attempting it by a coup-de-main?

L. Fil. Your ladyship talks like a true campaigner, but before we take possession of the citadel, suppose we settle the division of the spoils?—Miss Sedgemore's fortune, I understand from your ladyship, is forty thousand pounds.

Lady Night. Within a few hundreds.

L. Fil. Out of which, if I marry the lady, you are to receive five thousand pounds, as a recompence for your good offices.

Lady Night. Nothing less will set up my table for the winter, in which you know your lordship is to have a share—but against my ward's inclination, I insist, no violence.—

L. Fil. Violence!—Look at me!—Do yton hink I would offer violence to a young lady?

Lady Night. No—that I'm sure your Lordship is incapable of.—Hark!—I hear her coming,—Now, make the most of your time, my lord, to prefer your suit, and, remember, a woman can refuse a man nothing when her reputation is in his power.

Enter Miss SEDGEMORE.

Lady Night. Good morning, Julia, you look quite

bewitching to-day. No doubt you heard his Lordship was here, and determined to confirm your conquest.

L. Fil. And eternally rivet a heart already devoted to your beauty.

Miss S. I can assure your Lordship, whatever the effect has been, I had no such intention.

Lady Night. Come, Julia, this is affectation. You cannot be ignorant of his Lordship's attachment, tho' you seem determined not to reward it:—however, I shall leave him to be his own advocate, and only hint, that when a man of his rank, condescends to address a person of yours, she must want both sense and spirit to reject his proposals. *(Exit.)*

L. Fil. My dear Miss Sedgemore, what your aunt says is very true; and positively I cannot help expressing my amazement, that a person of your penetration cannot distinguish betwixt the honor of such an alliance as mine, and the paltry offers of plebeian insignificance. Positively you won't every day meet with such proposals.

Miss S. I hope not, my lord; for then I should be exposed to the daily mortification of rejecting them: but as I find my presence will only subject me to the renewal of offers, which I have already thought it my duty to refuse, I hope your Lordship will pardon my withdrawing.

L. Fil. Not so fast, my pretty little icicle, not so fast, if you please.

Miss S. What means your Lordship?

L. Fil. Mean, my charmer?—why, I mean to—to—deuce take me, if I know precisely what I mean to do;—but I certainly don't mean to let you escape, without knowing if those lips are as cold as the chilling words they breathe.

Miss S. If your Lordship attempts rudeness, I shall alarm the family.

L. Fil. Don't be afraid of that, there's nobody within hearing.

Miss S. What, then, am I betray'd?

L. Fil. Only to your happiness. *(Seizes her.)* In

vain those frowning eyes reprove my love; for thus I dare their malice and court their persecution.

Miss S. Help!—Ruin!—Help!—Unhand me!

(*Whilst they struggle, WAVERLY comes forward.*)

Wav. Ha! a cry for help!

L. Fil. Ha!—Waverly, what, are you there?—I thought, young man, you were amusing yourself with Coke upon Lyttleton.

Wav. I thank your Lordship for having assigned me a nobler task, that of rescuing virtue, beauty, and innocence from the artifices of a villain.

L. Fil. Very heroic, upon my soul; but do you recollect, Sir, who I am?

Wav. How should I, when you have forgot yourself—the best mode of reminding me of your rank is by the superiority of your conduct.

L. Fil. Let me advise you, young man, to give up the law.—You've too much morality by half; and are, indeed, as totally ignorant of the laws of gallantry.

Wav. As your Lordship is of those of honor—but if your lordship continues any longer to shock this lady by your presence, whom you have already so grossly insulted by your villainy; your Lordship will need a stronger protector than either your birth or fortune.

L. Fil. You are a most impudent fellow, positively; but take care what you are about: for if you utter the smallest monosyllable that can be construed into a challenge; by all the privileges of a peer, I'll bring you upon your knees before the upper house. I will, by all the dignity of parliament. (*Exit.*)

Wav. My dearest Julia!—

Miss S. Oh, Charles! didn't I forbid this interview—yet how can I chide a disobedience, which has thus preserved me from insult?

Wav. From insult indeed! I have a story to tell you; but this is no time. You must immediately fly this detested house.

Miss S. Whither can I fly?—What is it agitates you thus?

Wav. No matter where: fly this instant, I conjure you. Your friend Lady Wellgrove will receive you. I know the sincerity of her friendship.

Miss S. What can I do?

Wav. This is no time to hesitate—trust yourself, my sweet Julia, to my protection, and I will convey you to her.

Miss S. There's my hand, then; to your protection I resign myself.

Wav. Come, then, my sweet girl, every moment is precious. *(Exeunt.)*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

LADY WELLGROVE'S HOUSE.

Lady WELLGROVE leading in Miss SEDGEMORE.

Lady Well. THIS way, my sweet girl, this room leads to my apartment, there you may remain without the least danger of discovery.

Miss S. My noble, generous friend.

Lady Well. To prevent the possibility of a surprise, take this key—it fastens the door on the inside, and will preclude all unwelcome visitors; and pray calm your agitated spirits.

Miss S. There was one thing I forgot to mention to Mr. Waverly, which was, to request that he would by no means at present inform my brother of the place of my retreat.

Lady Well. And why not?

Miss S. Oh Letitia, you know the impetuosity of his temper, and 'till every thing can be properly explained, I shall never be able to meet him.

Lady Well. But how shall we inform Waverly?

Miss S. There's the difficulty.

Lady Well. None in the least—I'll go to him myself.

Miss S. What, visit a young man in his chambers?

Lady Well. Why I hope you would not have me visit an old one.

Miss S. Yes, but in the broad day.

Lady Well. Why is not that better than doing it at night?—I'll go positively—that is, if you'll promise not to be jealous; you may depend upon my visit being a short one.—But first I must lock you up, to

prevent any more elopements. Come this way, I'm your guardian now, and mean to keep you in excellent order; there—(*Locks her in, and returns.*) Visit a young man at his chambers?—And why not?—Virtue feels no alarm at the step;—but what says reputation?—For in these sort of fiery ordeals, though virtue escapes burning, reputation often gets terribly scorched; for let friendship move ever so fast in the cause of humanity, scandal will overtake her.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

LADY NIGHTSHADE'S.

Enter BARTON and a Servant.

Bart. You will be so good as inform her ladyship my name is Barton.

Serv. Barton, Sir?

Bart. Yes, Sir, Barton. (*Exit Servant.*) So, so, so—every thing here wears the appearance of speedy ruin. Her ladyship, I hear, as the last resource to support her sinking credit, has opened a faro table—that is, keeps a decoy for the young wild fowl of fashion; and though she has too much pride to retrench one superfluous luxury, is not ashamed to be supported by voluntary contributions of the thoughtless and the unprincipled,—a striking example of the meanness of the proud, and the littleness of the great.

Enter Lady NIGHTSHADE.

Lady Night. Mr. Barton, your servant, I beg pardon for having kept you so long waiting.

Bart. No apologies, I intreat. You no doubt received my letter, apprizing you of my intentions to be in town this day?

Lady Night. Oh yes, I've been expecting you every hour.

Bart. You know our lovely ward has been the principal cause of my journey, as she will be of age on Wednesday. I am come up for the purpose of delivering her fortune into her own hands, and discharging both your ladyship and myself from the trust.—Her father, you know, left her twenty thousand pounds, which, during her minority, is increased almost to thirty thousand.

Lady Night. A prodigious sum to commit to the uncontrolled disposal of an inexperienced young girl.

Bart. Why it is a great sum to be sure; but I have the firmest dependance upon her prudence and discretion.

Lady Night. You will perhaps be inclined to alter your opinion—when I inform you, she this morning withdrew herself from my protection.

Bart. You astonish me!—In what manner?

Lady Night. Eloped with Mr. Waverly.

Bart. (*Aside.*) So, so, this was his scheme—but what reason could she have for such a proceeding?

Lady Night. That I am totally at a loss to guess.

Bart. There must be something more in this.
(*Aside.*)

Lady Night. I assure you the affair has given me very great uneasiness—I have been turning it over a great deal in my mind.

Bart. And what is the result of your ladyship's contemplations?

Lady Night. I can't help thinking it would be the height of imprudence to put her into the immediate possession of her whole fortune;—if she should fall into the hands of some ruin'd spendthrift, or designing fortune-hunter, I should never forgive myself.

Bart. Amiable solicitude! (*aside.*)

Lady Night. I know from experience the temptations to which a young woman is exposed in this dissolute age.

Bart. No doubt your ladyship does.

Lady Night. Yes, and the difficulty of resisting them.

Bart. That I believe you have sometimes found impossible. (*Aside.*)

Lady Night. Therefore I have been thinking, if you were to leave three or four thousand in my hands, by way of a dernier resort in case of the worst.

Bart. An excellent thought!

Lady Night. Do you approve of it?

Bart. Extremely—but why confine yourself to three or four thousand?—Don't you think ten thousand would be a neater sum?

Lady Night. Excellent! (*aside.*) Why if you really are of that opinion.

Bart. Oh, I think you may just as well take ten as one.

Lady Night. You shall have my bond for the payment.

Bart. Totally unnecessary; your ladyship's word is just as good: and I suppose if the faro season should prove profitable, your ladyship will be ready with the money.

Lady Night. The very first lucky run.

Bart. Now an't you a pretty devil?

Lady Night. Hey! what! amazement!

Bart. An't you a pretty devil? you old decoy duck!

Lady Night. This in my own house!

Bart. Shame! Shame! Shame!—There's not a drop of blood in your body, but should start into your face, to make some atonement for a proposal so scandalous.

Lady Night. Why, can I believe my ears?—But what else could I expect for having condescended to act in a trust with a pettifogging attorney?

Bart. Your ladyship's condescension was always great, but it is more particularly so on the present occasion—from its being so disinterested; but why should we differ in words, when we perfectly agree in sentiment; for I am quite of your ladyship's opinion, that Miss Sedgemore is in no small danger of having

her fortune preyed upon by some ruin'd spendthrift, or designing fortune-hunter—and I shall be particularly cautious that no part of it shall be punted away among black-leg lords, and bankrupt women of quality.

Enter Mr. SEDGEMORE.

Mr. S. What, Barton and my aunt in private confabulation?

Lady Night. Yes; we have been transacting a little business.—Any news of your sister?

Mr. S. None—I have been to Waverly's chambers; but he went out early this morning, and his servant can give no account of him.

Lady Night. Then, depend upon it, he's gone off with her.

Mr. S. I can't believe it.

Bart. Now I can—for he told me this morning he had a scheme in his head, tho' I couldn't get from him what it was.

Mr. S. Indeed!—That looks suspicious.

Lady Night. Oh, it puts it beyond a doubt.

Mr. S. However, I have three words to say to Barton, and then I'll renew my search.

Lady Night. As you have business, I'll leave you together.—Indeed this affair has so deranged my sensibility, that I'm not fit company for any body.
Heigho! (*Exit.*)

Bart. Tender-hearted creature!

Mr. S. Well Barton, have you seen the Jew?

Bart. He'll be here within these two hours.

Mr. S. And bring the money?

Bart. If he can procure it.

Mr. S. That's well. Have you given orders for the timber to be cut?

Bart. I have obeyed your instructions. But, my dear Sir, reflect a moment before you cut down these venerable memorials of your ancestors.

Mr. S. Why what the devil else did my ancestors plant them for, but to be cut down?

Bart. At least, Sir, spare some of the old oaks.

Mr. S. Oh yes, I'll spare them all—to any body that will give a good price for them. Look'e Barton, the money I must have—I'm bound in honor to pay it, and not a tree shall be left standing.

Bart. Not one, Sir?

Mr. S. Not a sapling.

Bart. Leave one standing, Sir.

Mr. S. Not a leaf.

Bart. Only one, Sir—one solitary remnant—that having wasted the patrimony of your ancestors, you may hang yourself upon it.

Mr. S. You grow impertinent, Sir—You presume on your friendship with my father, or perhaps from being a creditor on my estate.

Bart. Your father did indeed consider me as his friend; whilst living, he honor'd me with his confidence, and when he died, (excuse these foolish tears,) appointed me the guardian of his children: 'tis a great and important trust, young man, and I shall faithfully discharge it.—Therefore, by the memory of that revered name, who gave you being, I adjure you, sacrifice not your honour and your noble spirit to the miserable pursuit of gaming, which in the selfish feelings of avarice, destroys the social energies of friendship, and the warmest feelings of the heart.

Mr. S. Well, well—excuse my impatience, I did not mean to offend you. I must preserve the dignity of my rank, and the pride of my ancestors.

Bart. Rather part with the pride of your ancestors, that you may preserve their dignity; and consider how much more noble is the humility, which makes the honest heart feel proud—than the pride which must one day end in beggary. But I see the subject is displeasing to you, and will take my leave. Whatever may be your opinion of me, you will one day know me for your friend. (Exit.)

(*Alone.*)

Mr. S. My friend! Yes, my only friend. One who nobly dares to tell me of my faults, and shews me the precipice on which I totter. Why, what a pitiful vice is this! Where the certain consequence of miscarriage is ruin and despair—and even the exultation of success is built on the misery of our fellow creatures. To recede now is, I fear, impracticable, yet something must be done, and speedily, for it will be impossible any longer to silence the clamours of my creditors, with promises which cannot be fulfilled.

Enter Mr. HINT.

Hint. Beg ten thousand pardons, but was informed my Lady Nightshade was here.

Mr. S. No, Sir; her Ladyship has some time left the room.

Hint. Beg pardon, Sir; but perhaps, you may have heard of the elopement?

Mr. S. Very possibly, Sir.—Who is this impertinent puppy? (*Aside.*)

Hint. Beg pardon, Sir; but perhaps are acquainted with the particulars?

Mr. S. No, Sir; tho' very much interested in the event, I know very little of the particulars.

Hint. Interested in the event, and not know the particulars?—Amazing!—Now I, who don't care three farthings about the event, have a wonderful curiosity to know the particulars.

Mr. S. Such a curiosity is very wonderful indeed!

Hint. Perfectly natural tho'; just sat down to the public breakfast at my Lady Gusto's, when in rush'd my Lady Labyrinth and Mrs. Garnish, quite out of breath, like a couple of Treasury messengers. You are acquainted with my Lady Labyrinth no doubt?

Mr. S. Never heard of her, Sir. (*Impatiently.*)

Hint. Never heard of my Lady Labyrinth! One of the best sort of women in the world, only

very unfortunate in telling a story—dash'd into it notwithstanding, and indeed would have been tolerably correct, hadn't she been totally mistaken in time, place, and circumstance. However, Mrs. Garnish made amends—know Mrs. Garnish, I presume?

Mr. S. Never heard of her either, Sir.

Hint. The best story-teller in England—great in a duel—excellent in a divorce—but in an elopement superlative.—To be sure, she does embroider a little, but then her manner is perfectly inimitable.

Mr. S. Indeed, Sir.

Hint. Kept us in such a constant roar, that I began to tremble for the consequences. My lady Stucco was seized with such a convulsion of laughter, that she crack'd one of her cheeks in the explosion, and shewed part of her face for the first time these twenty years.

Mr. S. Then, Sir, I presume you are acquainted with the whole circumstances.

Hint. All of them mistaken tho'. One said it was the Italian music-master, a second the Irish footman, a third the Swiss valet; nay, Mrs. Neverout maintained to the last, it was Robin the gardener, and that the parties were seen together precisely at thirty-five minutes and a quarter past five this morning, riding double on one of the dock-tailed coach-horses thro' Kensington turnpike. All of them wrong—know nothing about it.

Mr. S. Then, Sir, most probably you do.

Hint. Wants to pump me. (*aside.*) Who, I? Oh no, Sir; not an iota—(*affectedly*) I know nothing—am not fit to be trusted. The ladies to be sure never place any confidence in me—I never know the motto of their garters, or the colour of their bed-furniture—No, Dam'me, I'm a dull dog—hav'n't the art of penetrating into mysteries, of diving into the bottom of things—Miss may be a perfect vestal, for any thing I know to the contrary.

Mr. S. Who dares say otherwise ? (*hastily.*)

Hint. Not I, Sir—I say no such thing—But if a young lady, forgetting the usual decorum of her sex, does choose to appear at the chamber-window of a young fellow—

Mr. S. Well, Sir ?

Hint. A handsome young fellow, a gay young fellow, a wild young fellow.

Mr. S. Has Miss Sedgemore done this, Sir ?

Hint. Who says she has, Sir ?—who mentioned Miss Sedgemore ?—Zounds, Sir, d'ye think I can't keep a secret ?

Mr. S. Oh, Sir, I haven't the least doubt upon that subject.

Hint. Certainly wants to pump me, but it won't do. (*Aside.*) I say, Sir, if a young lady, who has something like a reputation to lose, does choose to appear at the window of a young fellow, the most charitable construction upon her conduct—

Mr. S. Well, Sir ?

Hint. Will be, that it is not very correct. To be sure, Waverly is my friend.

Mr. S. Waverly, Sir ?

Hint. No, Sir, who mentioned Waverly ?—Not my practice upon these occasions to mention names—If he had run away with the whole of the Grand Signor's Seraglio, what's that to me ?—Let every man attend to his own business, that's my way.

Mr. S. Then Waverly is a villain ! (*aside.*)

Hint. Looks devilish blank upon it. (*aside.*)

Mr. S. Thoughtless, foolish girl !

Hint. Beg pardon, Sir, but know the lady perhaps ?

Mr. S. Intimately, Sir.

Hint. Beg pardon, Sir, but love her perhaps.

Mr. S. To distraction !

Hint. Beg pardon, Sir, but jilted perhaps ?—Take my advice and give her up.

Mr. S. Give up whom, Sir ? (*angrily.*)

Hint. Nobody, Sir. I don't advise you to do any such thing.

Mr. S. Heark'e, Sir, if you breathe the slightest imputation on the virtue of Miss Sedgemore, it will be at the hazard of your life. *(Exit.)*

HINT, *Solus.*

Hint. Ti, ti, ti, tum—Ti, ti, ti, ti. A mighty queer genius this!—designed for the church, I suppose—not dock'd yet tho'—thinks he's in the pulpit already—sha'n't bully me tho'—In love with her to distraction—don't let me forget that.

Enter ROBERT.

Robt. My lady, Sir, is so much indisposed, that she'll not be able to see you this morning.

Hint. Not see me this morning?—this fellow must know something about it. Hist, hist, Robert—come here, Robert. Isn't your name, Robert?

Robt. Bob, Sir—tho' some for shortness call me Robert.

Hint. You've liv'd a long while in the family, Robert?

Robt. Twelve years last Lammas, your honor.

Hint. A very long service. A great favourite of your lady's, I know. I have heard her praise your superior style of polishing plate, and cleaning decanters—deep in the secrets of the family—Eh, Robert? Dare say you know all the particulars of the elopement.

Robt. Elopement, Sir?

Hint. Bound to secrecy, I see! *(aside)* Come, come, you need not be so confounded close with me—your young Mistress's elopement—

Robt. Haven't heard a syllable of it.

Hint. Not heard of it! Why, is it possible you have been blind, deaf, and dumb, upon such an occasion?

Robt. Lord bless you, the servant that can't upon

occasions be blind, deaf, and dumb, will never live long in a great family.

Hint. Very true; but tell me all you know about it—tell me all you know, and, you dog, I'll make an exciseman of you.

Robt. If you would make me an emperor, I could tell you nothing.

Hint. No?

Robt. Not a syllable.

Hint. Why, then, get thy ways for an uninquisitive blockhead! and the next time you say your prayers, don't forget to beg for a little more curiosity. (*Pushes him out.*) What strange creatures there are in this world! Dare say this fellow never troubles his head about any body's business but his own. If I could have picked up two or three incidents, with the help of a little embellishment, I might have done wonders; but to be obliged entirely to depend on one's own invention, is rather too hard—besides it may bring me into a scrape—for tho' all the world knows I wont fight, for that very reason I shall be sure to be challenged. (*Exit.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

WAVERLY'S CHAMBERS.

Enter WAVERLY followed by a Servant.

Pen, Ink, and Papers, on Table.

Wav. MR. Sedgemore called you say?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Wav. Did he leave no message, or letter?

Serv. None at all, Sir. *(Knocking at door.)*

Wav. See who knocks.—*(Exit Serv.)*—Strange what he could want with me so early.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A lady in a veil, Sir, wishes to speak with you.

Wav. Shew her in, Sir.—*(Exit Serv.)*—Who the devil can this be?—in a veil too.—

Enter Servant, introducing LADY WELLGROVE.

You may retire, Sir. *(To Servant, who goes out.)*

Lady Well. Are we alone?

Wav. As Adam and Eve were in Paradise, Madam.

Lady Well. *(Unveils.)* But are you sure there is no serpent here in disguise?

Wav. Lady Wellgrove!

Lady Well. You are visibly surprised, Mr. Waverly, at the imprudence of this visit; but when you hear it is made on the behalf of Miss Sedgemore, your candour will, I trust, excuse this sacrifice to propriety.

Wav. The wishes of Miss Sedgemore could receive no additional influence, except in being communicated from so fair a messenger.

Lady Well. Very gallant, indeed, but to the point.—Her brother is yet unacquainted with her escape, in which you have so generously assisted, and as she dreads the impetuosity of his temper, I must have your promise, not to reveal to him, for the present at least, the place of her retreat.—May I promise her your silence?

Wav. Certainly.

Lady Well. Having executed my commission, you will pardon the abruptness of my visit.—(*As she is going.*)

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Sedgemore, Sir.

Wav. The devil!—Say I'm not at home.

Serv. I've already told him you are, Sir.

Lady Well. What will become of me?

Wav. Fool! dolt! idiot!—(*To Servant, who goes out.*)—Step into this room, Madam, a minute, and depend upon my protection.

As he is putting her into the room, enter SEDGEMORE.

Sedg. So, so, so, as I suspected!—I wonder what face he will put upon the affair. (*Aside*).

Wav. Ah, Charles Sedgemore!—the very man I was longing to see—(*aside.*) Wish you was fifty miles off, with all my heart and soul.—How long have you been in town? You found the roads very dirty I suppose.—What the devil shall I say to him?—(*aside*).

Sedg. His confusion is manifest—(*aside*).

Wav. Faith, Charles, I'm most heartily glad to see you.

Sedg. You will give me leave to doubt that, Sir.—By the glimpse of a petticoat, I caught just now, I

suspect my visit is as unwelcome, as it was unexpected.

Wav. What, then, you had a glimpse, eh?

Sedg. Yes, Sir, I had a glimpse.

Wav. How the devil shall I get off now?—(*aside*).

Well, well, as you see how the land lies, I know you've more charity than to interrupt my happiness.—Who do you think it is?—You won't believe me, if I tell you.

Sedg. Perhaps not, Sir.

Wav. Mistress to the Spanish ambassador.

Sedg. Indeed? His impudence amazes me—(*aside*).

Wav. Yes, she now and then pays me a charitable visit.—I'd introduce you, but she's a lady of very nice reputation, and talks the prettiest broken English—

Sedg. Most probably I shall take the liberty of introducing myself.

Wav. Why, that will be taking a very unaccountable liberty indeed.

Sedg. One, however, that I shall think myself warranted in doing.

Wav. Why then, you'll excuse me for hinting, that no gentleman ever presses his company, where he finds it is not agreeable.

Sedg. For that very reason, Sir, I shall intrude mine.—(*Sits down in a chair.*)

Wav. Why this is very civil, very civil, upon my soul.—Why then, Sir, I must take the liberty of reminding you that these apartments are mine.

Sedg. Granted, Sir.

Wav. That every thing in them belongs to me.

Sedg. (*Rising.*) Are you sure of that, Sir?

Wav. Yes, Sir, fixtures and moveables.

Sedg. Except the lady in the next room, Sir.

Wav. Why, you know, I don't pretend to an entirety in her.

Sedg. Then, Sir, I do, and thus I take possession.—
(Attempts to go into the room.)

Wav. By heavens, you pass not here!

Sedg. Sir,—let the lady make her appearance and answer for herself.

Wav. Whoever the lady is, Sir, it is sufficient for me to know, as it ought to be for you, that she has put herself under my protection.

Sedg. Then, Sir, I will no longer be trifled with.

Wav. Nor I intimidated.

(They struggle, and LADY WELLGROVE enters.)

Sedg. Lady Wellgrove! amazement!

Wav. Now, Sir, I hope you are satisfied.

Lady Well. Mr. Sedgemore, I can assure you, however appearances may be against me.—I say, Sir, however extraordinary it may appear that—I mean, that notwithstanding the natural inference—

Sedg. The lady talks very pretty broken English, indeed.

Lady Well. Indeed, Charles, you are in an error.—
(Cries.)

Wav. You are upon my soul, Charles.

Sedg. No, Madam, I have been in an error too long, am now undeceived—that I have lov'd you with the most ardent affection, it is now as much my shame and regret, as it was once my pride and boast.—However, it is never too late to amend our errors, and I shall, I trust, expiate the magnitude of my folly, by the sincerity of my repentance.—As to you, Sir, (to WAVERLY) for this aggravated insult to my feelings, I shall expect speedy retribution. (Exit.)

Wav. (After a pause.) Was there ever such an unlucky accident?—Sure all the devils in pandemonium have been laying their heads together to bring it about.

Lady Well. Oh, Mr. Waverly, how frail and tender a blossom is woman's reputation, which not only fades under the slightest breath of merited reproach;

but whilst employed in the cause of humanity, incautiously nourishes the worm which feeds upon its quiet.—How ought guilt to tremble, when indiscretion is punished so severely. (*Exit.*)

Wav. So, I am likely to have a day of adventures—a jobation from my uncle—an elopement with one lady, and a tete-a-tete with another—for which I suppose I shall get my throat cut before night.

Enter Servant.

Serv. (*Gives a letter.*) The messenger waits for an answer.

Wav. From Mr. Sedgemore, I suppose. (*Reads.*) “Sir, I write this from the nearest Coffee-house, to inform you, I shall be at the Ring, in Hyde-Park, within an hour, when and where I expect you will give satisfaction, to the much injured Charles Sedgemore.”—Within an hour?—why that’s allowing very little breathing time, but when a man is thoroughly determined to do a rash action, the less time he takes to consider of it the better.—How am I to proceed in this affair? Must I give him the meeting?—certainly, there is no avoiding it.—Get me ink and paper, Sir. (*Sits.*) Shall I fight with him? Wherefore?—Have I done him an injury?—No.—Have I received one from him?—Yes,—but I can forgive it—why then should I risk my own life, or endanger his?—Because, otherwise the world will post me for a coward, and I am afraid of its reproaches.—Afraid of its reproaches? What then, shall I be a coward in reality, to avoid the mere imputation of it?—I must give him the meeting however. (*Writes.*) Here, Sir, give this to the messenger who waits, and this you must immediately run with to Mr. Hint’s, if he should be out, get intelligence where he is, and follow him. (*Exit Servant.*) If the lady had really been inclined to do me a favour, I could have been run through the body for her with the utmost satis-

faction, but to suffer so heavy a penance for a sin I never committed, is a little beyond my philosophy.

My greatest glory and my pride would be,
Freely to die for her who lives for me ;
But she who lives to bless another's arms,—
Why let another combat for her charms.

(Exit WAVERLY.)

SCENE II.

LADY NIGHTSHADE'S.

Table, Pen, Ink, Paper, and Chairs.

Enter Mr. SEDGEMORE with a letter.

Sedg. What am I to think of this letter.—It certainly never could be intended for me (*reads.*)
“ Dear Hint, by a strange fatality of events, I am
“ summoned to meet my dearest friend, in an affair
“ of honour, whose sister I have preserved from the
“ most imminent ruin—I have also involved in my
“ disgrace a virtuous and innocent lady, who, from
“ motives of the purest friendship, has been tempted
“ to exercise her humanity at the peril of her reputation”—directed “ Charles Sedgemore, Esq.”—Is it possible ! I have been too hasty in my suspicions—I know not what to think—perhaps—

Enter BARTON, disguised as LEVI.

Bart. I ax pardon for disturbing you, but business—business you know—

Sedg. Must be attended to—therefore in three words, can you let me have the two thousand pounds?

Bart. Two thousand pounds !

Sedg. Yes—I must have it directly.

Bart. Directly, that ish very short notish.

Sedg. Shall I have it ?

Bart. Two thousand pounds !—

Sedg. What say you ?

Bart. Moneysh is very scarce—times are hard.

Sedg. What, at your old tricks, friend Levi. Come, come, I understand you, all this is as much as to say, you must have 20 per cent.

Bart. Twenty per cent ! bless your soul, d'ye think I steal de moneysh—I could'nt do the business under fifty, 'pon my life.

Sedg. Fifty per cent., well, you shall have it.

Bart. And fifty pounds premium.

Sedg. You shall have it.

Bart. Vel, I vil try what I can do—I vil try what I can do—and now we have settled that, suppose we talk a little about the security.

Sedg. A mortgage on my whole terra firma.

Bart. No, dat ish already mortgaged to Mr. Barton, your steward.

Sedg. Egad, that's true—how the devil should he know that (*aside.*) However, I'm going to clear away the old rubbish from the premises—to sweep off the antiquated oaks and elms, and you shall have a mortgage upon them, either standing or lying, as you please.

Bart. Your old elms and your old oaks will be a very rotten security—cause you haven't the power of cutting till you come of age.

Sedg. Where the devil did he learn that (*aside.*) Well, well, that you know will be in a week.

Bart. Yesh, but you want to touch directly.

Sedg. Well, well, get me the money, and damn the security.

Bart. Damn de security—ah ! dat's very pretty talking—but I can't do business without security—if its vonce known, I should be expelled, and thrown upon the vide world.

Sedg. Well then, you shall be the first, and set a noble example to your brother usurers.

Bart. I should not be able to convert any one of my tribe, or your's either.

Sedg. And you won't let me have the money.

Bart. Not without security.

Sedg. Well—what am I to sign—are you prepared with your instruments?—I'm ready.

Bart. Oh yes! I have every thing prepared—here's de moneysh—There's the bond—it only wants your signature—Oh—I'm a man of business.

Sedg. (*Signs.*) There—(*gives the bond.*)

Bart. Well—dere—(*gives the money.*)

Sedg. And now go to the devil.

Bart. Thank you, Sir—much oblig'd to you—now, profligate, your punishment's at hand.

(*Exit BARTON.*)

Sedg. What a miserable reptile is this—yet how can I expect that a wretch, whose trade is extortion, will lend me two thousand pounds without security, when my very best friends can't muster among them a single guinea—well, well, the errand I am going upon, may perhaps discharge a debt, which will free me at once from the importunity of my creditors, and the perfidy of my friends. If I fall, I shall be indebted to the hand of my adversary—if I survive, I must then trust to my own.

SCENE III.

ANOTHER APARTMENT IN LADY NIGHTSHADE'S HOUSE.

Table and Chairs.

Enter BARTON (as the Jew, followed by Betty).

Betty. This way, Mr. Jew, if you please, this way, if you'll sit down in this room, my lady will wait on you.—I'll inform my lady. (*Exit Betty.*)

Bart. Her ladyship want me? then there is some mischief on foot, ecod I shall make more discoveries in this disguise, than I at first calculated upon—here she comes—now to my character.

Enter Lady NIGHTSHADE.

Lady Night. Your servant, Sir.

Bart. No, madam, 'tis I am your ladyship's servant.

Lady Night. No ceremony, I insist upon it, pray be seated.—I have business of some importance to transact, which, as I have heard a very great character both of your talents and secrecy, I don't think I can commit into better hands.

Bart. As to my talents I shall not say nothing—as to my secrecy, I am very often employed by ladies of the first quality.

Lady Night. Then, Sir, the business is this—there are in this case diamonds of considerable value—look at them, and examine them with attention.

Bart. My ward's diamonds, by heaven! (*aside.*)

Lady Night. Bless me, Sir, you seem very much surprized.

Bart. I am struck with the beauty of the jewels; madam.—They are pretty baubles, very pretty baubles.

Lady Night. Yes, they cost a vey pretty price, five thousand pounds I can assure you, was the very lowest.

Bart. Oh, I am sure of dat—for I bought them myself. (*Aside.*)

Lady Night. Examine them with the most scrupulous nicety, and tell me candidly whether you think they could be counterfeited.

Bart. Counterfeited, counterfeited, madam! (*turns to LADY NIGHTSHADE.*)

Lady Night. Yes, Sir, counterfeited—I have some thoughts of disposing of them.

Bart. They then belong to your ladyship?

Lady Night. Yes, a present from my poor deceased lord.

Bart. I shall never contain myself, (*aside*)—and your ladyship thinks of employing me in the affair.

Lady Night. Why I think you'll do me justice.

Bart. Your ladyship may depend upon the strictest justice.

Lady Night. Diamonds are an ornament to be sure—but then they are of no real use.

Bart. None in the leasht—none in the leasht.—

Lady Night. For my part, I can't see but paste looks just as well.

Bart. Oh there ish no difference at all—none at all—it shall be done out of hand.

Lady Night. Immediately.

Bart. Then I'll set about it at once. (*Rising to go.*) Your ladyship will trust them in my hands—they will be as safe as in your own.

Lady Night. Believe me, I haven't the smallest suspicion of your honesty.

Bart. When your ladyship knows me better, you'll find me an honester man than you take me for.

Lady Night. Oh, Sir, that is impossible.

Bart. I kindly take my leave—I beg your ladyship will not stir. (*Exit.*)

Lady Night. So I think now I shall be even with them all—it is almost impossible the transaction should be discovered, and if it is, the diamonds have been thro' other hands, and the fact can never be brought home to me. The price of them will fit up my rooms in the highest style, and give my bank an eclat that will certainly bring me full repayment with interest, by the end of the season.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LADY WELLGROVE'S.

Lady WELLGROVE and BARTON.

Lady Well. A THOUSAND thanks, my dear Sir, for this visit.

Bart. You will perhaps think yourself less obliged when you understand I am come to give advice.

Lady Well. Indeed you wrong me.—When did I ever listen to your advice without pleasure?

Bart. Well, well, to do you justice you have always been a good girl, but the point on which I am going to touch is of so tender a nature that—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Hint, Madam.

Lady Well. The impertinent fool, what can he want?—well, shew him up. *(Exit Servant.)*

Bart. If you have visitors, I'll take some other opportunity.

Lady Well. No, don't go. I'll dispatch him immediately.

Enter HINT.

Hint. Beg pardon, but was informed you were alone—have heard no doubt of the elopement?

Bart. Of Miss Sedgemore, Sir.

Hint. The same, Sir.

Lady Well. The very thing I wanted to know about. Pray, Mr. Hint, tell us the particulars.

Bart. Do, Sir, favour us with the circumstances.

Hint. (*Affectedly.*) Who I? psha! how should I know any thing about it?

Lady Well. Come, come, this is all affectation.

Bart. Pray, Sir, oblige us with the particulars.

Hint. Gad, I believe you think I know every thing, though, to do myself justice, there is only one person besides the parties themselves—a certain insignificant individual—a fellow of no discernment or penetration—

Lady Well. Come, come, this is tantalizing.

Bart. Pray, Sir, don't keep us in suspense.

Hint. Why then you must know, one of the post-boys who drove them the last stage to Gretna Green—

Bart. Gretna Green, Sir?

Hint. Yes, Sir, Gretna Green.

Bart. Why, Sir, the parties eloped only three hours ago, and it's impossible any information could have arrived from Gretna Green.

Hint. May be impossible, Sir, but it's very true for all that—believe my information may generally be depended upon.—However, Sir, as you seem to know a great deal more of the matter than I do, wish you a very good morning—did indeed intend to give you a chronological and exact account of the whole proceeding—might, perhaps, have told you that the lady and her gallant set off in one post-chaise, and were immediately after followed by the lady's guardian in another.

Bart. Her guardian, Sir?

Hint. Yes, Sir, her guardian, Old Barton—as crusty an old curmudgeon as any in England. Perhaps, Sir, you mean to dispute that.

Bart. Oh, no, Sir, I perceive you're much better acquainted with him than I am.

Hint. Might have informed you how the lovers were detained at Barnet, by one of the horses falling down with the staggers; and would inevitably have been overtaken by Old Square-toes, had not the

linch-pin suddenly flown out of the wheel of his chaise, just as fresh horses were put to in their's—that they arrived without further accident on the Scotch borders—that Old Vulcan insisted upon having two hundred pounds—that the gentleman remonstrated—that the lady almost fainted with the apprehension that the ceremony would not be performed—but that the blacksmith was obstinate and the money was paid.—I might have told all this; nor shall you ever hear from me, tho' nobody else knows it, that the poor unfortunate devil of a lover, whom she had cruelly jilted, (had it from his own mouth) has been raving ever since, and was this morning conveyed by his friends to a private madhouse.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter for Mr. Hint.

Hint. For me?

Serv. Yes, Sir; the servant who brought it was directed to follow you here. *(Exit.)*

Hint. Have I your pardon? *(breaking open the letter.)*

Lady Well. By all means.

Hint. *(Reads.)* “Sir,—Tho' averse to the arbitrament of the sword, I have a character which must be supported; I will therefore meet you at the Ring within the hour.—Your much injured friend, George Waverly.” *(Drops the letter.)*

Lady Well. Bless me, Mr. Hint, I am afraid you've received some uncomfortable news?

Bart. The sudden death of some near relation, perhaps?

Hint. Sudden death! this is the most unaccountable, surprising sort of thing; within the hour! Zounds! I wouldn't dine with the Lord Mayor upon so short an invitation, and can he possibly think that—Why there'd be hardly time to send privately to Bow-street for the peace-officers—this is the most unaccountable, surprising, miraculous—pardon my

abruptness—d—me, if it is'nt—quite incomprehensible! (Exit.)

Bart. Pray, is that gentleman one of your intimate acquaintance?

Lady Well. Yes, he is as useful as a daily paper; except that he comes out a little later. I think his information is about as important, and his veracity as much to be depended upon.

Bart. But to resume the subject which he interrupted. I have been informed of your partiality for Young Sedgemore; nay, it is rumoured you have consented to marry him immediately.

Lady Well. My partiality to Mr. Sedgemore, I candidly avow, but the rest of the rumour is false; and you may rest assured, my dear Sir, I shall never finally resolve on so important a point without consulting you.

Bart. Tho' I have lost the authority of a guardian, I should indeed have been mortified to have forfeited the influence of a friend; and as you have frankly confessed your love for Mr. Sedgemore—

Lady Well. Does not every body love him, Sir?—is he not brave, generous, and accomplished?

Bart. I won't deny his merit; but were his virtues ten times greater than they are, one odious vice overshadows them all; his detestable propensity to gaming.

Lady Well. Oh, that's the intemperance of youth; when he is mine, I trust I shall have influence enough to cure him of it.

Bart. Cure him first, and marry him afterwards; but to communicate to you a fact, of which you cannot be too soon apprized, he is already a ruined man.

Lady Well. Ruin'd?

Bart. Yes, by me.

Lady Well. Ah! Sir, that's impossible.

Bart. You know his estate is deeply indebted to me as his steward, besides which, I have, in the cha-

racter of a money-lender, advanced him large sums upon such exorbitant interest, that his whole estate is in my power, and, within an hour, he will be arrested at my suit.

Lady Well. My dear Sir, how can you have the inhumanity——

Bart. Spare your reproaches;—tho' he has been a libertine, I don't mean to proportion his penance to his transgressions; and, as he is not yet an hardened sinner, I shall only consign him for a short time to the house of correction.

Lady Well. I have too high an opinion of your humanity, to suppose you would give unnecessary pain; but may not the *extremity* of your purpose, instead of awakening him to reflection, drive him to despair?

Bart. Leave me to manage it, and doubt not of success. If I fail to rouse his pride, still I have preserved his fortune; and, if I succeed in rooting from his bosom this selfish and contemptible vice of gaming, I may proudly present him to you as a husband every way worthy your affection. *(Exit.)*

Lady Well. Farewel, Sir; tho' I hope every thing, I cannot but tremble for the event.

Enter SAPLING.

Sap. Hist! hist! Cousin Letty, stop a moment.

Lady Well. Oh, you creature, don't teaze me now.

Sap. Nay, I don't want to teaze you never. Do but listen for a moment; it will be worth your while, for 'tis the last time as I shall ever talk to you of our love matters.

Lady Well. Well, as you promise it shall be the last time, let us once more discuss them;—we may do it safely, for we dislike one another too much to quarrel.

Sap. Aye, so we do, that's lucky.—You know, cousin, father sent me up to town to marry you.

Lady Well. I do indeed; you told me so the moment you arrived, and have tagged it to every "How d'ye do" and "Good bye" ever since.

Sap. Now it seems you don't care for father, and wont do as he orders. Though I dursn't but marry you, if you were willing, though you were uglier than old Jenny Goggle, of Gorgon Hall.

Lady Well. Thank you, cousin; I obeyed my own parents scrupulously, and will never obey any body else, out of respect to their memory.

Sap. Well, you must know, just as I was a putting my luggage a top of the heavy, to come up and marry you, father bid me mind my manners in town, and keep myself smart and sober, and genteel, or perhaps you might not take to me; now as you wont marry me no how, I don't see why I need be genteel any longer.

Lady Well. As you please, cousin; adopt whatever graces sit upon you easiest, only keep to our agreement, and be this our last tender conversation.

Sap. Thank you, cousin; thank you. The graces that suit me best are a roaring party, and cracking a dozen or two of wine;—now I know of a rare merrymaking to night, if you will not tell father.

Lady Well. Oh, never fear me. Run out of bounds as far as pleases you, I am no spy for the schoolmaster.

Sap. Well, but one word more. You know when I go back, father will be cantankerous; now, wont you write a letter to say I have been as genteel and graceful as heart could desire; and that we don't marry only because we have got no sympathies, or our hearts an't formed in the same mould; or some of the fine reasons people give, for not marrying, in story books;—father wont understand a word, and be so rarely taken in.

Lady Well. Well, dear cousin, as I now call you for the first, and I hope the last time, you shall dictate your own account of your own merits. I will use all my talent at embellishment, and your father shall learn that his son is as much a Chesterfield in manners as an Adonis in person;—and if he doesn't be-

lieve every syllable, he is the wisest father of the most foolish child I ever heard of. (*Exit.*)

Sap. That's the second time she has called me a fool to-day.—That's proper good, just after her palaver about Adonis, and t'other gentleman she mentioned.—Now I'll shew these Londoners we country lads can be as flashy and high-bred as they.—I'll set-to with e'er a one of them, and I am mainly mistaken if they wont very soon find that my head's the hardest in company. (*Exit SAPLING.*)

SCENE II.

THE PARK.

Enter SEDGEMORE.

Sedg. I am yet some minutes before my time.—Let me once more read his letter. (*Reads.*) What am I to conclude from this?—that, in the agitation of his mind, he has sent me the letter designed for another; or, that the whole is a paltry contrivance to cover his design;—no, he never could condescend to so mean an artifice. (*Enter HINT.*) S'death! this impertinent puppy again.

Hint. Servant, Sir.

Sedg. Sir, I wish to be alone.

Hint. Wants to destroy himself. (*Aside.*) Know you wish to be alone, Sir.

Sedg. Indeed, Sir?

Hint. Think I can give a pretty shrewd guess at your business here.

Sedg. Then, Sir, you must know it is a business of which all men are so much ashamed, that they do it with few witnesses!

Hint. Certainly going to drown himself in the Serpentine;—I shall prevent him tho'. (*aside.*)

Sedg. Waverly not in sight yet.

Hint. If I should save him now, (*aside*)—my dear Sir, do consider the consequences.

Sedg. Sir, I have considered the consequences.

Hint. Consider what a paragraph it will make—yesterday morning a young man genteely dress'd was taken out of the Serpentine-River, without any signs of life. The means recommended by the Humane Society were made use of three hours without effect.

Sedg. This is the most impudent fellow—

Hint. The body now lies at St. Martin's bone-house to be owned.

Enter WAVERLY.

Oh now my time is come.

Wav. Mr. Sedgemore, your servant.—*Hint*, I thank you heartily for your punctuality, you received my letter I suppose?

Hint. Yes, I received your letter, or you wouldn't have seen me here, I promise you. (*Aside.*)

Wav. Mr. Sedgemore, you seem unprovided with a friend.

Sedg. I hope, Mr. Waverly, we shall be able to settle our business without one.

Wav. By all means, if that mode is more agreeable to you.

Hint. What the devil does all this mean? (*Aside.*)

Wav. My dear fellow, let me thank you again for your punctuality, but as it happens I shan't have occasion for you.

Hint. Shant you? I'm very glad of it. (*Aside.*)

Wav. Not the least—and as you have already done me the favor to attend my summons, let me entreat you to add to the obligation by leaving us alone.

Hint. That I will with the utmost alacrity—I'll see what's going forward however. (*Aside.*) *Exit.*

Wav. Now, Sir, we are alone.

Sedg. Mr. Waverly, do me the favor to read that letter.

Wav. (*reads the letter*) Well, Sir, I am perfectly acquainted with the letter, tho' not the means by which it came into your possession.

Sedg. Of that the direction will inform you.

Wav. Amazement! can it be possible?

Sedg. He's innocent, and I have wrong'd him—you then intended that letter for another.

Wav. For the gentleman who has just left us.

Sedg. Oh! Waverly, can you forgive the impetuosity of my feelings, and be again my friend?

Wav. As warmly as ever, my dear fellow, for to say the truth, appearances were devilish awkward. (*HINT crosses the back of the stage whistling.*) Oh! Hint, are you there.

Hint. Yes, I am here.

Wav. Will you favour me with the letter you received this morning?

Hint. The letter! oh! yes, there it is. (*Gives it.*)

Wav. There was a small mistake in the direction;—this was intended for you:—however, our differences are now happily settled without sword or pistol.

Hint. Thought there must be some mistake in the business.

Wav. I beg ten thousand pardons for having kept you so long in a state of apprehension.

Hint. Apprehension! oh no, not in the least, not at all alarmed; only, you know, if I had happened to have been popp'd off, I should have felt so damned awkward, not to have been able to give an account of the affair.

Sedg. This is the gentleman to whom I am obliged for the information of my sister's being at your chambers.

Hint. Who? me, Sir—under no obligations of that sort to me I assure you.

Sedg. Why, Sir, didn't you inform me Miss Sedgemore had been seen at this gentleman's chambers?

Hint. Lord bless you, Sir, not I—never heard of

such a thing, you must certainly have dream't it—did want to pump me, (*to WAVERLY*) but wouldn't do—you know my talent for closeness.

Wav. Oh! yes, I know it so well, that if I wish'd a thing to be known to half the town, I would immediately entrust it to you as a profound secret—you remember the affair of poor Miss Classic?

Hint. Nay, hang it, that's unmerciful now.

Wav. Didn't your talent for invention break off the long depending match betwixt her and Dr. Doublechin, and didn't the lady in a violent fit of despair—

Sedg. Hang or drown?

Wav. Neither; run away with her footman?

Hint. Out, by Jupiter, for every one knows it was the coachman.

Enter NAB, who taps SEDGEMORE and WAVERLY on the shoulder.

Nab. Your servant, gemmen.

Hint. Hey! what!—tap on the shoulder—slight hint of a bailiff—take it immediately. (*Runs off.*)

Sedg. Very familiar, Sir, but really I hav'n't the smallest recollection of your person.

Wav. Nor I.

Sedg. Your name, Sir?

Nab. Nab, Sir, Nab, at your service.

Wav. And your business?

Nab. My business, oh, a mere trifle—come, come, you needn't look so shy upon a brother officer.

Sedg. Indeed, Sir, and who is your commander?

Nab. The Sheriff of Middlesex, suppose you read my commission (*serves them with a writ*).

Wav. Hell and the devil, at the suit of my uncle!

Sedg. Barton to betray me thus!

Nab. I don't know what you may think of this, gentlemen, but its what I call doing business—damme its liming two birds with one twig.

Wav. And where, Mr. Birdcatcher, is it your pleasure—

Nab. You'll find your new apartments very snug and agreeable—a clumsy bolt or two upon the door, and a few ugly iron bars across the window; then the room, to be sure, is very small, the air none of the sweetest, and the prospect damnable; but in all other respects—

Wav. Don't anticipate, Sir, don't anticipate, I've no doubt we shall find your house a paradise, with the devil always at our elbow; but as most probably we shall be there long enough to discover all its beauties, suppose you shew us the way.

Nab. Sir, with the utmost pleasure.

Wav. Courage, boy, (*to Sedg.*) we came here to cut one another's throats, let us now be employed in the nobler office of rousing one another's philosophy.
(*Exeunt.*)

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A SPUNGING HOUSE.

WAVERLY and SEDGEMORE *sitting at a table.*

Wav. WELL, Charles, here we are safely caged at last!—hang it, don't droop, boy, man is at best but the foot-ball of fortune.

Sedg. Ruin'd past redemption—our misfortune will immediately get wind, and every paltry, sneaking tradesman, who an hour ago would almost have kiss'd the earth to receive my commands, will now wear the brow of insolent superiority.

Wav. Why the rogues will be busy I'm afraid—what a happy life might a young man lead if none of his tradesmen ever became importunate before his undertaker.

Sedg. To be exposed to the insolent demands of my creditors, and the sneering pity of my friends—I will not endure it. (*Takes out a pistol and lays it on the table.*)

Wav. Why what the devil possesses you now?

Sedg. No matter—something must be done to save me from infamy.

Wav. What, by shooting yourself through the head—Believe me, Charles, the worst way of a man's atoning for his past irregularities, is by putting it out of his power ever to make amends for them.

Enter NAB.

Nab. There's one Levi below inquires for you.

Wav. Shew him up. (*Exit NAB.* We'll shoot him first, however—tho' perhaps he has heard of our misfortunes, and is come to bail us.

Sedg. Rather he is more alert than the rest, and learning we are caged, he is come to clip our wings.

Wav. Then I'll give him a specimen of what he is to expect.

Sedg. What d'ye mean?

Wav. Only to make him bail us. Come!—put up your pistol till we have occasion for it.—Here he comes.

Enter BARTON.

Bart. Shave you, Gentlemen, both—I couldn't think of taking my leave without inquiring how you like your new apartments—I suppose you can guess my business here—I came to—

Wav. Bail us, I know you did.

Bart. Then you know more than ever entered my head—I came to lodge a detainer against you both.

Wav. You really did?

Bart. Yesh, you know, you will have no more occasion for me.

Sedg. Rather, friend Levi, you will have no more occasion for us.

Bart. Dat ish de same thing, you know—so now having told you my business, I shall humbly take my leave.

Wav. Indeed you will not.

Bart. No?

Sedg. No.

Wav. For thus I lodge a detainer against you.—
(*Presents a pistol.*)

Sedg. And I another. (*Presents another pistol.*)

Bart. Why this ish new legal process.

Wav. Yes, a compendious mode of settling accounts between debtor and creditor, by double entry.

Bart. Very compendious indeed.

Sedg. Yes, and as you approve of it, suppose we strike the balance immediately.

Bart. Oh, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!

Sedg. No canting, Sir.

Bart. Mercy on me, mercy on me!

Wav. Now, Charles, are you prepared?

Sedg. Give the word.

Wav. Make ready, present—

Bart. Stop a moment, stop a moment—Bless me, what would you have?

Wav. Bail us immediately—you have acquired your riches by extortion, and now you shall part with a little of it by the same means—therefore bail us immediately, or—

Bart. Impossible!

Sedg. Then here goes.

Bart. Mercy on me! Stop a minute.

Wav. Not a second—promise immediately to bail us, or you shall be in Abraham's bosom in the snapping of a Trigger.

Bart. Oh, my moneysh, my moneysh!

Sedg. Promise, at once, or the prayers of fifty synagogues shan't save your bacon.

Bart. My bacon! I am a Jew.

Wav. Now, Charles, make ready—present—F—

Bart. (*Pulls off his disguise.*)

Wav. My uncle?

Sedg. Barton?

Bart. Now an't you a couple of hopeful youths, an affectionate nephew, and a grateful ward? Who without judge or jury would have put me out of the world by double entry, for having preserved you both from beggary and ruin. Well, Gentlemen, what have you to say for yourselves?

Wav. Not a syllable—I don't think I had ever so little to say for myself in the whole course of my life.

Bart. Your friend here, perhaps, may give you some assistance.

Sedg. Not I, Sir, upon my honour.

Bart. You young prodigals. I see a blush of amendment in your cheeks, the herald of returning virtue. Give me your hands—you have been a couple of wild young dogs, but I have redeemed all—behold in me your only creditor, and your true friend.

Sedg. My noble, generous benefactor!

Wav. My ever honoured uncle!

Bart. A truce with your praises, if you please.—I have settled your reckoning here, and we may depart immediately. I've a coach waiting, you must reinstate me in my disguise, for I have another game to play, which I'll explain to you as we go along.

(They re-dress him.)

Wav. Upon my soul, you have pitch'd upon a most happy disguise to conceal the practice of generosity.

Bart. No unmanly reflections, Sir—National prejudices are as false as they are illiberal. Believe me, I am not the only one who wears the heart of a Christian under the habit of a Jew. The seeds of benevolence are planted deep in every human heart; there is no bosom so barren and desolate as not to bear some blossoms of humanity. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.

LADY WELLGROVE'S.

Lady WELLGROVE sitting at Table.

Lady Well. What a sleeping sluggard is time, when we most anxiously wish for his approach. The last half hour has appeared an age, and the next will be almost an eternity.—I'll steal and see if Julia is yet awake. *(Goes into the chamber and returns.)* The bitterest draught of misery has an opiate for the bosom at peace with itself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lady Nightshade and Lord Fillagree.

Lady Well. Shew them up. (*Exit Servant.*) What can they want?—Perhaps her ladyship may have heard that I have given an asylum to her Ward, and is come to claim her.

Enter LADY NIGHTSHADE, and LORD FILLAGREE.

Good-morrow, Madam—Lord Fillagree, your servant—the honour of this visit is quite unexpected.

Lady Night. So I should imagine! but business of the first importance—

L. Fil. Yes, of the first importance, positively.

Lady Night. You are no doubt acquainted with the elopement of my niece?

Lady Well. I will not affect ignorance of it. (*Aside*)

Lady Night. And I am informed from pretty tolerable authority the fugitive is now in your house.

Lady Well. It is a fact I will not deny.

Lady Night. I suppose she has trumped up a pretty story to amuse your Ladyship with, and I have no doubt has made very free with my character, and his Lordship's, whose bare civilities as a man of gallantry, were mistaken by her rustic ignorance for violence, he! he! he!

L. Fil. Was there ever any thing half so ridiculous, ha! ha!

Lady Night. Therefore as your Ladyship has had the candour to confess she is in your house, I make no doubt you will immediately restore her to me, who come to claim her both as her guardian and her relation.

Lady Well. Your Ladyship must pardon me—my respect for truth has induced me to avow the protection I have afforded Miss Sedgemore, and my regard for justice and humanity impel me to continue it.

Lady Night. Very well, madam, vastly well—you'll please to recollect she's a Ward of Chancery.

Lady Well. It might perhaps have been better if your Ladyship had recollected that.

Lady Night. Very well, Madam, vastly well—you'll recollect there's such a thing as law, but I suppose you are above that.

Lady Well. By no means—they only think themselves above law who attempt to violate it with impunity. As a relation of Miss Sedgemore, the law has appointed your Ladyship joint guardian of her honor and her fortune. You best know how you have executed that trust; but till that point is settled, I must be excused for doubting your title to resume it.

Lady Night. Then, Madam, I shall be under the necessity of searching your house.

Lady Well. Your Ladyship, I trust, will do nothing derogatory to the manners of a gentlewoman.

Enter SAPLING, drunk.

Sap. Ah! Jenny, (*without*) so here I am at last.

L. Fil. Who the devil have we here!

Sap. Damme but we've had a night of it—a set of high dogs. (*Mimicks them.*)

Lady Well. My hopeful cousin in this state.

Sap. Sir Harry, drink off your heel taps—my Lord, what d'ye think of the devil—not half hot enough.—Fill as you please, and drink as you fill.

L. Fil. Filthy fellow.

Sap. Buz you my Lord—Buz, buz, buz—damme I think there was nothing but buz—and now I'll go to bed.

Lady Well. Sir, I hope you'll go to bed in your own house.

Sap. My own house—that's a very good joke—what, I suppose that isn't my bed-chamber?

Lady Well. I tell you this is not your chamber—was there ever any thing so unfortunate?

Sap. Not my chamber—I know it by the key-hole.

Lady Well. I tell you it is not.

Sap. But I say it is. (*They struggle*—SAPLING

comes with his back against the door, and forces it open—he goes in, Miss SEDGEMORE comes out, and he follows her.) Damme but I've bolted her, or rather I have unbolted her.

Lady Night. So, Miss, you are discovered at last, and I'll see who'll now interpose between you and my lawful authority.

L. Fil. Yes, I'll see who'll now interpose between us and lawful authority.

Sap. (*Puts himself in their way.*) Not an inch further—I started the game, and you have nothing to do with it. Besides, she's my own wounded bird, and no other sportsman shall hunt it down.

Lady Night. A very extraordinary person this.

L. Fil. Very extraordinary person indeed—pray Sir, do you happen to know that this lady is a Ward of Chancery?

Sap. Very possibly; but if the Lord Chancellor was to come for her, he should not have her—pray Sir, are you his bag-bearer?

L. Fil. His bag-bearer!—perhaps you are ignorant that I'm a peer of the realm.

Sap. Poo, never mind that—father's a baronet—keep off. (*Puts himself in a boxing attitude.*)

L. Fil. I think we had better send for a constable.

Sap. A constable?

L. Fil. I'll no longer endure it. (*The women scream—WAVERLY and SEDGEMORE enter.*)

Wav. Hollo! what the devil's the matter here?

Sap. Ho! ho! more company! Then I'll go to bed—damme, I'll go to bed. (*Staggers off.*)

Lady Night. Oh, Charles, I'm glad you're come—your sister is discovered at last.

Sedg. Yes, Madam, so is your Ladyship.

Lady Night. What d'ye mean?

Sedg. Nothing, only a Jew has been taken up attempting to dispose of certain diamonds, the property of my sister.

Lady Night. Well, Sir?

Wav. And has confessed to have received the jewels from your Ladyship, for the purpose of selling them.

Lady Night. A mighty ingenious story.—And pray where is this honest Jew?

Wav. Call the Jew into court.

Lady Night. (*aside.*) Surely he cannot have betrayed me—at all events I must face it out.

Enter BARTON, disguised as the Jew.

Lady Night. Is this the person you speak of?

Wav. Does your Ladyship affect ignorance of him?

Bart. You are too quick upon her Ladyship—she will know me by and bye. Besides her Ladyship never saw me but once, and then she was more taken with my talents for secrecy than with the beauty of my countenance.

Lady Night. And pray, Sir, have you any thing to accuse me of?

Bart. Oh, nothing at all—nothing at all—every one has a right to dispose of their own jewels, especially when they are left them by their dear deceased lords, and you have done no more. There is not the least harm in the transaction; and now, having confessed it as a Jew, I am ready to bear witness to it as a Christian. (*Discovers himself.*)

Lady Night. Barton!

Bart. I told your Ladyship you would find me an honest man than you took me for.

Lady Night. This is all a plot to murder my reputation.

L. Fil. A most infernal plot, positively.

Lady Night. Very well, gentlemen—mighty well—it is now your time to triumph; but beware how you sport with the character of a woman of my rank.

Bart. We shall be at least as tender of it as ever your ladyship was.

Lady Night. Will your lordship leave this place?

L. Fil. Immediately—I protest I feel quite un-

comfortable—will your ladyship give me leave?—
(*Offering his hand.*)

Lady Night. Oh! the monsters!

(*Exeunt LORD FIL. and LADY NIGHT.*)

Bart. So, so, so, (*looking at SEDGEMORE and LADY WELLGROVE, who keep at a distance from each other*). Now I am sure you both wish to be nearer together, by your taking such extraordinary pains to keep at a distance.

Lady Well. Indeed, Sir, you're very much mistaken.

Bart. (*To SEDG.*) Zounds, why don't you make your advances?—she can't in decency surrender till you begin the attack.

Sedg. Great as my offence has been, my punishment has already exceeded it. Can nothing convince you of my contrition?

Lady Well. Nothing. Yes, time, time may shew your sincerity; tho', upon second thoughts, I don't think even time can do it. No, I'm so convinced your offence can never be obliterated by time, that I think I may as well forgive you at once—there (*gives him her hand*); behave better for the future.

Sedg. Who wouldn't transgress, to be thus forgiven?

Bart. Here, Julia, are your diamonds (*gives the casket*); and Waverly, here is a diamond for you of the first water and the brightest polish (*gives Julia to Waverly*). Preserve her faithfully in your bosom, and set her deeply in your heart, and remember that nothing can ever rob you of your treasure, whilst you keep the key to her affections. This has been a busy day for us all, and we hope our friends here will not think it labour in vain.

Their helping hands, "The Guardians," should engage,
Their care; the real Guardians of the Stage.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

(Speaking at the Stage Door.)

I WILL go forth and speak it—let me through, Man.

(Entering.)

The Epilogue's among the rights of woman.

Though through your Timon not a female's heard—

The play once done, no man shall say a word.

Ladies, my wrongs are yours. Shall actors flout us—

Shall managers pretend to do without us?

And persevere, for they have dared begin it,

To act a play without a woman in it?

They cry—" 'Tis Shakespeare's." Then I must confess

It much destroys my reverence for Queen Bess.

She, who the French could tame—the Spaniard fetter—

Might sure have taught her saucy poet better.

Thus fierce with rage—no prompter's mandate checks—

Ladies, I stand the champion of the sex,

And for our Bard claim *your* applause by right—

For women guide our moral plot to-night.

And hard, and bold, and high in praise should be

The task our closing Drama leaves to me.*

A gamester thus by wedlock to reclaim!

How many think I play a desperate game—

Yet can good wives, if wise, in every station

On man work miracles of reformation.

And were such wives more common, I'd ensure it,

However great the malady, they'd cure it.

And much their aid is wanted in a nation

That plays so deep the game of speculation.

Some to pursue it in St. Giles's meet—

Some more genteely in St. James's street.

To hazard thousands at a single throw,

Or sink a penny on a little Go.

Here rises briskly from his morning slumber—

One who's been dreaming of a lucky number.

His fortune's made—he seeks the shop where prizes

In golden rhymes are promised of all sizes.

With head brim-full of wealth—and empty purse—

The letter comes.—Alas! 'tis all blank verse.

In vain the lover hangs o'er Chloe's charms—

What's love to her—while Pam is in her arms.

* The lines from the asterisk to the end were written for the purpose by the author of the Comedy.

EPILOGUE.

What on her cheek can raise the glowing blush :
A lover's tender vows ?—Oh, no—a flush.
An Author too stakes deep who dares engage,
His all, in that uncertain game, the Stage.
When ye who here in solemn judgment sit—
Approve his satire—or applaud his wit—
He thanks his stars for such a lucky hit. }
Scores up his winnings, leaves the table gay,
And stakes again upon another play.

WHO'S WHO ?

OR,

The Double Imposture.

A FARCE.—IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN POOLE,

AUTHOR OF HAMLET TRAVESTIE, INTRIGUE, ETC. ETC.

NOW PERFORMING, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE,

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CHARACTERS.

OLD HEADSTRONG,	<i>Mr. Bartley.</i>
CHARLES HEADSTRONG,	<i>Mr. Wallack.</i>
KITCAT,	<i>Mr. Penley.</i>
HARRY SUTHERLAND,	<i>Mr. Barnard.</i>
ENDALI,	<i>Mr. Harley.</i>
SAM DABBS,	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
ROBIN GRUFF,	<i>Mr. Hughes.</i>
SERVANT,	<i>Mr. Evans.</i>
MISS STIRLING,	<i>Mrs. Orger.</i>
MARY,	<i>Miss Ivers.</i>

SCENE, a Village at a distance from London.

MEMORANDUM

TO : Mr. Tolson

FROM : Mr. Clegg

SUBJECT: [Illegible]

[Illegible text follows, appearing to be a list of items or a report.]

WHO'S WHO ?

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A ROOM AT HEADSTRONG'S.

Enter HEADSTRONG, followed by CHARLES.

Char. But listen to me, Sir;---be not deaf to my entreaties.

Head. Booby ! be not blind to your interest.

Char. Only one word, my dear uncle.

Head. 'Tis all in vain ; "*Firmness*" is the family motto of the Headstrongs, and I am resolved it shall never be disgraced in me.

Char. Consider, sir, I have never seen the lady you would have me marry.

Head. No more have I, sir ; yet, you see I am as quiet as a lamb. Indeed, I have never even seen her uncle, who is also her guardian, though we have held a correspondence together these twenty years. However, not to do things precipitately, and to allow you time to become acquainted, I shall delay the signing of the necessary papers a full hour after their arrival, which I expect this very day.

Char. An hour, sir !

Head. Aye ; and for a rational courtship, an hour

is a very liberal allowance :---not long enough, certainly, to acquaint you with half her good qualities, but as to any of an opposite nature, the ladies make it a rule never to expose those on this side of the marriage ceremony.

Char. A certain something about my heart, a sort of antipathy presumptive, tells me I shall not like her.

Head. I sincerely hope you will not ; you will then have an opportunity of giving me a more decided proof of your bedience. But, no matter ; in this affair, you are neither of you at liberty to exercise your taste. The business is this :---Miss Stirling's father and your's were old friends, and when they were boys at school, her father said to your father, or your father said to her's, " If ever you and I should grow up and have children, how odd it would be if they should marry one another !"

Char. And is that all ?

Head. Not quite ; for the better to secure the accomplishment of their wishes, there are clauses in their wills, providing, that if either of you form a different alliance, unless the written consent of both your guardians be obtained, the party so offending, shall be cut off with an annual allowance of fifty pounds, and the remainder of said party's fortune be appropriated to the charitable purpose of erecting divers alms-houses and hospitals, and the support of a certain number of old women.

Char. My dear uncle, I am in extacies !

Head. I am glad you have thought better of the matter.

Char. Not so, sir ; but I perceive that you may dispense with our marriage if you choose, and---

Head. Ah ! but Mr. Kitcat, the young lady's guardian and I have decided that matter ; and as he is a damn'd obstinate old fellow,---

Char. Aye, and as you are a damn'd obstinate old fellow---

Head. True, Jackanapes ; you may set your heart

at rest, and prepare for the ceremony: or, if you wish to indulge your charitable propensities, refuse the lady; and in return you will receive the affections and the blessings of all the old women in the county.

Char. But in an affair of this nature, sir, the heart---

Head. The heart! Pooh! a pumpkin!--the pocket you blockhead!

Char. Very well, sir,---you seem determined to oppose me.---

Head. Hear me, sir. I have been your guardian these nineteen years, and an indulgent one you must allow: I humoured you in every thing while you were a child, and it would be hard indeed if I could not make you do as I please, now that you have arrived at years of discretion.

Char. (impatiently). Sir, sir, will you argue the point coolly with me?

Head. Why since you have a taste for argument, and I am determined not to be moved by any you can produce, I will indulge you. But let us be calm,---let us treat the point like logicians,---come, sit down.

Char. (with stifled anger). Certainly, sir; we'll be cool and temperate; we'll argue the point dispassionately. *(they sit)* If I marry Miss Stirling, --- I merely say---if I marry Miss Stirling---may I be damn'd.

Head. (starting up) And may I be damn'd if you don't;---so that end's the debate you scoundrel. [*Exit.*]

Char. Here's a pretty business! Marry a girl I have never seen! O, impossible! What's to be done? I'll acquaint my uncle at once with my attachment to my dear Mary; tell him that my heart and affections---Psha! what the devil does he care about my heart and affections: he'd make me marry a Rhinoceros, if it wore a collar of gold;---that's hopeless. No, I'll---

[*Enter Servant, deliver's a Letter, Exit.*] By all that's fortunate, from Harry Sutherland, the brother of my Mary! *(reads)* "Dear Charles, I have this moment arrived at this place, with my sister, upon business of the utmost importance: come to me instantly. I am

"at the London hotel. Harry Sutherland."---I fly to meet them. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A ROOM AT AN INN.

Enter HARRY SUTHERLAND and MARY.

Harry. Well, my dear sister, here we are, and now fortune be our friend.

Mary. Indeed, Harry, I fear this will prove but a wild scheme of your's, after all. You are not sure that your mistress is in this neighbourhood; and you have other difficulties to overcome besides the discovery of her. In the first place, as your fortune, to say no worse of it, is but slender, her uncle will refuse his consent,

Harry. I have the consent of the neice, which in cases of this nature, is gaining nine points out of ten.

Mary. You have scarcely seen her: has she already been so explicit?

Harry. Yes; by inference: for she has enumerated all the objections her uncle would make to an offer of marriage from me, without stating a single one on her own part.

Mary. But should her uncle oppose---

Harry. I shall run away with the neice, by all means.

Mary. Then if Charles should not gain *his* uncle's consent, I suppose he'll run away with *me*; and then, you know, we can all run away together.

Harry. That is an arrangement I may perhaps, oppose. As your guardian, I must set my face against an act---

Mary. Which you would be sorry the guardian of your mistress should prevent.

Harry. In every thing, we have two rules of right : one for the guidance of others, the other for our own. But let's to business ; we may as well know something about the principal inhabitants of this neighbourhood, (*rings a bell*) and the waiter's a likely man to inform us.

Enter ROBIN GRUFF, bowing awkwardly.

Harry. Oh, you are the waiter : you can perhaps furnish me with some information that I am in need of.

Robin. Any thing to make myself agreeable, sir.

Harry. Don't trouble yourself to be agreeable ; the useful is all we want of you. How long have you lived here ?

Robin. My name be Robin Gruff. I were born up at mother's, Michaelmas day, in the year of our---

Harry. Psha ! I can dispense with your memoirs. How long have you been waiter here ?

Robin. Ten years, sir ; or it may be twenty : I can't say to a day or so.

Harry. Will you be explicit, my good fellow ?

Robin. Thankee, kindly, sir ; one had better be any thing here nor a waiter.

Mary. This man is so exquisitely stupid, you'll get no information from him.

Harry. I'll attempt him again. Have you any correspondence with the families hereabouts ?

Robin. I don't correspond with nobody but Peggy Stiles, sir.

Harry. I don't mean by writing, but---

Robin. Nor I, sir. My Peg and I can't write, nor read neither, sir.

Mary. Can neither read nor write, and yet you correspond with each other !

Robin. O, we saves all that fuss ; Peg do get somebody to write her letters, and I do get somebody to read 'em.

Harry. A mode of correspondence more to be desired for convenience than secrecy.

Robin. O there be no secrets, bless you : she only tells I not to be in a hurry to be married, till we've saved a bit ; for, says Peg, times be main hard, Robin, and in eight or ten years, we shall have ten or twelve children ;--and that's no joke, sir.

Harry. Your Peg is a close calculator, I perceive. But now, give me a direct answer to a plain question, if you can. Who are your people of consequence about here ?

Robin. Why that be plain, sure enough. Now let me see. The most consequentialest of 'em all, be little Grip, the lawyer.

Harry. Leave the room, blockhead ; and if there be any thing human in the house, let it be sent to me.

Robin. Except master, I be the only human creature here ; all the rest be women. But here be young 'Squire Headstrong coming in, sir, and mayhap he be more sensible like. [Exit Robin.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Ha ! Sutherland, my boy ! I rejoice to see you. My dear Mary, this is indeed an unexpected happiness : to what am I indebted for it ?

Mary. To one of Harry's mad whims, I believe.

Harry. My visit, to be sure, is rather unexpected ; but I have an affair on hand, in which you may be serviceable to me.

Char. Egad, I have a disagreeable job of my own to settle ; however, let me have your story first, and if I can serve you, I will.

Harry. Well, then, I have had the misfortune---

Char. What ?

Harry. To fall desperately in love with a little girl who has a large fortune, without any particular objection to me.

Char. Then why not marry her ?

Harry. I despair of gaining her guardian's consent.

Char. Have you tried ?

Harry. I have never seen him.

Char. Then how am I to serve you ?

Harry. Even thus. I have discovered that he and his fair charge are coming on a visit to some family in this place, or its vicinity, and only require you to introduce me to all your acquaintance twenty miles round.

Char. A pleasant task truly. But, who is the lady ?---

Harry. My dear friend, as you have my entire confidence, I shall not hesitate to tell you :---her name is Louisa Stirling, neice to Mr. Kitcat, the celebrated painter.

Char. The devil it is ! and you don't know the object of her journey hither ?

Harry. Not exactly.

Char. Then, my dear friend, as a return of confidence, I'll tell you :---she's coming to marry me.

Harry. How !

Mary. Charles !

Harry. What is the meaning of all this ?

Char. The meaning is, that the young lady's father and mine, who were bosom friends, entered into a sort of provisional contract that we should marry each other.

Harry. And what was the proviso, sir ?

Char. Merely that we should be born ; for they had determined on the union of their imaginary offspring, long before they were married themselves.

Mary. And you have consented to the marriage ?

Char. Consented to it ! no, nor never will.

Harry. What's to be done in this business ?

Char. Our situation is difficult ; for the consent of both our guardians (who appear determined on the marriage) must be obtained, before either Miss Stirling or myself can marry contrary to the wills of our late fathers, without forfeiting our fortunes. Nothing can save us but stratagem.

Harry. As our danger is mutual, so must be our efforts.

Char. We must devise something immediately, for my intended is hourly expected.

Harry. We may want assistance.

Char. A-propos. There is the apothecary of this village,—a cunning, scheming fellow. I'll speak to him.

Mary. Indeed, Charles, I tremble for your success.

Char. Tell me that I have your good wishes for my success, and success is certain.

Harry. Now fly, Charles, and sound the Doctor,—we will wait your return.

Char. We have each a treasure at stake, and will join heads, hearts, and hands to preserve it.

[*Exeunt Charles, Harry and Mary.*]

SCENE III.

THE INTERIOR OF DOCTOR ENDALL'S SHOP.

SAM DABBS discovered at Work, with Pestle and Mortar.

Sam. People may talk of the happy life of a village doctor, but the lord help his assistant, say I. Here am I scraping and squeezing, and shaking and mixing, till I am familiar with the taste of all the physic in my master's shop; and when all is over, and shop shut, I seek in vain for elegant recreation: no private play-house, no debating society!--Why did I quit London? I am the most miserable, unfortunate dog in the creation,—except my master's patients; and they, poor souls!--but that's their concern. Well, that job's job'd, (*putting a phial into paper*) That's a passport for poor Mr. Squalid. I am my master's secretary for the foreign department: I prepare for the conveyance of his subjects out of this world into the other. Oh, here he comes.

Enter DOCTOR ENDALL.

End. Well, Sam, who has called during my absence? has any thing been stirring?

Sam. Stirring! yes. I have been stirring with a plague to it. I have stirred up three-and-twenty prescriptions, and am as sick of them, as if I had taken them all myself.

End. Sam, Sam, you are a discontented rascal. Don't I give you two shillings a week, and the run of my shop—the liberty of taking as much physic as you can swallow; and when I return in the evening from visiting my patients, don't I allow you to ride my poney to the stable for your recreation?

Sam. Yes, and to clean him too for my recreation.

End. I suppose you want a sinecure, you useless blockhead!

Sam. Useless blockhead! Why then you confess I'm qualified for one.

End. Here, Mr. Swallow has got his monthly complaint again; mix up this prescription, and take it instantly.

Sam. Take it instantly! and what good will my taking it do Mr. Swallow?

End. Take it to his house, booby!--read.

Sam. O! ah! I see! "*the Monthly Club Dinner Emetic as usual.*" It was a cunning trick of your's, sir, to propose a club dinner; it makes my pestle and mortar jingle from morning till night.

End. Why, I have no reason to complain; I believe I get more by it than the landlord of the Cormorant who provides it. A naval victory has been as good as thirty pounds in my pocket.

Sam. How so, sir?

End. Why half the village have dined together, and the consequence----

Sam. Bless your soul, sir! In that line, the November practice of a city apothecary is worth all your's the year through.

End. Thanks to the convivial character of our country, a man of skill in my profession may find employment in every month: for whether we would be merry or sad; commemorate a dead patriot, or compliment a living one; rejoice at a victory, or bemoan a defeat; it is still a dinner, a dinner, and a dinner. Pray, has my good friend *Closeall*, the undertaker, been here?

Sam. Your friend!

End. Yes, sir, my friend. Why our friendship is the common talk of the place.

Sam. True—for they say that wherever Doctor *Endall* is, *Closeall*, the undertaker, can't be far off. He called just now to say he was *sorry* to hear another apothecary was coming to settle here; and then he grin'd, and looked as happy as if a fever had broken out in the village.

End. There's gratitude! I have been the making of that fellow. He has confess'd that I have sent him more customers in one year, than ever my predecessor sent him in three.

Sam. Why, he says you owe half your patients to his recommendation.

End. That's true; but he always has them in the end. O, *Sam*, the ingratitude of the world makes me mad. I'll go and settle in London; my skill is buried in this village.

Sam. At least the proofs of it are, sir.--Now, I'll go and take the physic out.

End. And make no mistakes, d'ye hear. Yesterday the emetic for Farmer Thresher's horse, you left at the mayor's; his worship swallowed it, and it has nearly been the death of him.

Sam. I will be more careful for the future, sir.

[*Exit Sam.*]

End. Oh, here comes my good friend, Mr. Charles Headstrong.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Dr. *Endall*, good morning.

End. Good morning, sir, I hope you are well---I do indeed, though I am an apothecary. And though I seldom shake a man by the hand without mechanically insinuating my finger towards his, pulse ; nor consistently with my own professional interests, can I say to a person, "I hope you are well," without wishing him a chronic, yet to you, Mr. Charles----

Char. You flatter, doctor.

End. Not at all, sir---but to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit ?

Char. Merely a passing call.

End. What, nothing in my way ? You should be careful of your health at this season of the year, sir ; for though you may not be *absolutely ill* yet *prevention*, you know-----

Char. But, doctor, I have something important to communicate to you, and must request your attention. (*aside*) I'll frighten him into my service. I'll pass Kitcat the painter on him, as an apothecary.

End. I am dumb, sir.

Char. My uncle---

End. I hope he's well, sir ; he is a very worthy man, although he won't take physic:---however, as he is my friend, I won't dwell upon his failings.

Char. Your friend, indeed ! But if I tell you, you'll be secret ?

End. As my own customers defunct.

Char. Well, then, my uncle intends to drive you out of this place.

End. Impossible !

Char. A fact ! He has sent for a friend from London, an apothecary, and means to recommend him all over the county.

End. Amazement !

Char. Nay, more : to make the business secure, and fix the man here, he insists upon my marrying his niece.

End. Which you have consented to ?

Char. Peremptorily refused !

End. What's to be done? You are my friend; will you assist me in opposing this intruder?

Char. With all my heart; and as I have as strong an objection to the niece as a wife, as you can possibly have to the uncle as a rival, our efforts must be mutual. The first step towards saving you from opposition in your practice, must be the preventing of this odious marriage.

End. Then refuse the girl at once, and the business is done.

Char. Not so; I have reasons against that, and must have recourse to stratagem. Are you a good hand at a scheme?

End. Try me.---I'm agent to Twig'em, the great lottery office-keeper in London; and, between us, we have invented schemes---but, vanity apart, ask the sufferers.

Char. Well, sir, I'll trust you. There is a young lady whom I am determined to marry; but as she has no fortune, I am certain my uncle will not consent to our union.

End. Where is she?

Char. Fortunately she arrived here this morning.

End. Does your uncle know her?

Char. He has never seen her.

End. Good.---When is the doctor's niece expected?

Char. This very day.

End. Good again.---Then it's all settled.---Let your chosen fair introduce herself as the neice of ----

Char. Impossible! Her uncle is expected to attend her.

End. My assistant, Sam Dabbs, shall personate him.

Char. Does my uncle know him?

End. Not at all; he has not been with me above a month. In London, instead of attending to his business behind a druggist's counter, although the fellow was near forty, he was either studying parts to act at a private play-house, or preparing speeches on political reform, and the state of the nation, to deliver at twelve

penny evening debating clubs;---so, to save him from the gallows, his friends sent him to me.

Char. But if the real uncle and niece, should arrive before we effect our purpose---

End. We must take our chance for that. Oh, here comes Sam.

Enter SAM hastily.

Sam. Sir! Sir! you must go this instant to Mrs. Vixen's: she's dying, and her husband particularly desires---

End. Whenever that woman's ill her husband is in a damn'd hurry for the doctor. But I have work for you, Dabbs.

Sam. For me, sir?

Char. Yes; the business is this: I want to introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Headstrong, as an old gentleman from London.---Can you undertake the part?

Sam. Try me---Except Macbeth and Little Pickle, old men's parts used to be my *forte* at our private theatre.

Char. Then I will give you some employment.

Sam. There, sir, I always told you that I should turn my acting to some account.

Char. Now, observe, sir---the person you have to represent is a man of elegant manners.

Sam. Then blow me if I don't touch him off to a T. In London I was used to elegant company. I was at Lady Stifle's music party.

End. You!

Sam. Yes, I.---Don't you know that great folks often let out their houses like taverns, for concerts? Signor Crescendo sold me a ticket for a five-and-sixpenny dollar; and there was I, and many more like me, for any thing her ladyship knew to the contrary, elbowing the first ladies in the land. But, sir, I don't much like this business after all. I came here with a view to mend my morals, and this looks something like roguery.

Char. It is merely an innocent device, and if you have any immediate use for twenty pounds, they are much at your service.

Sam. Well, sir, if you'll assure me that the business we're going upon is honourable, I'll join you in it even though it be highway robbery.

Char. Then come with me, sir, and I will explain all to you by the way. Doctor, be sure not to go to my uncle's just now, lest he should discover that I have betrayed him: when I think your attendance needful, I'll send for you. Adieu. [*Exit with Sam.*]

End. Not go to his uncle's just yet---That's very mysterious. Perhaps, after all, the youngster has invented this story about a rival apothecary, merely to serve his own purposes. Can that old Headstrong, after all his professions of friendship for me, be such a knave? I'll go and sift him upon the subject; and if I find I have been deceived, I'll not only spoil that young rascal's projects, but if ever I have an opportunity of taking a professional revenge, curse me if I don't keep him on dry toast and water gruel for a month. [*Exit.*]

SCÈNE IV.

A ROOM AT OLD HEADSTRONG'S.

Enter OLD HEADSTRONG.

Head. Egad! I believe the young dog has come too at last. Refuse an heiress, the booby! Heiresses are scarce game; and if he had let her slip, I warrant half the sportsmen in the kingdom wou'd have been at her heels before the week's end.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Doctor Endall, sir.

Head. Who?

Ser. Doctor Endall, sir.

Head. Very well; desire him to walk in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Now shall I be tormented for two hours, by that disagreeable, chattering, intrusive---

Enter Doctor ENDALL.

My dear doctor, I rejoice to see you. This visit is very kind.

End. You are very good. Truly, sir, your family is indebted to me for introducing many of its members into the world.

Head. Aye, and for turning many of them out too.--- But, come, sit down and tell me the news. If you were not so kind as to tell me all that is doing in the world, I might as well live in a wilderness. (*aside*) Tiresome blockhead!

End. You flatter, sir. But now, sir, I come to *you* for news. Have you nothing to tell *me*? Nothing? Eh, nothing?

Head. Why, perhaps, I have something to tell you that will surprise you.

End. Ha! 'tis coming!

Head. My nephew is going to be married.

End. Well, and is that all?

Head. All! zounds, sir! is not the news of a marriage in my family enough for once?

End. (*Aside*) Then it's plain enough. He is afraid to tell me, and wants to pick a quarrel as a colour to his villainy.—I'll worm the matter out of him.—To say the truth, sir, your nephew did just give me a hint of the matter this morning. He seemed averse from the marriage; but, as I suspected you might be desirous to bring it about, I persuaded him to it.

Head. You always act like a sensible man, and a friend, doctor.

End. Well, but he told me something about the uncle: pray, is he eminent in his profession?---Come, that's a home question. I shall know whether he really means to establish the doctor here. [*Aside.*

Head. (*Aside*) His profession!---O, my nephew has told him about his painting, I suppose.---Why he doesn't make a profession of it now---he practices merely as an amateur.

End. (*Aside*) Ah! then I'm ruined; for he'll give advice gratis---and people are not so fond of physic as to pay for it, when they can get it for nothing.

Head. But in London, doctor, he'll never make a figure; he's too fond of the amusements of the Town; he wants application, and I find he has no patience.

End. No patients!--pity---nothing to be done in his line without patients.

Head. He does not practice so much as he ought.

End. Of course, he can't practice without patients.

Head. True; so I have advised him to settle in this place.

End. (*Aside*) To take mine.

Head. I intend to introduce him to all my friends.

End. You do, eh! (*Aside*) Here's a pretty rascal!

Head. He shall not be in want of subjects to work upon.---He excels in the human figure---he has studied anatomy to advantage---he is an adept in taking subjects from life.

End. So are most of the profession, I believe.

Head. I intend to make him take you off for a beginning.

End. That's making short work of it; but if I suffer him---

Head. (*Aside*) O, I see; he thinks he's a caricaturist---My dear doctor, you misunderstand me---he's very serious, I assure you; he does'nt make a joke of these things.

End. A joke!--Confound him, it's no joking matter.

Head. No, no, he's a man of a very different turn.---He sometimes gives lectures, upon the subject of his art, to private assemblies of his friends,---he excels in that way---his articulation is delightful.

End. Articulation!--An anatomist too! [*Aside.*

Head. And his delivery---

End. Delivery! a man midwife!--I'm cut up at all points. Sir, I am eternally obliged to you for the favour you intend me.

Head. Not at all, doctor; it's no more than you deserve.

End. I shall choak!

Head. And when you are properly drawn, you shall be hung up in my great hall.

End. O, I shall go mad!--I can't speak, but I will

assist Charles with my whole heart, and be revenged that way—sir,—I can't speak. [*Exit in a violent rage.*]

Head. Poor fellow ! he can't express his gratitude. He is insufferably vain, and will go mad with joy at the thoughts of having his rhubarb and magnesia countenance exhibited in my great hall.

Enter CHARLES.

Now, you rogue ; I knew you would alter your mind : you are too much like your uncle to be serious in refusing a fine girl, with a fine fortune.

Char. (Aside) I must keep it up a little.—Really, sir, though in compliance with your wishes I have consented to marry the unknown fair, yet, after all, the lady may not be agreeable to me.

Head. Try and persuade yourself that you are over head and ears in love with her, and I'll answer for it, were she a mummy in bronze, you'd fancy her a Venus in alabaster.

Char. Well, sir, your pleasure shall be mine.

Head. Well said, my boy. And now, Charles, that you may receive our guests properly, I will give you what information I have been able to gain respecting their characters and manners ; for you know I have never seen either of them.

Char. I am all attention, sir : first, for the uncle then.

Head. He is a man highly accomplished, and remarkable for the elegance of his manners ; exceedingly reserved on a first acquaintance, but gradually expanding as the frost of ceremony dissolves, till you receive the full enjoyment of the various treasures of his head and heart.

Char. (Aside) Whoo !—His representative, poor Sam Dabbs, I fear, will fall rather short of this description. And the niece, sir ?

Head. Oh, she is a lovely, amiable girl of eighteen, all fire and spirit, as full of mischief as a squirrel ; and has been educated after the very newest fashion.

Char. That is—she can waltz, make fillagree pin-baskets, sing Italian arietta's, and gabble nonsense in a variety of languages.

Head. Why, I understand she has the command of four tongues.

Char. Hopeful intelligence for a husband.

Head. She is a wit, sir; and the lightness of her manners forms a striking contrast to the stately elegance and courtly dignity of her uncle's. Now I'll just step and give directions for their proper entertainment; and if they should arrive during my absence, pray receive them with all due ceremony. [*Exit.*]

Char. A hopeful case, truly! my actors are so unlike the persons they are to represent, that----- but 'tis too late for reflection, for here they are. However, a hint at their characters before my uncle's return, may be useful. My dear Mary---

Enter MARY and SAM.

(Sam in an old Court Dress.)

Mary. O, Charles! I shall never be able to get through this piece of artifice; I am half dead of fear.

Char. Courage! courage! consider that on the success of this stratagem depends our happiness.

Sam. Aye, courage, miss; look at me: I don't tremble and blush as you do.

Char. Now mark me, sir. The person you represent, is a man remarkable for the elegance of his manners: now, though you are equipped in one of the best suits I could find in my uncle's wardrobe, yet there is about you a certain vulgarity, which,---excuse me---

Sam. Eh! vulgarity! Then souse me into a horse-pond, if I'd give a button for your taste.

Char. Pardon me: I mean you must be very reserved in your manner, very pompous and dignified;—you had better not speak much.

Sam. O, I see.---As I am supposed to be a cut above your uncle, I am not to be familiar with him.

Char. Not exactly so :---but an accidental blunder, ---you understand ?

Sam. I'll make you easy on that score. I was famous for my speeches at our debating club.

Char. Come, cheer up, my dear Mary ; a little self-possession, or we shall never succeed. The lady you personate is a romp---a hoyden. Endeavour to represent her with a little more spirit, and---

Mary. Indeed, Charles, I cannot overcome my embarrassment.

Char. Here he comes (*to Sam*) : you must frame some excuse for her.

Sam. Let me alone.

Enter HEADSTRONG.

Head. Now Charles, my boy, you must----eh !

Char. Mr. Kitcat and Miss Stirling, sir ; my uncle.

Head. Mr. Kitcat,---Madam,---I am heartily glad to see you. I hope you will pardon my receiving you in this unceremonious way, but---

Sam. (*With affected dignity*) O, never mind, old boy ! Tho' I am very dignified, and very elegant in my manners, I never likes to stand upon any *sans ceremonie*, as the ancients call it.—Hem !

Char. I suppose, sir, Mr. Kitcat means—the devil !

Head. I can't conceive how I miss'd your carriage, but perhaps, when you came to the park-gate—

Sam. O, the carriage : why the truth is I whisked my niece down in the *shay*.

Head. Whisk'd her down in the *shay* ! Well, this is dignity and elegance with a vengeance !

Char. (*aside to Sam*) Ten thousand devils ! don't open your lips again.

Sam. Be quiet, will you ? I'm getting on very well. Come, niece, why don't you speak to Mr. Headstrong ? Are you afraid to say *ho* to a goose ? You must excuse my niece being a little sheepish, or so.

Head. (*Aside*) She's a wit:—she wants drawing

out, perhaps. I'll try her.—Hem! I hope, madam, you have had a pleasant journey?

Mary. Ye-es, sir, (*embarrassed*)

Head. Had you any rain, madam?

Mary. No, sir.

Head. Then you had fine weather?

Mary. Yes, sir. Would to heaven I were relieved from this situation. [*Aside.*]

Head. A wit! a Hoyden! Damme, if she isn't quite a ninny! Your niece, sir, is rather diffident; but I hope we shall be better acquainted by and bye, and then---(*looks at Sam's dress with curious attention*) Very odd! Ecod! I could almost swear he has my coat on.

Sam. But let's to business. I should like to have the marriage *obsequies* performed this very morning.

Head. The what, sir?

Char. Mr. Kitcat says he wishes the ceremony performed immediately.

Head. With all my heart, sir; though upon consideration, I think it would not be amiss to delay it for a day or two, till the young people are better acquainted—I've a waistcoat like that too.

Char. Sir, the young lady's person and manners have charmed me, and with her consent, I would not delay the marriage an instant.—Speak, my beloved: do you oppose my wishes?

Mary. I oppose them! No, dear Charles! My present situation is most distressing, and till you have secured me, every moment will be a torment to me.

Head. Now curse me if that's so much amiss, considering it is the first thing she has said to him: (*to Sam*) A-propos! In your last letter you mentioned to me the death of my old acquaintance, Fidkins.

Sam. Did I?

Head. Yes; and you said there was something particular attending it.

Sam. Did I? (*Aside*) What the devil shall I say! Why, he died a---

Head. Aye, a month ago.

Sam. Aye; and he has been dead ever since.

Head. Well ; there's nothing very surprising in that.

Char. The less you say the better. (*to Sam*)

Sam. Don't bother me.

Head. The very breeches, too, are like mine.

Sam. Now, old boy ; I've had a long journey, and should like a snack. Come, give us something worth having,---something better than we are used to at home.

Head. I've been strangely deceived about this gentleman.---Sir, you shall have the best my house affords.

Sam. Then the sooner the better, for I'm devilish sharp set.

Head. (*aside*) The notions about elegance and dignity must have undergone a strange alteration, in London, within the last twenty years. (*To Mary*) Madam, allow me to conduct you. Charles, you will attend Mr. Kitcat. [*Exit with Mary.*]

Char. Your ignorance and vulgarity will betray us.

Sam. Psha! it's the best proof of high breeding.

Char. So far we have succeeded ; my uncle is deceived, and---

Enter DOCTOR ENDALL hastily.

End. Oh, lord, sir! we are all ruined!

Char. What's the matter?

End. The real Mr. Kitcat and his niece are here! I saw their carriage stop at the park-gate.

Char. Confusion!

End. There's an end of us all, I'm afraid ; but in order to gain time, I'll intercept them,---say I'm sent by your uncle to conduct them hither, and detain them as long as possible : [*aside*] and have a word or two with the doctor upon my own affairs. [*Exit.*]

Char. Come, sir, follow me to my uncle. We've not a moment to spare. If the real parties arrive before we succeed with him, we are lost for ever.

Sam. I see how it will end ;---I shall be the sufferer in this affair. I have an idea of the taste of the horse-

pond already: and fancy myself peeping into the garret windows, six times in a minute, by the gentle assistance of a blanket. [Exeunt.

ACT II.



SCENE I.

HEADSTRONG'S PARK.

Enter HARRY SUTHERLAND and MISS STIRLING.

Miss S. Indeed, Mr. Sutherland, your conduct is highly improper. To follow me from London, without----

Harry. But, my dear Miss Stirling, consider the disagreeableness of your situation.

Miss S. Truly, my situation is not exactly such a one as a young woman with a lively imagination would sketch out for her own happiness. I am brought down here, at a day's notice, to marry a man I never saw in my life, merely because when I was an infant squalling in long-coats, my father thought I should make a very pretty wife for his friend's son, who was ambulating in a go-cart. Now only consider the folly of it.

Harry. Aye; and the tyranny.

Miss S. And my own weakness if I were to submit to it.

Harry. And my want of gallantry if I did not assist you to escape from it.

Miss S. Psha! But I did not mean that.

Harry. And what do you intend to do, to avoid being forced into a marriage with Charles Headstrong?

Miss S. Appeal to my uncle's generosity, and if that fail---

Harry. We'll elope, by all means.

Miss S. Your assurance astonishes me.---elope ! No, sir ; an elopement must be our last resource.

Harry. My dear Louisa, you have made me happy---let me fly---

Miss S. What have I said ?---now---now---no transports ; consider, we are in the enemy's camp---this is Mr. Headstrong's park : for the present you must leave me. I must return to my uncle, Mr. Kitcat, whom I left making a sketch at the park entrance, and endeavour to delay his arrival. If I am seen here, as Charles has introduced his mistress to his uncle under my name, it will be fatal to his project.

Harry. And not one---

Miss S. Well, there, you may take my hand.

Harry. You have made me the happiest man on earth. [Exit.

Miss S. I have done a very imprudent thing, but I dare not reflect upon it, lest I should repent, and change my mind. (going---returns) As I live here's some one coming this way. [Retires up the stage.

Enter HEADSTRONG.

Head. I never was so disappointed in all my life. Instead of seeing, as I expected, a respectable well-bred man, this Mr. Kitcat is a coarse, ill-mannered, illiterate booby. He offered to lay me a pot of porter that my wig would fit his head, and, without ceremony, pulled it off, across the table, to try. He had his fingers in every dish, eat voraciously of all, and bit a piece out of every peach till he found one to his taste. I thought he was skilled in paintings, and took him to view my little collection : worse and worse ! he took my "*Cupid sharpening his arrows*" for a naked young Robin Hood ; and when I called his attention to my exquisite "*Fall*

of Phaeton," damn me if he didn't ask me whether I had ever seen the sign of the "Tumble-down-dick," in the Borough. Eh! who have we here? (*seeing Miss S.*) Your servant, madam.

Miss S. (coming forward,) Who can this be? Excuse me, sir; I believe I have made some mistake: allow me to retire.

Head. Whom do you seek, madam?

Miss S. (Aside) What can I say? Nobody, sir,—that is---Mr. Headstrong, sir---but it's no matter---I'll---(*going*)

Head. Your visit is fortunate---I am Mr. Headstrong. A very pretty girl this.

Miss S. Heavens! You Mr. Headstrong? Then I'm lost.

Head. Heavens! then I am lost! this is very strange!

Miss S. How shall I escape from him? Not you, sir---your nephew I mean---some other time---good morning, sir! (*going*)

Head. (Aside) A strange female desire to see my nephew! There's some mystery in this---Madam, I must request an explanation of this visit to my nephew.---Present circumstances render it absolutely necessary.

Miss S. Worse and worse! What shall I say? I have it; I'll make him as anxious to get rid of me as I am to be gone.---I understand, sir, your nephew is on the point of being married.

Head. This very day, madam.

Miss S. Cruel man! Sir, he is under a promise of marriage to me. [*Aside*] I think this will make him wish me a thousand miles off.

Head. (Aside) This then accounts for his reluctance to marry Miss Stirling.---Madam, this affair requires explanation, and fortunately here is my nephew.

Miss S. O lud! I'm ruined.

Head. Ruined! The villian! the villian!

Miss S. I must not see him, indeed, sir---pray allow me to retire.

Head. Conceal yourself in that arbour. He shall do

you justice, or he is no longer a nephew of mine.—Your name, madam ?

Miss S. My name—Oh, Sally Primrose, a farmer's daughter, from Shropshire.

Head. Retire, Miss Primrose, and leave this affair to me.

Miss S. (Aside) In what a labyrinth has this unlucky meeting involved me. (*Retires into the arbour*).

Enter CHARLES.

Head. Now for my gentleman !

Char. My dear sir, I am impatient for the consummation of my happiness.

Head. Happiness ! how dare you think of happiness ?

Char. I do not understand you, sir.

Head. I have found you out, sir.

Char. Sir, I am ignorant of your meaning.

Head. No foolery, sir—You are on the point of giving yourself in marriage to Miss Stirling, when your affections are already disposed of in another quarter.

Char. [Aside.] Then Mary is discovered ;—or perhaps he merely suspects something, and this is a manoeuvre to try me.

Head. This hesitation convicts you, sir ; but I'll convince you that I know your secret.—Shropshire, sir, Shropshire.

Char. Shropshire ! What the devil does he mean by Shropshire !

Head. [Aside] He thinks I am but half informed, and braves me. You may have heard the name of Sally, perhaps, sir ?

Char. Sally !

Head. Yes, sir, Sally ;—Sally Primrose.

Char. Sally Primrose. Ha ! ha ! ha ! this is all a jest :—I never heard the name before.

Head. This is too much :—then know to your confusion, the lady is here.

Char. Here, sir !

Head. Aye ; here, sir. I dare say you'll swear you never saw her before. Come forth, Miss Primrose.

[*He leads Miss Stirling from the arbour.*]

Char. I assure you I never saw this lady in my life.

Head. Just as I said. Here's an unblushing rascal!

Char. Depend on it, here is some imposture.

Head. Fye! fye! your impudence is beyond bearing. However, sir, I shall leave you to the just resentment of Miss Primrose; and till you have arranged this matter to her satisfaction, never dare to let me see your damn'd impudent face again. [Exit.]

Char. Madam, whatever may be your intentions---

Miss S. Hush! I am Louisa Stirling.

Char. You!

Miss S. I am. My saucy lover, Mr. Sutherland, has informed me of all your schemes. But how to extricate ourselves from this situation?

Char. 'Tis done; and a thought strikes me by which this accident shall be the means of procuring you my uncle's consent to your marriage with Sutherland.

Miss S. But how am I to get back to my uncle, Mr. Kitcat? Indeed, I should not be surprised if he reached the house before us.

Char. No fear of that; a chattering apothecary is sent to guide him, who will lead him half-a-dozen miles out of his way: and for your escort I shall give you Harry Sutherland.

Miss S. But suppose my escort should turn traitor and run away with me.

Char. Why then, as a punishment for his offence, we must condemn him to imprisonment for life; and you shall have the custody of him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

ANOTHER PART OF HEADSTRONG'S PARK.

Enter ENDALL and MR. KITCAT.

Kit. Why do you loiter thus, sir? You say Mr. Headstrong sent you to conduct me to his house; but at every turn, it appears we are further from it than ever. My niece, no doubt is there, and alarmed at my absence.

End. Why certainly, Mr. Kitcat, we might have saved [*aside*] about three miles ; but I thought you would like to see the park. [*aside*] I have not had spirit to say a word to the doctor about my own business yet : I'll take courage, and pump him now.--Hem ! I understand, sir, you intend to--practise in this place ?

Kit. I do, sir.

End. [*aside*] It's very true, I see.--Your practice in London was rather limited.

Kit. Rather so, sir. In the country all nature presents itself. In London one is confined principally to the human subject.

End. That's enough in all conscience, if a man can get plenty of it.

Kit. True, sir ; but having attained some proficiency in that branch of the art, I am desirous of practising in another.

End. Another ! May I beg to know which you mean, sir ?

Kit. Cattle.

End. Cattle ! [*aside*] So I'm to be supplanted by a damn'd cow-doctor !

Kit. Besides, sir, one's prospects about London are very limited ; here they are open and extensive.

End. Then let me undeceive you ; you have no prospect at all here.

Kit. There we differ. I think I never beheld finer.

End. But you'll find the difference when you have been here a short time.

Kit. I don't quite understand you, sir. I can't see why my being here should alter the prospects.

End. Whatever view you may have in your eye, let me tell you, we have a person in your way already here ; and the place won't afford comfortable practice for two.

Kit. I don't see how this applies to me. I intend to practise merely for my own amusement.

End. So much the worse ; and to be plain, I am the person you come to oppose.

Kit. You, sir ! I should'nt have taken him for a painter.

End. Now, consider that I get my living by the profession, and if you oppose me, I'm ruined : agree to my proposal,

Enter SAM behind.

And I'll do you a service you little expect.

Kit. Well, sir.

End. Though my business is chiefly with the two-legged part of the creation, yet, I sometimes dabble a little in the cattle way myself. Now, sir, agree not to interfere with my biped customers, and I'll make over the whole of my quadruped connexion to you without reserve.

Kit. Sir, I accept your offer. Now what is the service you are to render me ?

End. To put you on your guard against a plot. You must know that young Headstrong, in order to avoid a marriage with your niece, has introduced a fellow to his uncle under your name. But go instantly to the house, and you may be in time to prevent ill consequences.

Sam. [*behind*] O, thou treacherous jalup-monger !

Kit. Amazement ! will you accompany me ?

End. If I do, young Headstrong will put me into the horsepond for this. [*Aside*] No, sir ; I have an engagement, and as I am rather past my time, I must wish you a good morning. [*Exit.*]

Kit. This is an extraordinary event.

Sam. Now for a bold hit, or it is all over with us. I'll pass myself upon him as old Headstrong ; (*coming forward, and calling after Endall in a subdued voice*), Impostor ! knave ! rascal ! and this, I take it, is one of his accomplices.

Kit. What's in the wind now ? Who dares address such language to me ?

Sam. That's a good joke ; I, Simon Headstrong, Esquire.

Kit. Have I the happiness of seeing Mr. Headstrong?

Sam. You know best what you can see, sir; but is this my ground? are those my trees? or are these my clothes?

Kit. This is most fortunate.—Sir, I rejoice in thus meeting with you.

Sam. Why, it must be—my dear friend Mr. Kitcat.

Kit. The same; the same.

Sam. O, this is too much happiness! (*Embraces him*).

Kit. I am just in time to prevent the execution of a deception—

Sam. I know it; and the man that just left you is the impostor.

Kit. He the impostor!

Sam. However, it is but part of a more villainous plot. My steward, a crafty old knave, has a design to get his own nephew married to your niece, and on your arrival, to get me out of the way, and pass himself for me.

Kit. Monstrous! Fortunate discovery!

Sam. Now we'll humour the villain. I'll stay away; you go to the house—call him Mr. Headstrong—behave to him as you would to me—and be sure not to let him perceive that you know him to be only my steward.

Kit. Excellent! But for my niece?

Sam. True—I have it. I know a girl who, for twenty pounds, would marry any body. She shall pass for your niece, and marry the old rogue's nephew; and I warrant he'll repent it as long as he lives.

Kit. Admirable; come, let's about it instantly; I delight in seeing roguery over-reach itself. But where is my niece, Louisa, all this time.

Sam. [*aside*] Safe with her lover.—Oh, she lost you in the windings of the park, and prudently came to my house: luckily none of my people have seen her. Now I'll go for the girl I spoke of, and be with you in a crack. Wait my return at yonder gate. Come, bundle, my old boy.

Kit. Bundle, my old boy! I didn't expect to see a Chesterfield;—but the coarseness of Mr. Headstrong's manners astonishes me. [Exit.

Sam. Now I'll go up to old Headstrong's—confess so much as can no longer be concealed, and, by professing myself a repentant rogue, cheat on without danger of discovery. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A ROOM AT HEADSTRONG'S.

HEADSTRONG, MARY, AND CHARLES *discovered seated at a Table, at the point of signing Papers.*

Head. I think we had better not sign till Mr. Kitcat returns; however, as you both seem anxious about it, give me a pen— O, here he is.

Enter SAM hastily.

Sam. Hold, sir; don't sign. You have been deceived. I am not Mr. Kitcat.

Head. How!

Char. Confusion! The villain has betrayed us.

Head. You not Mr. Kitcat! and is not this lady Miss Stirling?

Sam. I'll out with the whole truth now—The lady really is Miss Stirling.

Head. And my nephew—

Sam. Is as innocent of it all as a sucking pig.

Head. Then to you, madam, I apply for an explanation.

Mary. To-to-to me, sir.

Sam. Don't tell him, miss; I'll explain it all--You see, sir, as the young lady had never seen your nephew, she thought it as well to have a peep at him before she consented to marry him—so she gave her uncle the slip, two stages off—got me to personate him, and determined to run away if she didn't like Mr. Charles.--The real uncle is arrived; and as I cannot conveniently be a rogue any longer, I think it as well to confess all, and be honest.

Char. What do you intend by this? [Aside to Sam.

Sam. My original is here, so this is our only hope.

Head. Miss Stirling is this true ?

Mary. Ye-es,—sir.

Head. Then I hope my nephew has made a favourable impression on you. But where is your uncle ?

Sam. Oh, he is but a little way off. I must take Miss to him : he would be furious if he knew she had been here.

Head. Then I won't say I have seen her before ; and when you return, my dear, I'll receive you as if it were your first visit.

Sam. Exactly so.

Head. And pray who are you, sir ?

Sam. I—O, I'm nobody, sir—a servant, sir—this lady's servant.

Head. (*Aside*) Ecod, I suspect that's my coat ; I thought so at first : I'll examine my wardrobe. I've some directions to give the servants, and will return instantly.—O, you cunning baggage, I love you for your ingenuity. (*Exit.*)

Char. Now pray what am I to understand by all this ?

Sam. There's no time for talking : that treacherous lump of rhubarb has exposed our plans. I shall want your assistance Miss ; but come along, and I will tell you the rest by the way. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

HEADSTRONG'S PARK.

Enter KITCAT, MARY, and SAM.

Kit. Now, my good girl, you understand ;—This gentleman's steward intends to impose himself upon me as his master, and get his nephew married to my niece.—Now we mean to give into the imposition ; I shall therefore introduce *you* as my niece, marry the young fellow to you, and as a reward for your assistance in this affair, I shall give you twenty pounds at your wedding.

Mary. Thank'ee, sir.

Kit. Now I think we may proceed.

Sam. One word more, Sir.—My steward has the impudence of the devil; and I dare say will receive you without embarrassment. Do every thing he proposes, and be sure not to let him know you are up to him till you hear from me.

Kit. I'll be careful, depend on't.

Exeunt MARY and KITCAT.

Sam. This is a noble scheme of mine. I did not think I was so clever. Let me see—What reward shall I demand, if we succeed? Mr. Charles shall buy me a commission in a marching regiment. I'll fly from physic to war. The change is not very great; 'tis attaining the same end by different means—the same operation, but performed with a different instrument—a *bullet* instead of a *bolus*! (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

HEADSTRONG'S LIBRARY.

Enter HEADSTRONG, MARY, and KITCAT.

Head. Well, I am heartily glad to see you at last—but why so late?

Kit. The beauty of the scenery around your estate was an attraction I could not resist; and it has afforded some little employment to my pencil. (*aside*) This steward must be a consummate knave; he doesn't seem in the least embarrassed in the exercise of his roguery.

Enter CHARLES.

Head. Ah! Allow me, Mr. Kitcat, to introduce my nephew to you; and to you, madam, your future husband. (*To Mary*) Your uncle little thinks you have met before.—And now, my dear sir, if you have the writings with you, we'll execute them instantly.

Char. Sir, I am impatient till my happiness is complete.

Kit. (*aside*). The imposture is plain enough: their eagerness convicts them.—I have not the papers with me, but—

Char. No matter, sir, here is one which will be sufficient till the deeds arrive. If you will sign it first, my uncle will follow you.

Kit. The young one is as undaunted a rogue as the old steward, his uncle. Give me the pen, sir. There, *(he signs)* and may you be happy with my niece.

Char. Now, uncle.

Head. *(Signs.)* There's my name.—This is a happy day;—Shake hands, my old boy; you and I can't expect many such as this, and egad we'll make the most of it.

Kit. True—By the Lord, though, I can hardly help laughing at them. *(aside)*

Charles. Now, my dear Mary, our happiness is secure, and we'll leave the old gentlemen to undeceive each other.—We will withdraw.

Kit. And take my advice, get married instantly—A young hypocrite. *(aside)*

Char. We'll do as you advise us, depend on it.

(Exeunt CHARLES and MARY.)

Kit. Now I'll open upon the old steward.—I'll begin with a hit at his menial situation. *(aside)* Hem! you seem to have a very comfortable place of it here.

Head. Place of it! O, he means my estate, I suppose.—Why yes, sir, I have no reason to complain.

Kit. And I dare say it supplies all your wants.

Head. Aye, and a great deal more, or it wouldn't be worth having.—I sell ten times as much as I consume.

Kit. Here's a thief!—and pray, is the family acquainted with your proceedings?

Head. To be sure! I make no secret of it—I may do as I please, here.

Kit. Then I suppose they have confidence in you, and don't suspect—

Head. Suspect!—Pooh! they know it—Besides it's a very common thing among gentlemen in my situation. I've a right to make as much money by the estate as possible.

Kit. I never yet heard of a steward who thought otherwise.—Have you been long in this situation?

Head. About two and twenty years, I believe.

Kit. And during that time you have contrived to scrape together a pretty round sum, I dare say.

Head. (Aside) These inquiries are damn'd impertinent, tho' !—Why yes, sir, I have saved a tolerable fortune.

Kit. I can hold no longer.—Which you have accumulated by fraud, embezzlement, and every species of rascality.

Head. Sir !

Kit. And which, when you sink into a guilty grave, you will bequeath to your nephew, who appears to be as consummate a knave as yourself.

Head. Mr. Kitcat !

Kit. Impostor ! You may now throw off your mask—your machinations are detected, and you may expect to be turned out of this house within an hour.

Head. Ha ! ha ! ha ! turn me out of my own house !—Harkee sir ; are you really Mr. Kitcat ?

Kit. I am—but for the person you take to be my neice—

Head. That's sufficient—It is but too evident that he's a little—(*touching his forehead*) and I should be as mad as he to quarrel with him.

Kit. But here comes your master—

Enter SAM.

(*to Sam*) My dear Mr. Headstrong, I have given this miscreant an introductory chastisement, and now let me entreat that you will turn him out of your house this instant.

Sam. All in good time. (*aside*)—Damn it—here comes my master, and all's over.

Enter ENDALL.

End. (to Kitcat) Ah ! my dear doctor !

Kit. Doctor, sir ! What do you mean by doctor ?

End. (to Headstrong) My dear Mr. Headstrong, as I have made an amicable arrangement with the doctor there—

Head. I shan't speak a word till I know whether I'm awake, or whether that man is in his right senses.—Leave me, doctor.

Kit. He a doctor ! There is some mystery here !

End. (*Seeing Sam*) Well, Sam, as you have done your part in the business, you had better go back to the shop—you'll find plenty to do.

Kit. Back to the shop ! Ha, I begin to suspect. Where's my niece ? where's my niece ?

Sam. Here come all the pretty dears.

Enter CHARLES and MARY. HARRY and MISS STIRLING.

Head. I think I may venture a word now.—Charles, am I awake ?

Kit. (*To Miss Stirling*) My dear niece, explain this affair to me.

Head. Your niece ! Psha ! that's Sally Primrose. Charles Headstrong, what is the meaning of all this ?

Kit. Charles Headstrong ! pooh ! that's Charles Headstrong with my niece. (*Points to Harry*)

Head. With your niece ! But I see how it is ! Poor man ! he takes another woman for his own niece, and wants to persuade me that I don't know my own nephew.

Char. I believe I can best unravel this apparent mystery. (*To Kitcat*) This gentleman, sir, really is Mr. Headstrong, and I am his nephew.—The fact is, that as we were all doubtful of obtaining your consent to our marriage, according to our several wishes, we have had recourse to various stratagems to obtain it—have succeeded as you perceive, and now throw ourselves upon your mercy.

Kit. And pray, sir, who are you that have defrauded me of my niece ?

Harry. Be not harsh, sir. My name is Henry Sutherland, brother to that young lady ; and I am a gentleman.

Kit. A very poor one, no doubt.

Harry. As to my fortune, sir,—but since no man is expected to expatiate on his own defects when he is endeavouring to recommend himself, I must be silent on that subject.

Kit. Mr. Headstrong.—Since I find you are really Mr. Headstrong, accept my sincere apology for the harsh language I applied to you :—they imposed you upon me as your steward, and—

Head. Say no more about it. It's well our quarrel

was *tete-a-tete*, for I dare say we appeared like two damn'd fools.

Kit. No doubt: but here are four green horns staring us full in the face, who have been cunning enough to out-wit us; and I think the best thing we can do, is to forgive them and make them happy.

Head. With all my heart.

End. (*To Kitcat*) Now my dear doctor—

Kit. Zounds, sir! I'm no doctor:—don't doctor me.

End. What then, a'n't you my rival exterminator from London? Am I then still to retain the entire possession of my old field of action?

Char. The whole village will still be at your mercy.

End. Then I'll set the bells a ringing immediately.

Char. Tolling, more likely, doctor.

Head. But where is the rascal who has caused all these mistakes?—Oh, there he is—Come forth, sirrah.

Sam. Ah! I see how it will be; I shall be the stalking horse for both parties, to vent the remnants of their anger upon.

Head. Well, sirrah! what have you to say for yourself?

Sam. I know I have no mercy to expect; but, as I have an unconquerable aversion to a dry-beating, either toss me in a blanket, or pump upon me; any thing but an ungentlemanly dry-beating.

Char. A pardon for him, sir.

Head. Well, he may go—but, I'll thank him to leave my clothes behind him.

Char. And you may take with you the reward of your labours. (*Gives money*)

Sam. What twenty pounds!

Harry. And as I am under an equal obligation to you (*gives notes*) accept my acknowledgements also.

Sam. Another twenty! why then, my fortune being made, according to the custom of the world, I might laugh at my past rogueries, and let you see, Who's Who—But, no; I'll throw myself upon my friends, and I trust to their kindness for a merciful sentence on—The
DOUBLE IMPOSTURE.

THE END.


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Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

THE TITHE TALK, OR, THE TITHE TALKER.

1834.

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P R E F A C E.



THIS printed copy will be found to differ in very many instances from the acting text,—a difference which partly arose from necessity. To unite the two texts was impossible, and to print from the Prompt-book during the run of the piece was no less impracticable. Judicious, therefore, as the alterations have been, I was forced to retain the original.

MISS KELLY'S exertions in *Mary* demand the warmest tribute of my gratitude; but the tears and admiration of the numerous audiences form the best offerings to that excelling genius, which stands without a rival. Her acting was the main pillar of the building :—In one word, and as the top of all praise, she *excelled Miss Kelly*, a point to which no other actress ever has or ever will attain.

TO MR. WALLACK also I am infinitely indebted; those who have witnessed this Gentleman's general performance will easily understand the full weight of my obligation. The character of *Richard* was very faintly drawn, but the masterly skill of this admirable artist brought it out on the canvas in strong and glowing colours.

MR. P. COOKE, in *Hans*, was truly excellent. The character is infinitely below his talents, and whatever praise has been given to it entirely belongs to his own creation.

TO MR. SMITH, MR. KENT, and MR. BARNARD, I have likewise to return my thanks, and to the rest of the Performers in general. When to this is added Mr. T. COOKE's excellent Music, and the perfection of the Machinery, it may be justly said, that little or nothing has been done by the Author.

TO MR. RAE I am indebted for his friendly exertions as Manager; to the Committee in general for their liberality; and more particularly to the HONOURABLE GEORGE LAMBE.

While I am acknowledging my various obligations, I cannot, without dishonour to my own feelings, pass over the name of my friend MR. KNIGHT, the Comedian. To his kindness the piece was originally confided; and to his unremitting exertions, his accurate judgment, and disinterested friendship, I owe the first foundation of my success.

TO

MISS FRANCES-MARIA KELLY.

IN dedicating this trifle to your unrivalled talent, I shall perhaps be accused of presumption, when I am only anxious to offer a public testimony of my gratitude to that powerful genius, which has stamped a value on my humble efforts:—Yet, though you are far above the *praise*, I trust you will accept the *thanks*, of

Your obliged

and grateful servant,

GEORGE SOANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- LANGLEY, a Magistrate..... Mr. MINTON.
- MONKTON, a Country Gentleman..... Mr. KENT.
- FRANKLAND, an Innkeeper Mr. GATTIE.
- HARROP, a Captain of a gang of Smug-
glers Mr. SMITH.
- PHILIP, his Son (*omitted in representation*).
- RICHARD, a young Fisherman in love
with Mary..... Mr. WALLACK.
- TRICKSEY, a Custom-House Officer .. Mr. HUGHES.
- HANS KETZLER, a German in the Cus-
tom-House, under Tricksey Mr. P. COOKE.
- WENTWORTH Mr. COVENEY.
- WHITE }
SMITH } Country Gentlemen.
ALSOP }
- WILLIAM, a Smuggler, the Mate of
Harrop's vessel..... Mr. BARNARD.
- EDWARD HARROP, Harrop's second
son, a boy about fifteen years of age .. MASTER SEYMOUR.
- MARY, daughter to Frankland Miss KELLY.
- MARIAN, Harrop's wife Mrs. HARLOWE.

Smugglers, Peasants, Travellers, Constables, &c.

THE

INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The sea-coast.—On the right side are several Smugglers' huts.—Before one of them is the decayed trunk of a very large oak.—Not far from land is a projecting rock extending several yards into the sea, before which is a Smuggler's vessel in flames.—During the opening dialogue the Smugglers descend from the burning ship into a boat, and make towards the shore.—At a considerable distance is the king's cutter.—Marian stands in front watching the burning vessel, and wringing her hands in despair.—By her side is Edward, splicing a rope, with a large case-knife in his hand.

EDW. SHE burns bravely! Good night to the Fox.

MAR. Undone! undone! wine,—gin,—brandy,—tea,—three hundred pounds at least!—and all gone,—all destroyed!—

EDW. Never mind, mother; if we lose it, the revenue sharks will not be the better for it; they'll

not get so much as a spoonful of gin or a sup of brandy to pay them for all the hard knocks they have had, and I fancy some of them have got more than they like.—The Fox's shot told well.

MAR. Boy! boy! we are ruined! That cargo was the venture of all we were worth, and more than all. Where shall our hunger now find bread?

EDW. Where? Ha! ha! ha! While the corn grows in those fields, and Farmer Gilbert's mill turns round, and I wear this knife,—we shall not want bread.

MAR. My children! my children! and I must hear your hungry cries for food, and only answer them with tears.

EDW. Psha! mother, what's the use of crying? The Fox is burnt, and there's an end of it.

He seats himself on an old broken cask, and sings as he splices the rope.

Blow, blow, blow, wind!

We fear nor wind nor weather;

Be it life, or be it death,

We weigh it not a feather.

(The boat reaches the shore beyond the huts, so that the landing of the Smugglers is not seen by the audience. At the same time a boat puts off from the cutter.)

EDW. Father comes! father comes! Dry up your eyes, mother!—Make haste; he looks plaguy cross, and you know his hand is apt to fall heavy on you and me

in his evil moods. The last time Farmer Gilbert warned him off the rabbit-warren cost me a round dozen, and the threats of the old hurlo-thrumbo magistrate about his lost geese nearly knocked out my left eye.

MAR. Go in, boy ; I dread his temper.

EDW. That's more 'than I do—bless your soul, I don't mind him a rope's end ; 'tis but a good beating, and that's soon over.

HAR. (*without,*) Haul the skiff up close on the beach, and stow the sails in the house.

Harrop, William, and Smugglers enter.—Edward runs up to Harrop.

EDW. Now, father, what news?

HAR. (*striking him,*) 'Sdeath, you hound ! do you laugh at me ? Don't you see the smack burning ? —are you blind ?

EDW. If I'm not, I'm sure it's not your fault.

The vessel blows up with a loud explosion.

HAR. Do you hear that?

EDW. Yes—I'm not deaf.

HAR. What's that you mutter ?

MAR. Go in, Edward ; go in.

EDW. I sha'n't—let him do his worst.

HAR. Why, you young scoundrel, do you brave me ?

MAR. Let me entreat you, Harrop—Edward, go in.

EDW. I'm not afraid—beat me if you will.

HAR. By Heavens!—No—I was too hasty, and thou are a brave fellow, Ned; poor Philip had not a stouter heart.

MAR. Poor Philip! Has any thing happened to him?

HAR. You'll know soon enough; they'll bring him here directly.

EDW. What! have they killed Philip?

MAR. Oh that my breath could raise the sea in storms to overwhelm them all!

HAR. Be quiet, woman; the boy's wounded to death, and your howling will do no good.

EDW. (*Going up to Harrop, and straining his knife vehemently in his hand,*)—Father—Tricksey, the gauger, gave notice to the King's ship of our boat being off the coast;—if Phil' is to die, should he 'scape scot-free?

HAR. (*Squeezing his hand*). Brave boy!—brave boy!—I've lost nothing while you remain to me.

Other Smugglers enter, bearing Philip, covered with blood, and speechless.

MAR. My son! My son! I never truly loved you till this moment!—Speak to me—call me Mother.

EDW. Four wounds,—and each one large enough to let out four lives!

WIL. (*who has been looking out with his glass,*)
A boat is coming from the cutter with Tricksey and his German friend, Hans Ketzler.

HAR. Who? the gauger? In with you! in all of you! Lead Philip to his bed—and some of you take that woman into your own hovel, that the poor lad may die in peace.

MAR. I will not leave him;—who so fit as a mother to close his dying eyes?

HAR. Marian, have you heard me? I am used to be obeyed by men, and shall not entreat a woman.

MAR. Ah! I fear you no longer: since Philip is lost to me, what have I to fear for?

HAR. Force her away!

(Some of the Smugglers force her off, while others bear in Philip.)

The rest in with me—except you, Edward—Stay you here, to learn what the gauger is about.

EDW. (*maliciously*,) Yes, yes,—I'll look to him.

(All enter the cottage—Edward stops William, who is the last going in.)

EDW. William.

WIL. What now?

EDW. One of your pistols.

WIL. For what purpose?

EDW. Will you let me have it?

WIL. I guess;—take it.

(William enters Harrop's cottage.)

EDW. But let me see if the pistol is really loaded.
(He first examines the priming, and then tries the charge with the ramrod.)

Yes, all's right!—and now—So, so! here they are.

(He conceals himself behind the oak—the boat reaches the shore. Tricksey and Hans land, and the sailors row back to the cutter. Hans is constantly at Tricksey's right hand, between him and the tree, so as to prevent Edward from shooting at Tricksey—Music during the time of the landing.)

TRICK. Bravely fought, Hans—was it not?

HANS. Ja—very brave!—but who, in the Teufel's name, told you so? You were in die hold all der time, snug as one littel fairy in der cowslip-bell.

TRICK. Prudence, Hans, prudence—nothing but prudence;—there were enough to fight without me. It was plaguy ill natured in Harrop though to set fire to his ship and burn the cargo—I shall make bold to tell him so much when I see him.

HANS. Dat sall be a long time; know you they are all blown up.

TRICK. I don't believe it—I am sure they took care of themselves before they set fire to the ship, though I didn't choose to say so on board the cutter, for fear the captain should land his men and seek for them, for then they would all have swung for the men that are killed.

HANS. Ja, and one very good thing too.

TRICK. Very bad, you mean—it would have knocked up my business;—the poor devils that remained would have been so frightened that half the trade on the coast would have been put an end to.

HANS. In mein mind, then, it were besser you not see Harrop at all.

TRICK. Why so, my hero of Saxony?

HANS. Humph!

TRICK. Humph! What do you mean by humph? Speak out plainly.

HANS. Why it has just come into mein head that Harrop may not be altogether pleased with your part in diess business.

TRICK. Pleased! who the devil ever thought he would? or who cares about his pleasure?

HANS. Mein Gott! what der great hero you are with your tongue!—If dein hertz—your heart—were but half so valiant, you would be more braver what Cæsar was.

TRICK. I shall begin to think you are afraid of this fellow Harrop.

HANS. Was! was you say? Ich afraid! Sapperment?

TRICK. Be cool,—be cool, can't you?—I didn't mean to offend you,—but your German blood is so prodigiously hot—

HANS. And your lawyer-blood is so verdammter cold!—die fear has frozen it into one gross piece of ice.—No man besser understand die mystery of die retreat what you do.

TRICK. If I fear flesh and blood, you fear the devil and the spirit. You have a certain dread—respect, I would say—for goblins, witches, and all those

wonderful personages so faithfully recorded in the tales of old women.

(Hans pulls out his snuff-box, and begins to take snuff eagerly, as if trying to hide his passion. In taking out his box, he drops his purse.)

Now, for my part, I don't care a jot for any one of them; I would as soon meet the dead granny Shipton as any of her living successors. But you are getting into a passion.

HANS. Gott damn, nein—Ich am so cool as one day in January.

TRICK. You have dropp'd your purse.

(Hans stoops to pick up his purse—Edward immediately levels at Tricksey; but, before he can fire, Hans resumes his former position.—Edward draws back with signs of impatience.)

HANS. Are we to stay here all der night? Oder are we to go home? Der little while ago you were in one big hurry to land, because you had business.

TRICK. There is a little mystery in that, which I must let you into.—The smugglers purposely set fire to their vessel; of that I am certain.

HANS. Ich do believe it; but, supposing it so—?

TRICK. Why, supposing it so, it is a hundred to one that they flung over the most valuable part of their cargo, for the tide to drift it ashore.

HANS. Verdammt! Why did you not say so much to der herr captain of der cutter?

TRICK. And let him share the prize? No, I thank you.

—EDW. Rascal!

TRICK. Did not somebody speak?

HANS. Ia, and somebody who does seem to know you remarkably well.—Was giebts? Who there?

(*Hans moves forward—Edward aims at Tricksey, but the pistol misses fire.*)

Du Hundsfoth! Come out, come into der light of der moon.—Let us look upon your ugly face.

(*Drags him forward.*)

EDW. Let go of my collar.—(*Threatening with his knife.*)

TRICK. Here's an imp of the old one!

HANS. Ia, one true teufel's child.—So, bursche you do amuse yourself with shooting at the people.

EDW. Whom did I shoot at?

HANS. Sapperment! Was an impudent young knave it is!

TRICK. Come along, Hans.

HANS. Ich muss take this jung knave with us.

EDW. I tell you again you had better leave me alone.

TRICK. Hans, for Heaven's sake, be quiet.—It's Harrop's boy.—Hear me.—(*He whispers Hans, who shakes his head, doubtingly.*)

HANS. You must have your own way, I suppose. And you, Hurenkind!—Teufel's kind!—think yourself lucky dass Ich let you off so easily, and don't tempt the teufel again.

EDW. I didn't ask for your advice.

TRICK. Come along.

HANS. But der gin, der wine, der brant wein—all what you say was flung overboard, and would be drift ashore!

TRICK. Rot the gin and the brandy—my life is dearer to me than all the gin and brandy in Christendom.—Come!

(Tricksey goes out—Hans follows slowly, grumbling—Edward watches them out of sight, and then knocks at the door of the cottage.)

EDW. Father! they are gone.
(Harrop comes out.)

HAR. Which road did they take?

EDW. The left.

HAR. Where's Richard?

EDW. At the inn, I believe—but he promised to be here to help land the Fox's cargo. If you go up the left-hand road you'll be sure to meet him, for he always comes thro' the church-yard up to the hazel-wood, to save time.

HAR. I dont want him—he's too chicken-hearted for our business.—Give me your knife.—Now, go to Harry's, and stay with your mother till I come back.

EDW. I will.

(Edward goes into the same cottage that Marian was carried into, and Harrop goes after Tricksey and Hans.)

SCENE II.

A Wood—in front a single thick cluster of low bushes.

Tricksey enters.

TRICK! How the fellow loiters! He can't stir a step without muttering a spell, as if he thought to outwit Beelzebub, whom he most barbarously nicknames der Teufel, and der Kobold, and I know not what besides.

Hans enters slowly.

What incubus or goblin have you met with now?

HANS. Mein very guter friend—Ich sall pray you not to talk with so much familiarity of der Kobold.—May be he is much nearer to you than you do imagine.

TRICK. (*Looking round timidly.*)—Eh! what? Oh, the fellow is making a fool of me.

HANS. Mighty fine! Mighty fine! But stop der littel—Ich think Ich heard the wood-teufel scream just now.

TRICK. The what?

HANS. The wood-teufel—the what you call the wood-fiend.

TRICK. The wood-fiend! Ha! ha! ha! An owl!

HANS. Look! look!

(*A large blue flame rises, and, after revolving rapidly for a few seconds, becomes fixed and motionless in the air.*)

TRICK. What now?

HANS. Don't you see? The dead man's lamp! Der Teufel of the wood always walks with der licht in sein hand when the man is to die.

TRICK. I thank you for the compliment. You take it for granted that my journey lies that way—(*pointing downwards*)—and therefore that the devil politely comes to light me on the road.

HANS. Sapperment! but it's true—You may laugh mein herr, and make die monkey-faces, aber es geht nicht—it won't do—look, it moves towards you—you are a dead man.

TRICK. Am I? Why, then, dying is so like life, that hang me if I can find any difference.

HANS. Ich sall go back.

TRICK. What, not go on with me?

HANS. Nein.

TRICK. So you really are afraid of this light, and are going to thrust your head into the nest of the smugglers!

HANS. Ich don't mind them—they are men—but Ich do fear den Kobold.

TRICK. Nonsense! nonsense! you are a coward.

HANS. A coward! Mein guter freund, if you are alive to-morrow morning, Ich sall make you to eat your words.

TRICK. I'll eat any thing you like to-morrow morning, but don't leave me now.

HANS. Stay with der Kobold! Himmel und Erde! nein—good night. [*Hans exit.*]

TRICK. A pretty situation, truly! If der Kobold does

not think proper to take me to-night, my very good friend will send me post haste to him to-morrow. Pleasant enough ! The light burns still—what can it be?—That cursed fellow has infected me with his fears ! I think—yes, I almost begin to fancy—that I am half afraid ; and yet it cannot be.—Though the devil has some claim to me, yet that he should come himself in person—the belief of it discredits any sound understanding—Don't I hear steps ? What an infernal adventure this is like to be !

(The report of a pistol is heard, and the ball strikes a tree close by Tricksey.)

Missed me, by Heaven !

He flings himself down amongst the bushes.—Harrop enters.

HAR. The rascal dropp'd—and yet I don't think I hit him.

(Music.—While he examines the bushes at the farther end, Tricksey creeps along, and darts up the middle path.)

Is it so ? The next shot shall be more certain.

(Harrop follows him.)

SCENE III.

A room in Frankland's inn—In the back, over the chimney, is a dial, the hand of which is near upon eleven.—Langley, Monkton, Wentworth, White, and Fallofeild, &c., seated at a table, drinking—

Frankland stands beside them—Mary and Richard, seated on a bench near the front, seem to be in earnest conversation.

Chorus of Guests.

The flowers of day are drooping,
For the sun is quench'd in night;
The owl from his nest is whooping,
And dogs bay the cold moon's light.

But while the red wine is flowing,
And the wood-fire blazes high,
Our *night* is a *day* more glowing
Than the *days* of an eastern sky.

Then fill us a deeper measure,
And heap up the cheerful blaze;
Wine gives us the day's blest pleasure,
And our fire the sun's lost rays.

RICH. Well, my dear Mary, I must leave you now.—The Fox is expected in to-night, and, by this time, I dare say, is off the Long Sands.

MARY. Would to Heaven, Richard, you gave up the connexion altogether; they are a disgrace to any honest man;—smugglers on the water, poachers on the land, and thieves at all times;—have nothing to do with them, Richard! give them up.

RICH. And so I will; but I must first get enough to buy us the wedding-ring, and a snug little cottage, with an acre or two of land, to keep the wolf from the

door. One more successful voyage, and we are made.

MARY. Or perhaps ruined.—Richard! Richard!

RICH. You are always expecting the worst, Mary.

MARY. And am I not always right, Richard?

RICH. No—not always so;—for instance—

MARY. What, Sir?

RICH. Come, don't be angry:—if you did but know how prettily a smile sits upon those cherry cheeks, you'd never look cross again.

MARY. Does it? Well, well—I won't be angry; but you really must promise me that this night shall be the last of your acquaintance with these smugglers.

(During the last speeches Frankland walks up to them, unperceived by either.)

FRANK. Don't promise any such thing, Richard.—Why, you young hussey, where do you think the tea and the gin and the brandy are to come from, if the smugglers don't help us to them? Is there any gentleman in all the country that would lift up his hand against them? Don't they all, high and low, encourage them? and is it for us to be more honest than our betters?

MARY. Father! Father! you will be the ruin of Richard.

FRANK. What, by telling him to make his fortune as fast as he can.

MARY. Let him do it then by honest industry.

FRANK. Honest industry!—How dare you talk of such things? Would you ruin my inn? Would you

have your poor father starve? Oh! you unnatural jade!

MARY. He has been bred a sailor and a fisherman; let him live by it.

FRANK. By bobbing for eels, I suppose?—No, no, girl!—

MARY. All this signifies nothing—I have made up my mind.

FRANK. Made up your mind, have you? then that's a great point in your favour, for she'll be sure to change it before to-morrow.

MARY. You will find yourself mistaken, father.—Hear me, Richard—if after to-night you have any dealings with those men, you shall never call me wife.

RICH. But Mary—

MARY. I'm resolved!

FRANK. And so am I—till he can shew me two hundred pounds in his own hands, he shall never marry my daughter Mary.

RICH. No more wrangling;—we'll talk of this to-morrow;—you are both growing warm;—good night, Mary!—(*She turns away.*) Not one kiss?

MARY. Not till you have deserved it.

RICH. I will ere long.

MARY. It must be by obedience then, for I am determined you shall obey me before marriage.

FRANK. And after too, I fancy.

(*Richard endeavours to kiss her.*)

MARY. No—not one— (*Snatches a kiss.*)

Good night!

(*He goes out.*)

MONK. It's all nonsense, fancied by a set of doting grandames, who, when they are too blind to see a millstone, and too deaf to hear any clack but their own, think they hear and see more than any body else can.

LANG. And I say, upon the word of a magistrate, it's all true—I saw one with my own eyes.

MONK. Nonsense! nonsense! even little Mary laughs at your ghosts and goblins.

LANG. Mary, indeed! with all her laughing, I would lay you a guinea to a crown she's afraid to go to the church-yard to-night, and fetch a slip from the yew-tree.

MONK. Done!

LANG. Done! a guinea to a crown.

(They all rise, and come to the front.)

WENT. You'll lose your wager, Monkton.

MONK. I don't fear it.

FRANK. What is the matter, gentlemen?

MONK. The matter is this:—Langley, as usual, has been taxing my patience with ghosts and such idle tales, and has laid a guinea to a crown that Mary is afraid to go to the church-yard to-night, and fetch a slip from the yew-tree. You must know the tree.

FRANK. Oh yes—it grows in the middle of the church-yard, close by the side of her mother's grave—every body knows the old yew-tree.

LANG. But your little heroine seems quite silent.

MONK. What say you, Mary? will you win this wager for me?

MARY. If going to the church-yard and cutting a slip from the yew-tree will do it, most certainly.

MONK. You hear, Langley.

LANG. But let her do it—talking and acting are widely different.

FRANK. Lord bless you, Sir! Mary has no faith in ghosts. (*Aside.*) An old fool!

LANG. Let her set about it, then.

MARY. With all my heart.

MONK. Stop, my girl! it's fair that your courage should have its reward.—This purse of five guineas waits your successful return.—Here's my hand to the promise, and Harry Monkton never yet gave his hand to a falsehood.—You'll want a knife to cut the slip—take mine.

(*He pulls out a large pocket-knife, and gives it to Mary.*) And now set off, and be speedy in the business. The fire is out here; we will wait your return in the kitchen.

MARY. Do not fear me, Sir—you'll win your wager, but lose your purse.

MONK. Away with you! (*Exit Mary.*)—Come, my little magistrate!

SCENE IV.

The village church-yard.—The moon shines brightly at first, but at intervals is completely overcast by large black masses of cloud that roll rapidly along.—

On the left hand is the Church.—At the back is a small river, skirting the church-yard, and dividing it from a thick wood.—In front are several tombstones, on one of which is the following inscription so large as to be distinctly visible to the audience—"In memory of Ellen, wife of John Frankland, who died October 7th, 1698, aged 44 years."—Near it grows a large yew-tree.—A little farther on are several simple hillocks bound with willow.—Richard enters, and stumbles over one of them.

RICH. St. Philip be my speed! Now had I any reasonable degree of faith in the creed of our grandames, I should take this as an omen of evil, and turn back.—Ha! ha! ha!—A glorious storm is brewing—the very thing for us to land the Fox's cargo, if she should come in to-night—Those clouds will soon throw a wet veil over the moon's face, and then all will be snug.

(The report of a pistol.)

A pistol shot! and here!—Strange!—

(As he is going out, he is met by Harrop.)

HAR. Skulking? Eh? Avast, comrade!—there are breakers ahead.

RICH. Harrop!

HAR. What, is it you, Richard? You spoke just in time, my lad, for I thought you were a shark on the look out.

RICH. What have you been about?

HAR. Sewing up the gauger's mouth.

RICH. You have not murdered him?

HAR. Indeed but I have—and done nobody any wrong either, unless it be the hangman by robbing him of his fee; but you, mayhap, intend to turn informer?—

RICH. Betray you? No—never!—this infernal deed merits the rope, but I am not a hangman.—What power of madness, what demon, could tempt you to this horrible act, which, in the telling only, makes the blood stand coldly at my heart?

HAR. No matter for that; the rascal gave notice of the Fox being off the Headland, and Elliott's cutter bore down upon us like a gun-shot.—We shewed them some play for it—kept up a running fight for two glasses—but all would not do;—so we set fire to the Fox, that they might not get any thing.

RICH. All lost, then?

HAR. Aye,—all—except a few casks of brandy that we had time to heave overboard.—As they are well hooped, and the sand runs smooth, there's a pretty fair chance of their drifting ashore.

RICH. Ruined!—Poor Mary! you said it would be so.

HAR. We shall do no good by standing here and chattering about it—lend a hand to heave the gauger into the river.

RICH. 'Twere a dreary task—let it pass; nobody was present, so nobody can witness to the deed.

HAR. That's true, but they may clap me into the bilboes upon suspicion.

RICH. Well—if I must—if the danger is so urgent—
—But, by the Power that made me, I never knew
what terror was till now !

HAR. Dreams of fancy !—Come—he fell not far
off, by yonder clumps of trees, and I dare say we shall
find something in his pocket to pay us for our trouble
in burying him.

RICH. Monstrous !—Have you no fear—no
remorse ?

HAR. None.

RICH. (*agitated*) Harrop ! I'll serve you till the
danger is past, because it is danger ; and then—I am
a stranger to you for ever.

HAR. As you please.

(*Harrop and Richard go out—Music—After a pause
Mary is heard singing without, as if at a little
distance.*)

The Spring's first morning

O'er earth was dawning,

And the leaf was on the tree ;—

Mary enters.

The sun was beaming,

The breeze was streaming,

And green was the rippled sea.

(*The church bell begins to toll faintly, but at irregular
intervals.—Mary seems alarmed ; but, as if*

struggling with her fear, continues to sing though in an under tremulous tone, 'till at last her voice, dies away—

And all seemed to say,

'Tis Love's holyday,—

To the wedding while you may,

Is this indeed reality? Or are my senses leaving me?

(The bell ceases.)

Did not the funeral bell toll? I think I heard it—yet no human hand could be near—It must have been my fancy. All is on the sudden so deadly still—not a leaf moves;—and yet but a few minutes ago the wind blew violently—and now it comes again as furiously as ever.

(The wind howls shrilly and mournfully through the broken belfry.)

A dreadful thought is coming over me ! a thought

Of power to wither reason.—

Gracious heavens ! do not bereave me of my senses—afflict me not with madness !—Hark !—I hear the tinkling of the sheep-bell, the barking of the watch-dog.—How foolish my fear was !—I did not know I was so great a coward—but I'll not go back without a slip from the yew-tree—No, no—they would laugh at me then indeed.

(Music—she goes to the yew-tree.—Just as she has cut the bough, a loud agonized scream is heard.—She starts away from the tree in terror.

Horrors are bursting from the charnel-house to blast me.—

(A second scream, but more faint. Mary drops the knife and the yew-branch, and falls on her knees before the tomb of her mother in a paroxysm of terror.)

Protect me, mother! it is thy daughter calls to thee in thy grave—Oh! save me! save me!

(The wind again howls furiously, and the bell tolls in one deep protracted peal.)

I'll hear and see no more!

(She seats herself on a tomb, and hides her head in her cloak.)

HAR. *(without,)* I say somebody is there—I heard a voice.

RICH. *(without,)* It's nothing but your distempered imagination.

HAR. *(without)* Is it? We'll soon see that.

(Mary starts up.)

MARY. The living and the dead are both against me.

(She staggers forward a few paces—the moon is suddenly and totally obscured by deep masses of cloud—the thunder rolls along heavily, and the flashes of lightning are vivid and frequent.)

Terror freezes my limbs—I cannot move!

(Exhausted by weakness and fear, she falls down by the side of a tombstone. Harrop and Richard enter; the former has in his hand a bloody knife.)

HAR. I doubt I have not killed her.

RICH. Are you man or devil?—Your hands are drenched in blood, and yet you are not satisfied.

HAR. If a little blood frightens you, heave off, white-livered fool!

RICH. Better so than have the praise of such courage as yours—Fire at a poor defenceless woman!

HAR. Why make so many words about nothing? It was not safe to let her go and tell people she had seen us with a dead body—Nay, I'll not swear that she might not see me shoot the gauger.

RICH. Better so than as it is.

(Harrop walks about searching for Mary.)

HAR. I wish the moon would peep out and shew us the other sculker—it's so dark, I can hardly tell a tree from a tombstone.

(Music—Mary rises and endeavours to steal away—Her cloak catches in a branch of the yew-tree, and she remains fixed.)

HAR. Surely I see something by the old yew-tree.
(Mary, who, for the moment, had seemed undecided, now, as if suddenly struck by the idea, unties the cloak, and, leaving it on the tree, creeps to the other side of the tombstone. During this action, corresponding music. Harrop strikes with his knife at the cloak that waves backwards and forwards in the wind.)

HAR. I have you now.

RICH. Another murder!

HAR. (*who by this time has discovered his mistake,*) Yes, and a very terrible one truly ! an old cloak which somebody has left here.

RICH. I'll stay no longer ;—if I am to help you in concealing—Concealing !—nothing can conceal this horror ;—mountains cannot cover it—seas cannot wash away its bloodiness !

HAR. I dare say,—I dare say !—but I've dropped my knife.

(*His foot kicks against the knife which Mary dropped.*)

Here it is.

(*He picks it up, and they go out.*)

MARY. It's all explained,—terribly explained !—A double murder ! and done within the hallowed circle of the dead ! Dreadful ! dreadful !—But why do I linger ?—What is this inward impulse that keeps me here ?—It is as if something whispered me that to stay but another minute is to be lost,—and yet I cannot go. Something more terrible remains, and I feel myself tied down to see the end of it.

(*The thunder rolls more violently than ever, and a flash of lightning blasts the yew-tree.*)

I shall never see my home again ! Death dwells here, and what escapes man the wrath of Heaven smites.

(*Harrop and Richard appear at the back of the stage, bearing Tricksey's body towards the water.*)

RICH. The wind howls dreadfully !

HAR. Yes; it whistles through the old broken belfry, as if it would blow it away.

RICH. The night is like this action—dark and horrible.

HAR. Nonsense!—Take care—you are stumbling against something.

(Richard stumbles against a tree, a branch of which beats off his hat.)

Stop—my hat is off.

HAR. Let us get this off our hands,—there will be time enough for your hat hereafter.

RICH. On then!

(Harrop and Richard go to the river, and fling the body into it.—Music.—Mary starts forward and seizes the hat. At the same moment Harrop turns round, and, the lightning flashing strongly across the stage, perceives her.)

HAR. I said there was a skulker.

(She flies—he pursues her, and stumbles over a grave.)

RICH. What's the matter now?

HAR. After her! after her!

(Harrop gets up again and rushes out in the pursuit of Mary.)

RICH. Surely his brain is turned!—I could well wish I had never known him.—Lights coming this way!—I dare not stay;—and why not? I am not a murderer,—and yet a weight of lead is at my heart—the frost of winter is thrilling in my veins!

(A short pause of irresolution.)

There's blood upon my hands;—I must not stay.
(He rushes out in an opposite direction to that in which the lights appear.)

MONK. *(without,)* Do make haste—some accident must have happened to the poor girl!

(Monkton, Langley, White, &c., enter with lighted torches in their hands.)

MONK. *(as he enters,)* I begin to fear the worst as we have not met her, and she has been gone long enough to have won the wager three times over.

LANG. It is most probable that she has been frightened by something, and fainted. This dismal place, at such an hour of night, and in such weather!—I really think we had better go back.

(During this dialogue all are employed in searching the church-yard for Mary.)

MONK. That unlucky wager! if any ill befall her! The blood runs cold in my veins!—Langley! you and I together have destroyed that girl.

LANG. I!—I deny your words—Didn't I tell you how dangerous it was to walk in a church-yard at midnight? I wish we were out of it now; and didn't you bribe her to this ridiculous feat, and praise her courage? I, indeed!

MONK. Let us not quarrel, the thing is done;—if you feel easy, so much the better for you; I shall never again lay my head in peace upon my pillow.

LANG. I only wish we were out of this horrible place,

MONK. I'd give my right hand to see her sitting again by her father's fire-side.

LANG. What's that glittering at your feet? Is it not a knife?

MONK. (*Picking up the knife that was dropped by Harrop.*) It is; and here too is a branch of yew: she must have been in the church-yard.

WENT. (*who is at the back of the stage,*) The ground is wet with blood! and here again—till it ends by the river's side. She has been murdered!

LANG. Don't let us stay here a minute then, the ruffians may still be about the place.

MONK. Are you not ashamed to own yourself so pitiful a coward? That girl's blood is upon our heads, and every drop of it cries out shame upon your cowardice.

LANG. If the girl's murdered, that's no reason why we should be so too.

(*Mary, without, calls for help, and immediately afterwards rushes in.*)

MARY. Save me! save me!

MONK. My poor girl! Heaven be praised that you are safe! But what is it that has frightened you?

MARY. Am I safe?

MONK. Do you not know us? Look up.

MARY. I did but just escape. But where are we?

MONK. In the village church-yard.

MARY. For God's sake, let us be gone!

LANG. Aye, pray do!

MARY. Let us be gone—there's danger here.

MONK. Danger of what?

MARY. They are not far off. Pray, pray let us go!—I'm sure they must be near.

MONK. Who? who are near?

MARY. I could not distinguish their faces; there was too little light for that; but I saw them drag a body over the graves, and fling it into the river. This hat belonged to one of the assassins; he dropped it as they were carrying—

(As she is saying this, they hold up the torches, and her eye falling on the hat, she recognizes it as belonging to Richard. She screams, appears convulsed with terror, and drops the hat. Wentworth picks it up.)

LANG. We shall all be murdered!

MONK. Be quiet, coward! I see nothing. What made you scream, Mary?

WENT. Hold the torch lower—there's a name in the hat:—Richard—

(She snatches the hat from him.)

MARY. No, no, no!—What did I say? I took it from him. It is not his—he did not drop it.

MONK. Poor girl! poor girl! she does not know what she is saying.

MARY. He's innocent!—yes, he's innocent! I know he is. But my fright—I—Ha! ha! ha!—He's innocent.

(She laughs hysterically, and drops exhausted into their arms.)

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The interior of Richard's cottage—Brandy, gin, horns, cold meat, and a lighted lamp, on an oak table, that stands in the centre of the room.

HAR. (*without*)—Holla! At home, Richard?
(*Harrop pauses a moment, as if in expectation of an answer, and then enters.*)

So! so! he is not yet come back.—But I see his old dame has left a noble supper ready for him. Suppose he should not return all night! That's bad, for I've led the blood-hounds into this track, and to find him here with the gauger's pocket-book would confirm the suspicions excited by the hat.—A lucky chance that; and as lucky, that, in following that young girl back to the church-yard, I should overhear all.—Let me see—how shall I act?

(*He takes out a large old-fashioned metal watch.*)

'Tis past eleven! Suppose I drop the pocket-book beneath the table, and trust the rest to chance. It would be better that I should be sure of Richard's coming back.—Footsteps without! 'tis he, I think.

(*Harrop puts up the pocket-book again—Richard enters.*)

It is!—All then is right.

RICH. I'm glad to hear that, for your sake ! 'Twas not so when I left the church-yard.

HAR. Did you hear what was said ?

RICH. How should I ?

(Richard pulls off his coat, and hangs it up against the wall.)

HAR. Curiosity, I should have thought—

RICH. Curiosity ! I was never less inclined to curiosity in my life.

HAR. Then you overheard nothing ?

RICH. No ! no ! I tell you no !—I tacked about as quietly as possible, and made my way home, though with as many turns and windings as a hunted hare.

HAR. So I should suppose. What do you intend to do ?

RICH. To do ?

HAR. Aye !—What do you intend to do ?

RICH. What should I do ?

HAR. This quibbling is from the purpose—If the matter comes to question, shall you betray me ?

RICH. If that be your only cause of danger, you are safe :—I have too much fear for an assassin, but too much courage for an informer—Betray you ! not a jot of it—there's my hand to—*(Struggling with his feelings.)*—No !—by heavens !—I can't take you by the hand—there's blood upon it still—but you have my word for your security.

HAR. Thou'rt a kind fellow.

RICH. Don't mistake me, Harrop—I owe you no kindness—but for Marian's sake, for the sake of your

children, and a little, perhaps, for the sake of old fellowship, I would not see you on a gibbet.

HAR. (*Starting*)—Did not you hear a deep groan? Again!

(*A deep distinct groan is heard, as of one in intense pain.*)

RICH. I hear it plainly enough—What can it mean?

HAR. It means no good to us, you may be sure.

RICH. To *us*?—To *yourself*, you should say.—I would not be the partner of your action, though each drop of blood that it has spilt were the purchase of a ton of gold.

HAR. (*Muttering,*) We shall reckon for this ere long.

RICH. What do you say?

HAR. Will you look out a-head, and see what this groaning means?

RICH. Oh, with all my heart.

(*Richard lights a candle, and goes out.*)

HAR. This is strange!—but there's not a moment to be lost in thinking about it.—I'll fling the pocket-book beneath the table, and then—Hold! no, it will be better to put it into the pocket of his great coat.

(*He puts the pocket book into the pocket of the great coat which Richard had hung against the wall.*)

Now, when they come, they'll be sure to search; and, finding this, will fix the business on Richard. I wonder that the blood-hounds have not been here yet—I gave them clue enough.—However, I'll be off while I can.

(As he is going out, he is met by Richard, who enters with the light extinguished.)

RICH. I could see nothing; the wind has blown out my candle.

HAR. It was my fancy, perhaps.—Good night!

RICH. Stop a moment—I was going to say that—
(Marian staggers in—her clothes about the breast stained with blood, her eyes sunk, her cheeks pale, and her whole appearance as of one mortally wounded.)

HAR. Betrayed!

(Harrop draws a pistol from his girdle, and levels it at Marian, but, suddenly recognising her, drops the weapon.)

HAR. Marian!

MAR. *(faintly)* Yes!—I am Marian.

HAR. My brains grow dizzy.—Do you understand all this, Richard?

MAR. Philip is dead!—You'll bury us together—one grave—

RICH. She's dying!

MAR. Yes, yes,—dying!—I shall not see my poor boy again—but bury me by his side.

(She gazes around vacantly, till her eye at last fixes on Harrop.)

Harrop! Is it not, Harrop?—I can't see well.

RICH. It is.—Speak to her, Harrop.

MAR. I forgive you my death.

(She drops down in a swoon.)

RICH. It must have been Marian you shot at in

the church-yard.—Your own wife!—Oh, it is too horrible for thought!—Harrop!—I pity you—indeed I pity you.

(Harrop paces up and down the room in gloomy agitation.)

HAR. If you do not want me to commit another murder to-night, you will hold your tongue.—Poor Marian!

(Harrop strikes his bosom violently, and flings himself into a chair.)

(Voices without.) This way—this way!—

RICH. They're coming, Harrop!—I know Langley's voice—this is no place for you.

HAR. Fasten the door, man—fasten the door.

*(Richard runs to the door, and locks and bolts it—
Music expressive of the bustle of the scene.)*

HAR. Now then, I'll above, and make my way out of the window while you hold them in talk below.

RICH. But suppose—

HAR. But!—there's no time to talk; do as I tell you.

Harrop goes out.

RICH. Is not my honesty to a scoundrel making me play the fool here?—They will suspect me—suspect—zounds!—I'll—no—no,—to betray him were the act of a coward.—Besides, I'm innocent—all's well here *(putting his hand on his heart)*—Why should I hang my head and creep into corners, who have done no wrong to any one?—Let them come!—I care not.

LANG. (*Without.*) Open the door.

RICH. Who is it knocks?

LANG. (*Without.*) Open the door instantly, or we shall force it.

The people without knock again more violently.

RICH. You need not make such a clatter; I haer you.

He opens the door—Langley, Monkton, White, Wentworth, Constables, &c. enter.

LANG. (*as he enters,*) Seize him!

MONK. Stop—stop—not in such a hurry—he shall have fair play—it was that I came for.

LANG. Really, Mr. Monkton, I don't see what right you have to meddle in this business.

MONK. May be so, Mr. Langley, but I shall meddle notwithstanding. Richard, you are suspected of a murder, committed within this last hour.—You were seen bearing a dead body to the river—your hat was found in the church-yard.

RICH. All this is true, and yet it is as true that I was not concerned in murdering the gauger.

ALL. (*except Monkton and Langley.*) The gauger!

LANG. You seem to know something about this affair.

MONK. (*After a pause of consideration.*) You must know the perpetrator of this crime.

RICH. I do.

MONK. Then you must witness against him, for, though I may be satisfied of your innocence, the law does not see with my eyes.

LANG. I must speak.

MONK. Stand back, if you please; I have not yet done.

(During the latter part of the dialogue Wentworth has been prying about the room, searching the cupboards, &c., and now stumbles on the body of Marian.)

WENT. Here's Marian, Harrop's wife, bleeding, and to all appearance dead!

MONK. Marian! Then Richard is guilty.—I suspected Harrop, but he would not murder his own wife.—You say nothing, Richard?

RICH. I know not what to say.

WENT. *(Who by this time has found the pocket-book.)* Here too is a pocket-book, and in it several notes.

RICH. In my pocket! that's impossible.

LANG. That's Tricksey's pocket-book—I can swear to it.

WENT. His name is in it, and papers in his own hand-writing!

RICH. And you found that in the pocket of my coat?

LANG. To be sure he did—you know that well enough.

RICH. Then Harrop is a double rascal.—Why should I run myself into any danger for him?

LANG. That won't do now, young man.—If the pocket-book had not been found in your great coat, and if Marian had not lain dead in your cottage, why

then indeed that might have answered ;—but now—it won't do—it won't do—'tis too barefaced an expedient.

MONK. Richard! Richard! Every thing proves the deed to be yours, and the attempt to fix it upon Harrop, because you know how open he is to suspicion——contemptible!

LANG. Away with him, constables! away with him!

WENT. But whither?—It's too far to take him to the county gaol this stormy night.

LANG. Right! right! We'll confine him then in the belfry of the church till morning.—When the door is bolted, and the ladder taken away, he'll never be able to make his escape, unless the devil helps him.—So away with him!

RICH. But hear me——

LANG. Hear me no hears—away with him!

(Some of them lead off Richard, while others bear Marian out in their arms.—Monkton follows slowly.)

MONK. *(As he goes out.)* And yet it cannot be that he is guilty.—I'll not believe it.

SCENE II.

The interior of Harrop's cottage.—Smugglers are seated round a table, drinking.—Nearer the front William and Edward, the latter lying on the ground.

—Towards the end of the chorus, he rises and looks out of the window, as in expectation of his mother, Marian.

CHORUS OF SMUGGLERS.

No joy like the joy of drinking,
When friendship has pledged the full bowl;
No toil like the toil of thinking,
As onward the dull moments roll.

'Tis wine's summer flood
That quickens the blood
In Time's frozen veins,
And lulls the worst pains
That sorrow awakes in the soul.

The Smugglers continue drinking.—William rises impatiently.

WILL. What can have become of your father, Edward? he has been gone nearly an hour.

EDW. He'll be back soon enough, I warrant you—too soon for me, for my bones will be sure to suffer when he finds that mother has gone prowling about the woods like a madwoman.

WILL. Why she *is* mad.—I think she never has been quite herself since that blow on her head, when the old roof tumbled in—and poor Phil's death coming so sudden upon her, I suppose has quite upset her brain.

(Loud and impatient knocking at the door from without.)

EDW. Who's there?

HAR. (*Without.*) 'Tis I, Ned—make haste.

EDW. Father, sure enough;—my bones ache already.

(*Edward shrugs up his shoulders, and opens the door suddenly—Harrop enters—all the Smugglers rise, and eagerly crowd around him.*)

WIL. Now, Harrop.

2D SMUG. Is the gauger done for?

HAR. Aye, all's done! Suspicion has fallen on Richard.

SEVERAL SMUG.—So much the better for you.

HAR. True, my lads, as far as it goes; but, to make all secure, we must help him to escape, and ship him off to our friends in Holland.

WIL. Why so?

HAR. While he remains here, there's always danger; once fairly out of the way, all clue would be lost,—people would rest contented that he was the murderer, and inquiry would be stifled.

WIL. Where is he now?

HAR. They are taking him to the belfry, and mean to keep him there till day-light.

WIL. You'll never be able to get him out. No ladder will reach to half the height.—He's safe enough.

HAR. We'll try that directly. Do you run, Edward, and get to the belfry before them, and hide yourself. As they have no reason to suppose any body lies hid, you'll be snug enough.

EDW. But what am I to do, father, when I get there?

HAR. Take with you some of the thin tackling that lies in the boat; and, when you find that all's quiet, drop one end out of the window, and I'll fasten a strong rope to it, by which Richard may descend. All must be risked—so set off. *(Edward goes out.)*

WIL. All this is well; but no small boat will live in such a sea as there is to-night.

HAR. So much the better, so much the better. Let him once be clear out of the way, and I'm safe, and not till then.

WIL. That's hard too, Harrop, that the poor lad should be drowned.

HAR. It's in self-defence, man; besides, he is not one of us: ever since he kept company with Frankland's daughter at the inn, the fool has learnt to talk of his honesty, and such nonsense: his conscience is too qualmish by half—and if he stays here, my life for it, he knocks up the trade.

SMUG. Let him sink!—Let him sink!

HAR. Now, my lads, go and hawl down the skiff from the beach, and I'll off to the church.

(They all go out except Harrop and William—Harrop eyes William suspiciously for a few minutes, without speaking.)

HAR. Now, messmate.

WIL. This is a bad business.—Murdering one another will never answer.

HAR. Richard is not one of us, though he does sometimes share a smuggling venture.

WIL. Ever since the first blood was shed in our last voyage, things have gone wrong. The Fox was burnt, Phil was killed, and now your wife, half-distracted, has gone wandering nobody knows where.

HAR. (*Much agitated.*) My wife! Be quiet.

WIL. What's the matter? have you seen or heard any thing of her?

HAR. Be quiet, I say!—Don't talk of her—I'm half mad myself.

WIL. Has any thing happen'd to her?
(*Harrop fills a large glass with brandy, and, eagerly drinking it off, dashes the goblet with violence on the floor.*)

HAR. We'll talk of her to-morrow.—It's near twelve, and our work must be done before one o'clock.

WIL. But let us hear—

HAR. Come along.
(*Harrop forces off William, who goes out muttering.*)

SCENE III.

(*The interior of the belfry. On one side an old oak form—in the middle a table. Edward enters, with a small dark lantern in his hand.*)

EDW. I am here first, however.—So far is well; and now to let down the string.

(*He opens the window and lets down the string, having first fastened one end to the iron grating of a small*

loop-hole, to the left of the window. An old ragged watch-coat hangs against the wall.)

Lights below!—They are coming then. Where shall I hide myself?—There is no hole or corner for me to creep into. What's to be done now? I have it.—I'll climb up to the rafters—they'll hardly look for me there—so here goes.

(He clammers up the rafters, and is partially hid by one of the cross beams.)

LANG. *(without,)* Bring him along!—Make haste, for it's a bitter cold night.

Langley, Monkton, Wentworth, Hans, and Constables, enter with Richard.

HANS. *(as he enters,)* Cold! Hol mich der teu-fel! Ich am half frozen! It is one so cold night in November as you would wish to see.

LANG. Here he is, safe enough, I think—yet, it will be as well to keep guard.—Who will undertake to watch him till morning?

MONK. For fear he should jump out of the window, I suppose, and break his neck? There is no other way for him to get out.

LANG. With your good leave, I shall make all secure. Mr. Constable, look into the cupboard, and see if you cannot find candles.—Will you watch, Hans?

HANS. Ia! Wid all mein hertz.

MONK. You had much better go home. What is it to you whether the lad escapes or not?

LANG. Pay no attention to what he says. You are a brave fellow.

HANS. Brave!—Ich knew that long ago—Ich fear nothing—

MONK. But the Kobold—you forgot him.

HANS. Der Kobold!—Mein Gott!—A brave man may fear der Kobold.

MONK. To be sure he may—therefore take my advice. Go home—there's danger abroad.

HANS. You may mock, Mein Herr, aber you sall not make mich der fear.

LANG. Right, Hans.—Only watch here till morning, and I'll undertake to get for you the gauger's place.

HANS. Danke ihnen—thank you, Herr.—Ich sall keep der watch in spite of der Kobold.

LANG. Do so. And, Thomas, (*to one of the Constables,*) let him have your blunderbuss.

(*Monkton pushes back the Constable, who is about to give his blunderbuss to Hans.*)

MONK. Psha! take my pistols, take my pistols—they'll do you twice the service.

(*Monkton takes a brace of pistols from his pocket, and gives them to Hans.*)

HANS. Ia—der pistol is besser—viel besser.

LANG. This is very well; but, for farther security, we must bind him. Stop—there's an old bell-rope—tie his hands together with that, and fasten the other end round the bars of the loop-hole.

(*The Constables bind Richard, who submits in sullen silence.*)

MONK. Richard, my lad, don't be cast down—though all appearances are against you, I do believe you are innocent—and, if you are, there is—No—there is not hope ;—but there is—hang me, if I know how to comfort you.—(*Aside to him*)—Escape, my lad, if you can, for you are in bad hands.

RICH. Never mind me, Sir ; I am not afraid of dying.

(*Langley, who, during this, has been employed in giving directions to Hans and the Constables, turns round, and, seeing Monkton with Richard, comes up to him suspiciously.*)

LANG. Have you any thing else to say to the prisoner, Mr. Monkton ; for I intend to leave nobody with him but the person appointed for his guard ?—The constables will watch in the vestry below, for additional security.—Are you ready to retire ?

MONK. Richard, there is my purse ;—try and bribe the German, for, when the morning comes, they'll take you to the county gaol, and then all's over.

RICH. You mean it kindly, I know, but it's of no use, for the German can't help me if he would.

LANG. Is this secret consultation ended yet ?

MONK. It is.—Have you any thing to say ?

LANG. (*alarmed, and drawing back,*) Nothing,—nothing !—But, if I might venture to say any thing, I should say it was time to leave the prisoner to himself.

Mary enters.

And what brings you here ?

(Mary passes by him, and, rushing up to Richard, falls into his arms.)

MARY. Oh Richard!—Can you forgive me.

RICH. Forgive you, Mary? You have never injured me.

MARY. I have!—I have destroyed you.

RICH. Impossible!

MARY. It was I who found the hat,—it was I who betrayed you to their suspicion.

MONK. That unlucky wager!

MARY. Only say that you forgive me—that you do not hate your unhappy Mary;—let me not die with that thought on my mind.

RICH. Mary!

MARY. No—no, be silent still,—speak not—you are going to curse me.

RICH. Don't say so; what you did was not from an evil heart, I know;—and, even if it were, why I love you, Mary,—have loved you for five years,—and it is not easy to hate any one so suddenly.

MARY. I have deserved his curses—but he does not curse me!—I will not outlive you, Richard,—my heart is half-broken already, and waits but for your forgiveness.

HANS. Mein Gott! this almost makes one woman of me. What a pity that the brorsche is one knave.

MONK. 'Tis false!—I am convinced that he had no hand in the murder.

MARY. My life upon his innocence!

LANG. He may be innocent, but it's very unlikely,

and I as a magistrate am to provide for his safe appearance.—You'll all retire.

MARY. But not I,—not I?

LANG. Yes, you as well as the rest.†

MONK. Come, come,—if the poor girl likes to stay, let her stay,—it's no great indulgence.

LANG. Why, I have a great respect for you, Mr. Monkton, a very great respect; but, as a magistrate, a justice of peace—

MONK. Well, well! we all know that.

LANG. To oblige you it shall be so;—Hans, watch your prisoner narrowly,—my credit is at stake as an active and sufficient magistrate.—And remember one thing—if he escapes, you stand no chance of being gauger.

HANS. Ia—Ich understand!—And yet it is one bad business;—but Ich will keep my wort.

(They go out, leaving Richard, Mary, and Hans together. The noise of drawing bolts, &c. is heard immediately after their exit.)

HANS. Alles gone! Sehr wohl! But what sall Ich do wid meinselb? Nothing to eat, oder to drink, and dies place so cold as Lapland.

MARY. Is there no way of escape? No hope, Richard? Is there nothing to be done to save you?

RICH. Nothing!—I must take my chance. But don't cry;—if this had not happened, still I must have died some time;—and perhaps, after all, 'tis best as it is:—I might have lived for you to wish me dead, and

would not that have been worse? Cheer up, cheer up!—A man that is afraid to die is not fit to live.

MARY. That fatal yew-tree!—And every thing warned me to desist—it was tempting Heaven.—Richard! Richard! I little expected this two hours ago.

RICH. Say no more about it;—we have not long to be together, and it would be folly to poison the pleasure of the time by thinking of that which we cannot alter, though we should break our hearts over it.

HANS. Very wisely spoken—you are a brave junger.—Sapperment! Ich like you.

MARY. You have it in your power to save him.

HANS. Wie so? How so?

MARY. You are the only bar to his escape.

HANS. Ach, no! Der belfry is seventy feet, oder more from the ground.—Dass is one huge bar.

MARY. But he might force the door.

HANS. Ia—but du weisst—you know there are no stairs, and they have taken away the ladder.—Dass is one other huge bar.

RICH. It is not in his power to help me, even if his heart were in the cause.

MARY. My dear Richard, your apathy will drive me distracted!—You would sacrifice life without a struggle.

RICH. If there were the least chance, I could be active enough, but now it is little better than rattling the fetters that are too heavy to be shaken off.

MARY. Hans—I entreat, I implore you!—By detaining him you can gain nothing.

HANS. It is so verdammt cold!

MARY. Inhuman monster!—But he shall be free in spite of you.

HANS. You are growing in one big passion—but you are a good mädchen.—Cold! cold!

(His eye falls on the old cloak that hangs against the wall.)

Wer da?—Who's there? *(He goes up to the cloak.)* Nothing but one great coat hanging against the wall. It is very ancient, and very ragged; but it will keep out the cold.

(He wraps himself up in the great coat, and lies down on the bench opposite to Richard. Between them, but nearer to Hans, is the table with the two lights burning on it; Edward attempts to descend from the rafters, Mary sees him, and gives a half-suppressed scream. Edward hastily conceals himself. Hans, excited to attention by the scene, lifts up his head. While this action is passing, corresponding music accompanies it.)

HANS. Was is dat?

MARY. Nothing—except that, as you won't let me have my way, I'm determined you shall not go to sleep, that's all,

HANS. Ha! ha! ha! Mädchen, dass is very kind! but give yourself no trouble. Ich sall not sleep to-night.

(During this last speech Edward descends, and as the dialogue goes on he proceeds to the window, and pulling up the rope, fastens one end of it to the iron bars of the loop-hole.)

MARY. No, nor to-morrow either; for, if Richard does not get away before morning, I'll die out of spite, and haunt yon.

(Edward goes to Richard, and endeavours to untie the rope by which he is confined.)

RICH. A knife!

(Music—Hans, overhearing the exclamation of Richard, again suddenly lifts up his head. Edward hides himself behind Richard, without having been perceived by Hans.)

HANS. Ein knife!—What can er want with ein knife?

MARY. Would you destroy yourself, Richard? Such despair is a sin against Heaven.

HANS. Is dat alles? Silly fellow! warum should he be in such a hurry to cut his own throat?

Music—Hans lies down again, Edward feels in his pocket for a knife, and, after searching for some time, gives them to understand by signs that he has not got one. Mary beckons him to take a candle, and by appropriate action signifies that he is to burn the rope. Edward takes the candle, and, having carried it to Richard, lays himself down in a remote corner. Mary walks towards the window, and Richard begins to burn the rope.)

HANS. Sapperment! dies is der worst bed! was! Hundsfott!

(Seeing Richard busy in burning the rope, he levels a pistol at him. At the same instant Mary throws herself before Richard, so as to protect him. The pistol flashes in the pan. All this passes with the utmost rapidity; and, at the same moment the pistol is aimed at him, Richard drops the light.)

HANS. Why, mädchen, you must be rasend—mad! If der pistol had not missed fire, Ich must have sent the leaden bullet through your head.

RICH. My dear Mary! this is the first time in my life I ever trembled at a loaded pistol.

HANS. *(who has been examining the pistol,)* Loaded! Gott damn! there is der priming, but dat is alles! dere is no bullet. Ah! ah! Ich see now, it is one trick of der Herr Monkton—he is your friend, and did wish you might run off. Potz! diess accounts for his talking against the blunderbuss. But you are a brave mädchen, and I could almost find in mein hertz to believe der junger did not kill der man.

(During this dialogue Harrop gets in at the window, and, coming up to Hans, presents a loaded pistol to his head. The face of Harrop is covered with a black crape.)

HAR. If you call out you are a dead man. Here's a knife, girl; cut the rope.

(He gives a knife to Mary, who begins to sunder the rope.)

HANS. Mighty fine ! mighty fine ! but, notwithstanding that black crape upon your face, Ich can see that you were born to be hung.

HAR. Is it cut ? What do you stand gaping there for, Ned ? Lend a hand, or the whole town will be about our ears before it's done.

RICH. 'Tis done at last.

HAR. Off then, and I'll follow.

MARY. I will not leave you, Richard ; whatever your fate may be is mine—we'll live and die together.

HAR. That nonsense won't do now. (*Hans is stealing towards the window.*) Stop ! if you stir another step, I'll blow your brains out.

HANS. Ich sall stand so still as one mouse.

RICH. Yes, my dear girl, you *shall* go with me.

HAR. I tell you again it's impossible. There is but a single rope, and I take it she can't get down by that. And you, if you were half as fond of the lad as you pretend to be, would not hang upon him like a millstone round the neck of a drowning man.

MARY. Go, Richard, go ! let me not have to reproach myself with your ruin. Fly, before it is too late. Nay, no words—make haste.

HAR. He must, indeed, if he intends to get off at all, for I saw them all below in the vestry quarreling about something—the least noise will bring them up, and then you are lost.

HANS. Will it ?—Help ! Help below !

(Hans knocks violently at the door, and continues to clamour for assistance.—Harrop is about to shoot him, when Richard holds back his arm.)

RICH. No more murders, Harrop, for God's sake! more than enough blood has been shed this night.—Farewell, Mary!

(Music—Mary and Richard embrace. Harrop, by his action, expresses extreme impatience—Hans seems to regret that he has betrayed them.)

HANS. Ach! Ich am sorry Ich did call, aber mein word—my promise.

MARY. To part thus—but fly!—While there is life, there must be always hope.

(Music—Richard, Edward, and Harrop, successively escape out of the window.)

HANS. Jod and Hölle! They must all have one deaf ear.—Very well, Miss Mary!—pretty business diess!—They will hang you for helping him to escape—die judges in der big wigs understand nothing of der love.

MARY. He has escaped—and I am content, whatever may be the consequence.

HANS. Du bist a wonderful Mädchen—here they come.

(Langley, Monkton, Wentworth, White, Constables, &c. enter.)

LANG. Did you call, Hans?

HANS. Ia! und bawl too; der prisoner has escaped.

LANG. Escaped !

MONK. I'm glad of it. (*Aside.*)

LANG. This can hardly be true.

MONK. Mary—come hither, child—don't be alarmed !—Come—what are you doing with that large knife ?

MARY. This knife !—

(*She suddenly recognises the knife.*)

It is, it is—the very same, and Harrop is the murderer.

MONK. How so, girl ? how so ?

MARY. This knife was given to me by Harrop not five minutes since, to cut the rope that bound Richard.

HANS. Dass is all true, only Ich did not know Harrop.

LANG. But it proves nothing.

MONK. I fear not.

MARY. It proves every thing. This is the knife you, sir, lent to me to cut a slip from the yew-tree ; and this, in my terror, I dropped in the church-yard. —Look at it—Am I not right ? Is it not the same ?

MONK. It is, indeed ; and yet I thought I picked up mine when first we came to the church-yard—I ought to have it about me.

(*Takes a knife out of his pocket.*)

Let me see, this looks something like mine—and yet, most certainly, it cannot belong to me.—Blood upon the blade—and on the handle is cut E—H—A—R—
Oh ! E. Harrop—

MARY. The boy's knife—Edward Harrop!—
(Frankland rushes in, and pushes Langley out of his way.)

FRANK. Out of the way!—Where's Richard?—
 It's all come out—I knew he was innocent.

MONK. Let us understand you.

FRANK. Harrop's wife, that you all thought
 dead——

MONK. Lives?

FRANK. Yes—lives—though she'll hardly hold
 out till morning.

MARY. To the purpose, father! to the purpose.

FRANK. Why, she knows that she has not
 many hours to live, and has confessed all—she de-
 clares that Harrop is the murderer!——But where's
 Richard?

MARY. Gracious Heavens! That villain Harrop
 has persuaded him to fly the country.

MONK. What! in such a night as this?

FRANK. Then he is lost—no boat could ride out
 this storm for an hour together!—Where are you
 going to, Mary?

MARY. To the beach! to the beach!

[Mary rushes out.]

FRANK. The girl is right;—the only chance of
 saving him is that he has not yet got off.

MONK. Provide torches as a signal to him if he
 should be at sea, while we hurry down to the
 beach.

[Exit Frankland.]

Come, Mr. Magistrate!—Nay—no standing on respects of ceremony now.

[*Monkton forces Langley off.—The rest follow.*]

SCENE IV.

The sea-beach.—At a considerable distance from the shore is a long narrow sand, partly skirted by low rocks.—On one side of the stage is a light-house, which stands on a little mole, projecting a few feet only into the water ; round the body of this light-house, about a yard from its summit, is a circular balcony with a wooden railing, and on the summit itself is a lamp that holds three burning lights triangularly disposed.—Several boats of different descriptions are drawn up on the beach beyond the reach of the tide.—A storm-boat is floating on the water, close to the shore, and held by a thick cable fastened to a windlass.—Anchors, coils of ropes, grappling-irons, &c., are scattered around irregularly.—Harrop, William, and other Smugglers, on the shore, in front, watching the progress of Richard, whose boat is seen driving violently towards the long sands.

WIL. It's all over with him now ; in another minute the old skiff is staved upon the sands.

HAR. Just as it should be, for it's a flood tide, and the water will soon wash over the rocks. But why is

the light-house beacon burning? That may serve to shew him his danger, and help him off;—run and take down the lamp.

WIL. Not I.

HAR. Then I will.

(*Music.—Harrop enters the light-house, and, after the lapse of a few seconds, is seen in the gallery—He takes down the light.—A deep peal of thunder. The boat then dashes violently against the rocks of the long sands, and immediately sinks.—Richard gains the rock, and climbs to the top of it, after having struggled for some time with the waters.*)

HAR. (*in the gallery.*) The fool's climbing up the rock, as if that would do him any good.

WIL. Poor fellow! He has forgotten the flood tide; and no wonder.—Another ten minutes, and he's lost indeed!

HAR. Huzza!

(*He waves his hat, looking out earnestly towards Richard. The railing, against which he leans, gives way with a loud crash, and he tumbles into the water.*)

WIL. By Heavens, he's gone!

1ST. SMUG. (*Running to a coil of ropes.*) All hands here, to veer out a cable to him!

WIL. Too late; the wind blows off the shore so strongly, he is already out at sea.

(*Monkton, Langley, Frankland, &c., enter with lighted torches.*)

MONK. Where's Harrop?

WIL. Drowned.

MONK. How?—when?—But another time for him.
—Richard, my lads, is innocent? Where is he?

(William points to the long sands.)

What! on the sands?

(Mary rushes in pale and breathless, and her hair streaming wildly to the wind. During the whole of this scene the water rapidly gains on the rock of the sand, and with so strong a rise as to be distinctly visible to the audience.)

MARY. Is he gone?—Is it too late?

MONK. I don't know what to say to that.—Come, my lads,—fifty guineas for him that brings back Richard.—William, what say you?—You are an old seaman, and used to rough weather.—Fifty guineas!

WIL. I would'nt be the man for five hundred—it's merely throwing away life.

MARY. For Heaven's sake, try to save him!—In a few moments it will be too late.

WIL. I would do any thing in reason to serve you, but this is sheer madness.

MARY. Is there no one will venture out to save the life of a fellow-creature?—Not one—and the waters are beginning to burst over the rock!

MONK. It's all of no use, child, I'm afraid.

WIL. To be sure it's not, master.

MARY. Are you men? and can you see him perish before your eyes, almost within the reach of

hearing? Kind, generous Richard! you would have died to save the life of any one of these; and yet, amongst them all, there is not a heart of courage enough to brave a gust of wind for you.

WIL. A gust of wind, do you call it? I have for thirty years, man and boy, looked upon rough weather; but the storm of to-night goes beyond every thing.

MARY. All are cowards!—Not one will move!—Well, then, Richard, I promised you should not die alone. *(Mary leaps into the storm-boat.)*

MONK. Are you mad, Mary?

MARY. Death was my promise, and I go to keep it.—Let it be written on my grave—“A woman braved the storm which a seaman shrunk from!”

WIL. What! Damn it, that never shall be said!—If a girl's not afraid, I don't see why I should be.

(William leaps into the boat.)

Cast off the rope there!

(The Smugglers loosen the cable that holds the boat to the shore, while William sets the sail.—This action passes with the utmost rapidity, and the boat darts away before the wind.)

MONK. Mary—there can be no good in your going.

MARY. Life or death with Richard!

MONK. Frankland, why don't you try to stop the girl?

FRANK. Be quiet! She might as well run the risk

of drowning now, as die broken-hearted to-morrow—As for me, I am old, and shall soon follow.

(*Music.—A furious burst of the Storm—The thunder peals along in violent claps, that, for a few seconds, follow each other without intermission.—A broad flash of lightning blazes around the boat, which is seen at the very top of a mountainous wave, and in the next moment is lost to the sight.*)

MONK. By Heavens, they are lost!

1ST SMUG. No! they have weathered it!—And look, they have thrown out a rope to young Richard, who is making for the boat.

(*Music—A rope is cast off from the boat to Richard, who, by the repeated flashes of lightning, is seen swimming towards it.—At the very moment that Richard leaves the rock, the waves burst furiously over it.*)

MONK. There is an age in this moment!

FRANK. He reaches it!—He is saved!

ALL. Huzza! Huzza!

(*Music—The curtain slowly drops—To the last the boat is seen returning towards the shore.*)

THE END.

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OR,

THREE DAYS AT A WELL-KNOWN HOTEL.

A Farce,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

WITH

ACCLAMATIONS OF APPLAUSE.

BY W. A. KEEP.

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PREFACE.

IN committing the following production to the press, the Author feels it an incumbent duty to avail himself of this opportunity of expressing his obligations to the Ladies and Gentlemen to whose friendly aid, and distinguished talents, he must chiefly attribute its success.

It was hastily written, and presented to a friend for his Benefit, though with little expectation of being performed, much less of the flattering applause which attended its representation. Agreeably surprised by the reception it met with on the stage, he has still to fear it may not equally please in the perusal, where, quite unprotected, it must be exposed to the most minute criticism ; but trusts its defects will meet with indulgence, and escape censure.

To Mrs. Davison he cannot pay a sufficient tribute of eulogium. To Mrs. Alsop, likewise, he is much indebted for her exertions in a part so inferior to her merits. Mrs. Orger, also, did ample justice to the trifling character she so kindly undertook ; and the author begs these ladies to accept his warmest

thanks. Mr. Harley, Mr. Knight, Mr. Oxberry, Mr. Kent, and Mr. Barnard, were every thing he intended, or could have wished; and he returns them his sincere and heartfelt thanks for their powerful support: nor must he forget to express his obligations to Mr. Kent, in particular, for the friendly interest he took in his behalf.

To the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Committee, and to Mr. Rae, as Manager, his best acknowledgments are due for the favour they condescended to shew him. To the Hon. George Lambe especially.

June, 1817.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR DAVID CREDULOUS.....	Mr. OXBERRY.
GEORGE CREDULOUS.....	Mr. KENT.
Mr. SHARK	Mr. BARNARD.
SHARP.....	Mr. HARLEY.
TIM	Mr. KNIGHT.
NABHAM	Mr. BUXTON.
WAITER.....	Mr. EBSWORTH.

AMELIA PEMBERTON (disguised as Captain Talbot,).....	Mrs. DAVISON.
FANNY, (her Waiting-Maid, disguised as her servant Frank,).....	Mrs. ALSOP.
JENNY, (a Chamber Maid,)	Mrs. ORGER.

The Scene lies in London, and principally at Hatchett's
Hotel.

INCOG

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

18

THESE DAYS IN A WELL-KNOWN HOTEL

ACT I

SCENE I

4.00 PM - 5.00 PM

Enter Mr. John C. Brown, Secretary of the

THEY SHALL I tell you a story, and

Mr. D. No, I'll not trouble you

The first part of the story is—Mr. D. No

Secondly, (To Mr. D.) I have heard

Mr. D. No, no, no, I'll not trouble you

Thirdly, I have heard of a man who

Fourthly, I have heard of a man who

Fifthly, I have heard of a man who

Sixthly, I have heard of a man who

Seventhly, I have heard of a man who

Eighthly, I have heard of a man who

Ninthly, I have heard of a man who

Tenthly, I have heard of a man who

Eleventhly, I have heard of a man who

Twelfthly, I have heard of a man who

INCOG;

OR,

THREE DAYS AT A WELL-KNOWN HOTEL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.—Piccadilly.

Enter Sir David Credulous, followed by Tim.

Tim. SHALL I call you a coach, sir?

Sir D. No; I'll not trouble you.

Tim. No sort of trouble, sir,—get you one directly. (*Calling*) Coach! Here, coach!

Sir D. No, no, no! Odds my life! I tell you I don't want one. I've had enough of coaches for these last four-and-twenty hours in that Exeter Fly of yours, which has shook me almost to pieces!

Tim. Lord bless you, sir! it runs as light as a feather, and as easy as a sedan!—I presume you are not much used to stage-travelling, sir?

Sir D. There you are wrong—I've been used to it best part of my life; but I would not have

come one hundred and seventy miles now, if I could have got my boy George home without ; for I hav'n't been in London these five-and-twenty years.—Do you know my son George? does he use your house?

Tim. Mr. George who, sir?

Sir D. Counsellor George Credulous, of the Temple ; a damn'd clever fellow in his profession, I understand,—and in high practice, he writes me.

Tim. No, really, sir ; we have not the honour of that gentleman's name on our books.

Sir D. Odds my life! he's on no one's books! I always desired him to pay as he goes—which he must have done, for the dog's got through a powerful deal of money ;—but, from his studying the law so closely, he will come to be a Judge in time, I hope, and then he'll know how to take care of it ;—and if I can but get him down, and see him married to Amelia Pemberton, I shall be a happy old fellow.

(During the latter part of his speech, Sharp enters unperceived.)

Sharp. (Aside.) My master's father, by all that's unlucky !—What, in the name of wonder, can have brought the old gentleman to London ?

Sir D. Now then, Mr. Tim, (I think I heard the gentleman call you ;)—your name is Tim, isn't it?

Tim. Yes sir, my name's Tim—short for Timothy.

Sir D. Then be so good, short Mr. Tim, as to direct me the nearest way to the Temple.

Tim. What! you won't have a coach, then, sir?

Sir D. No sir, I won't,—I told you that before.

Tim. I beg pardon, sir—meant no offence—but I always recommend a coach to gentlemen who are not much acquainted with the town;—and as you observed just now that it is five-and-twenty years since you was here last, sir—thought Coachey might as well set you down.—Strange alterations in these parts of late, I do assure you, sir.

Sir D. Aye, I suppose so.—I had an old acquaintance in St. Alban's-street—

Tim. St. Alban's street's gone, sir,—Waterloo-place now.—St. James's Market be coming down.—Whip you go through Piccadilly! straight to Oxford-street and the Regent's Park, sir!

Sir D. Odds my life! alterations indeed!—I wonder George never wrote me all this. Well, sir, which way am I to go?

Tim. Keep straight along, sir, down the Dilly, till you come to the top of the Haymarket: proceed to the bottom of the Haymarket, and you'll touch the top of Cockspur-street; then keep straight on till you come to the man on the black horse.

Sir D. The man on the black horse!

Tim. King Charles the First, sir, facing the Golden

Cross :—then, sir, passing over the first turning to your left, you'll be in the Strand—and, proceeding straight forward on the right, you'll come to the Bar, and then you'll soon find the Temple.

Sir D. Odds my life ! who's to retain all this ? one need have a head as long as the Chancellor's of the Exchequer—I sha'n't remember one half of it, I'll bet my breeches !

Tim. O then you'd better have a coach, sir.

Sir D. (*Pettishly.*) Sir, I'll have no coach, I tell you.

Tim. Well sir, you're to please yourself, most assuredly : but I can give you no plainer direction, so you must excuse me, I must be off—I shall be wanted among the coaches. [*Exit.*]

Sir D. The sooner the better, sir, for I want no more of your clack. (*Going.*) Curse the fellow and his coach ! I shall find George, I dare say, closely confined, and studying away. O ! he'll make a shining character, I'll bet my breeches ; and I warrant he has formed a fine London acquaintance. I long to see him. [*Exit Sir D.*]

Sharp. (*Coming forward.*) Yes, he has indeed formed a fine London acquaintance ! And you'll find him closely confined, sure enough, and studying too ;—but not, as you suppose, the law at his chambers, but how to get out of Nabham the bailiff's clutches, who has him snug enough.—What the devil am I to do ? He has sent me in quest of his friend, Mr. Shark.—I don't like this

Shark—I'm afraid he is a shark by nature as well as name. However, I can't stop to hunt him up now, but must make all the haste I can back, to be in readiness to receive the old gentleman in the Temple, and fob up some story to deceive him till I see my master, and consult what's the best to be done. *[Exit Shark.]*

SCENE II.

A Coffee-Room.

(Shark discovered reading a newspaper at one table ; Amelia, disguised as Capt. Talbot, at breakfast at another.)

Shark. *(putting down the paper)* Tim.

Tim. Sir,

Shark. Who was that old querist that went out with you just now?—He prated away finely :—I should take him to be of the turf, he's so fond of betting.

Tim. A fine talkative old gentleman, sir, indeed: he came in last night by the *Exeter*.—I have just directed him to the Temple, where he has gone to see his son, who is one of those who live by *altercations, cross-examinations, and other botherations.*

Shark. Of the law? ey, Tim?—Do you know his name?

Tim. Counsellor George Credulous, I think he called him.

Shark. (Aside.) The father of my friend, by all that's singular! Gad this is most fortunate, and may turn to account. I've heard him often spoken of as very rich:—he comes most opportunely for George, who now is much in need of his assistance.—I'll instantly to his despairing Harriet—apprize her of the old boy's arrival—and lay our plans accordingly.

(Amelia listens attentively to every word of the above speech.)

Shark. Tim!

Tim. Sir.

Shark. I'm going to the tennis-court;—should any one call, therefore, I shall not be in before six to dress. But I should like to have——

Tim. A coach? Get you one immediately, sir.

Shark. Coach be damn'd! No sir,—I should like to have a fire in my room. [*Exit Shark.*]

Tim. Oh! very well, sir.—Coach be damn'd! what a bear!

Amelia. Waiter!

Tim. Sir.

Amelia. Pray is the old gentleman who arrived last night in the *Exeter*, stirring yet?

Tim. He has gone out, sir; and must be half-way to the Temple by this time. I couldn't persuade him to take a coach, sir—never met with one so obstinate in that particular, sir, in the whole

course of my life.—Beg pardon—left a message to you—

Amelia. Indeed!

Tim. Yes, sir—desired me to present his compliments, and should be happy to take his glass of negus with you to-night, when he returns from his son's, if you're not better engaged.

Amelia. Pray who is that who was so inquisitive about the old gentleman?

Tim. That is more than I can say, sir.—His name is Shark—Came by a coach about three weeks ago—said he should be off the next day for Holyhead—but here he has been ever since.

Amelia. 'Tis a sign he likes his quarters and accommodations.

Tim. Why, as to that, sir, I believe my master would be better pleased if he was to shift them.

Amelia. Why so?

Tim. Why, sir, "he hangs fire too much," as you *milantary* gentlemen term it; and my master observes that the *Dun Family* call too frequently upon him.

Amelia. And pray who are they?

Tim. Lord, sir, you in the army, and ask that question! The *DUNS* are here, there, and every where;—yet, strange to say, although the most disagreeable visitors in the world, they're generally asked to call again.

Amelia. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha! I see you're a wag, Mr. Waiter.

Tim. No,—not I, sir.—My master, indeed, is a

bit of a wit, and knows a thing or two ; and says that, as Mr. Shark has been boarding and lodging here these three weeks, and has come down but one out of the three, 'tis therefore two to one against him.

Amelia. (Laughing.) Ha, ha! very good ;—but has the gentleman no luggage with him?

Tim. Not much of that, sir,—only a measly portmanteau, about as big as a blacking-case. *(Bell rings.)* Coming, coming !—No commands at present, sir?

Amelia. Nothing more than to return my compliments to the old gentleman, and that I'm proud of the honour he designs me.

Tim. Shall you want a coach, sir? *(Bell rings.)* Coming, coming !

Amelia. No, sir. *(Exit Tim. bowing.)* This is very singular !—I'm astonished at the manner in which this person spoke of the old gentleman, and his “ friend George,” as he styled him. Then what could he mean by “ apprizing his desponding Harriet,—and laying their plans accordingly.”—If now, as I surmise, this should be the cause of his neglecting me——Yet I'll not believe it till I've further proof.—My meeting this Mr. Shark so soon after my arrival in London is very extraordinary. As we are inmates in the same house, it can do no harm just to observe a few of his movements ; but first I'll acquaint Fanny with all this, and then at once for my young Templar.

[Exit Amelia.]

SCENE III.

A private Apartment at Hatchett's.

(Fanny discovered unpacking a Trunk, and removing female Apparel, into another.)

Fanny. There now, our female dresses are ready for us, whenever we choose to return to them. What a strange mad-cap my mistress is, to be sure, to put her ladyship and myself into men's clothes, without any fears of discovery ! We have followed the old gentleman closely, however. She has certainly played her part so far well. *Incog.*, as she calls it, and not known by him, is laughable indeed !—But, how I shall get on with Mr. Sharp, Heaven knows !—I'm afraid he'll be too sharp for me. I must risk it, however, come what may. I think my mistress has began early enough to wear the breeches.—Many, I've heard, adopt them *after* marriage ; but very few *before*, I believe. Oh, here she comes.

(Enter Amelia.)

Amelia. Fanny, I've changed my mind, and, instead of going to Mr. Credulous's chambers this morning, as I intended, I will write to him, and appoint an interview ;—and by your taking the letter it will be an introduction for you to your

sweetheart, Mr. Sharp, which, I dare say you'll have no objection to.

Fanny. I shall be all of a twitter, at first,—but with such an example before me, Ma'am, as yours, if I fail, I deserve to lose your favours.

Amelia. Never fear.

Fanny. Yet, after all, Ma'am, this is a mad frolic of yours; and I'm horridly frightened at throwing myself into the power of Mr. Sharp: but I dare say my terror will soon go off.

Amelia. No doubt, Fanny, when you are better acquainted.

Fanny. And how long are we to remain incog., Ma'am?

Amelia. Until I have found out the cause of his neglect; and this accidental meeting with Mr. Shark has given me additional curiosity.

Fanny. Mercy, how the old gentleman raved about his son George!—If he but possesses one quarter of the good qualities Sir David represents, you'll be a happy lady.

Amelia. But should he prove the reverse,—for London, and new objects, Fanny, may have much altered him.

Fanny. If so, you can retaliate, Ma'am; for should he neglect you, 'tis very easy to find friends elsewhere, Ma'am.

Amelia. You offer fine advice, truly, to one who is so passionately in love as I am.

Fanny. But recollect, Ma'am, the poets say,
“ Love, like fire, naturally goes out when it hath

"nothing to feed on;" and with your beauty, Ma'am—

Amelia. If I've sufficient in the eyes of him I wish to please, I'm content;—the rest of the world are not worth my care.

Fanny. But you'll allow, Ma'am, it's a great satisfaction to be extolled and talked of.

Amelia. Believe me, Fanny, I have no ambition to be toasted in company of men, and roasted in assembly of women, I assure you; for the envy of the one is sure to follow the admiration of the other; and, with all the talking in the world, you may as well attempt to remove a rock as a woman's passion.

Fanny. Yet you must allow, Ma'am, that it's often built upon a precarious foundation,—and if Mr. Credulous, Ma'am, should prove inconstant to you—and Mr. Sharp to me—

Amelia. If so, I'll return to the country, and seclude myself from all mankind.

Fanny. There you'd do wrong, Ma'am;—for, take my word, there is more danger in lonely woods and purling streams than in a ball-room or play-house.—To have a beauteous grove for your theatre,—the nightingale your music,—the sky the only spectator,—and a pretty fellow the actor—Mercy on us, there's no answering what the play might be!

Amelia. If I find my fears are groundless, and that I still retain his heart, I shall have no reason

to repent of my stratagem.—So now for the letter
—and then for the result, Fanny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*A Room at Young Credulous's Chambers in the
Temple.*

(*Sharp in a great bustle, arranging the room.*)

Sharp. 'Gad I've had a run for it! I passed the old gentleman at Exeter-'Change,—so it will not be long before he is here. How the devil am I to manage this?—I may put him off for a few hours, to be sure, by telling him my master's from home on particular business; but to a certainty he won't leave town without seeing him, and he is likely to remain locked up for some days. What the devil's to be done? (*thinking.*) I have it!—I have it! (*slapping his hands together.*) It will do! (*a loud double knock.*) Here he is; and sink, or swim, I'll try it.—If my master will but consent to it, I think we may succeed.

(*Opens the door, and Sir David enters.*)

Sir D. Well, Sharp,—how is your master?

Sharp. (*Pretending surprise.*) God bless me, Sir David! Who could have thought of this unexpected pleasure?—My master will be delighted to

see you in London. (*Aside*)—the first bouncer!—
But unfortunately he is not at home at present.

Sir D. Odds my life! that's unlucky indeed!
How is the young Templar?—quite well?

Sharp. Never better in health, sir, in his life.

Sir D. I was afraid close confinement would
not agree with him.

Sharp. Nor do I think it does, Sir David.—
But at present he can't help it.

Sir D. He has so much business on his hands—
ey, Mr. Sharp?

Sharp. So much, sir, in his present practice,
that I assure you he finds great difficulty in getting
through it;—but the law, you know, sir, is “a
giant in strength;” and one can't break thro'
“bolts and bars,” as the saying is.

Sir D. Very true, Sharp—very true;—but the
dog would study it;—and he is so attached to the
profession, that I can't get him in the country, all
I can do. The only answer to my letters was
“pressure of business, my dear father, prevents
me,”—and so I have come all this way, Sharp, to
take him away with me per force; for, whilst he is
studying the law, there are others studying to sup-
plant him in the affections of Miss Pemberton;—
and to let that charming young lady, with sixty
thousand pounds, slip through his fingers, would
be studying how to play the fool, methinks.

Sharp. Why to be sure, Sir David, there's not
many Miss Pembertons to be found;—and, for my

part, I should be delighted to see Exeter again, (*aside*,) and my dear little Fanny. But I'm afraid we shall have some difficulty to get him off, sir.

Sir D. Never fear, I'll manage it, I'll bet my breeches.

Sharp. (*Aside.*) If you don't, I don't know any one that will!

Sir D. When do you expect him to return, Sharp?

Sharp. That, sir, entirely depends on particular circumstances,—and, when he happens to be engaged in this *Sheriff* practice, how long he may be detained is uncertain;—for the rules of the court, in which his business is now pending, is good bail, or money down,—two difficult things to get, Sir David;—and I am certain the worthy gentleman, who he has the honour to be with at this moment, will not part with him until he procures one or the other for him.

Sir D. Odds my life! you may as well talk Hebrew to me as your *Sheriff* practice and rules of court—and I should understand one as much as the other.

Sharp. If you was as much used to it as my master, sir, you'd soon find it out.

Sir D. Very likely—But go to my son George, tell him of my arrival at his chambers, and I'll bet my breeches, he will break through the forms of court in this instance, and immediately come to me.

Sharp. I assure you, Sir David, it is quite im-

possible, and you had better defer seeing him till to-morrow.

Sir D. (*In a passion.*) Odds my life! Here's a pretty sort of a varlet! to tell me, after travelling one hundred and seventy miles to see my son, on business of the greatest consequence to him, that the practice of the court, in which he is engaged, will not allow of his seeing me, and that I'd better wait till to-morrow!

Sharp. I'm only telling you the truth, Sir David, upon my honour.

Sir D. Your honour, puppy—If you don't go this instant, you scoundrel, and fetch your master, I'll take good care you shan't be in his service twenty-four hours longer.

Sharp. Indeed, sir, I would do any thing in the world to oblige you; but my going would really be of no service.

Sir D. You shall go directly, or I'll break every bone in your skin.—But, now I think of it, I'll write a line, and then there can be no mistake. So give me pen, ink, and paper.

Sharp. Sir, if you'll be pleased to step into the next room you'll find it on the table.

(*Opening a door, and shewing the way. Sir David goes in.*)

I'm now a in pretty way—completely between two fires! The son will break my bones if I take his father to him,—and the father threatens to do the same, and kick me out of doors, if I refuse.

Which way am I to act?—(*A Loud single rap at the door.*)—Who have we here? (*Goes and opens it, and Fanny enters, disguised as Frank.*)

Fanny. Good morning, sir.

Sharp. The same to you, sir.

Fanny. I have a letter from my master to your master, which requires an answer.

Sharp. I'm sorry my master can't give it, then.

Fanny. Your master's not at home, then?

Sharp. You've guessed it.

Fanny. That's unfortunate.

Sharp. Not in the least.

Fanny. How so?

Sharp. It saves your waiting.

Fanny. You're sharp, sir.

Sharp. Sir, I know it—I was born so.

Fanny. Well sir, I should'nt have guessed by your looks that you sprung from a branch of that family.

Sharp. What do you mean by that, sir?—Do you intend to insult me?

Fanny. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha! Insult you,—O dear, no! but, as you're sharp, my wit's a little pointed, that's all;—but don't be out of temper, Mr. Sharp; I hope we shall be better acquainted.

Sharp. I've a gentleman waiting in the next room, and can't stop; therefore you'd better leave your letter, and call again. Who does it come from?

Fanny. I mustn't tell.

Sharp. Indeed! why not?

Fanny. Because it's a secret.

Sharp. I should like to know it.

Fanny. So you shall.

Sharp. How?

Fanny. When you're told it. (*Laughing*).

Sharp. 'Pon my soul, you're vastly intelligent.

Fanny. Yes, Mr. *Sharp*, it's a way we country lads have. But I did not know it was the London mode for servants to be acquainted with their masters' correspondents.—It's not the fashion, howsomever, in Devon.

Sharp. What! do you come from Devon?

Fanny. Yes, I do,—and what then?

Sharp. What part?

Fanny. Oh, you can't stop to hear:—you've a gentleman waiting in the next room, you know.

Sharp. Well, but tell us what part?

Fanny. Within a few miles of Exeter.

Sharp. No!

Fanny. Yes.

Sharp. Do you know Tiverton?

Fanny. Do I know Tiverton? Why, man, I come from within a mile of it, and left Pemberton Abbey but a few days since.

Sharp. Pemberton Abbey!

Fanny. Aye, surely.

Sharp. Why then mayhap you may know Fanny Dickson?

Fanny. Ah, to be sure, as well as I know myself.

Sharp. Give me your hand, my boy! (*Shaking*

hands heartily ;) we shall be better acquainted, indeed, for I came from the same part; and, I say, old acquaintance—(for I dare say we shall find one another out by-and-by)—

Fanny. (Aside.) I suppose we shall.

Sharp. How does Fan do?—You must know we are a bit of sweethearts.

Fanny. Ah! Fanny's strangely altered since you saw her at the Abbey.

Sharp. How do you mean? Altered!

Fanny. She's not like the same person.—But won't the gentleman want you in the next room?

Sharp. Never mind him. What do you mean by altered?

Fanny. Bless your soul, you'd not know her now, there's such a difference in her.

Sharp. No one can make me believe that; I'd be bound to know Fan from a thousand, let me see her any where.

Fanny. Women will deceive the very devil!—but I say, fellow-countryman, suppose, among your fine dashing London lasses, you've forgot Fan, and got another sweetheart—ey, Mr. Sharp?

Sharp. No, no; I've not forgot her; but for certain I can't say but I'm a bit gayish among the girls, and that like, since coming to London; and have got a little sly bit in a corner, you know. (*Jogging her elbow.*)

Fanny. (Aside.) Oh, you have; have you!—This is pleasant news, indeed!—Your master, too—is he a gay deceiver?

Sharp. Oh ! he's the very devil amongst the women, (*whispering in her ear.*) and keeps a dashing one.

Fanny. (*Aside.*) So, so ;—here's charming intelligence !—Then I fancy I can tell you a piece of news, Mr. Sharp, that will surprise you.

Sharp. What's that ?

Fanny. Fanny Dickson has left Pemberton Abbey, and gone off with a young Captain.

Sharp. (*Astonished.*) Fanny Dickson gone off with a Captain ! (*Recovering himself.*) What a fool I must be to believe it !—Damn'd nonsense of you to scare one so, though.

Fanny. I'm serious, as sure as your name's Sharp : and, what's more, I give you my word I saw them in a coach together upwards of one hundred miles from her home, not two days ago.

Sharp. You did ?

Fanny. I did, and will take my oath of it.

Sharp. Then farewell to woman's constancy. O Fanny, Fanny !—cruel Fanny !—But tell me—(*Enter Sir David from the room within, with a letter in his hand,*)

Sir D. Now then, sir, take this immediately to my son.—Odds my life ! (*perceiving Fanny.*) what brought you here, Mr. Frank ?

Fanny. I came with a letter from my master, Sir David,

Sharp. (*Aside.*) What ! does he know the old one ? Then he comes from Devon, sure enough.

Sir D. With a letter from your master ! Odds

my life! let me have it then, and I'll take care and give it him myself. (*Aside.*) About some law business, I'll bet my breeches!—This is extremely kind of the young Captain, to think of George so soon. My son is not within; therefore you can have no answer to your master's letter; so you need not wait.

Fanny. Very well, sir;—I wish you a good morning. (*Going.*)

Sharp. (*To Fanny.*) I say, when will you give us a call, Mr. Frank? I've a great deal to say to you.

Sir D. Sharp.

Sharp. Sir.

Sir D. I want you.

Sharp. (*Talking apart to Fanny.*) Coming, Sir David.—But when will you call again?—I can't help thinking about Fan and the Captain.

Fanny. You shall see me shortly.—So good day, Mr. Sharp!—Sharp as you are, Fanny Dickson has made a flat of you this time, although you came to London with your master to study the law. (*Goes out laughing.*)

Sharp. Curse his impudence! he's laughing at me.

Sir D. (*Coming forward.*) When you two gentlemen have finished your discourse, I suppose you'll attend to what I've to say.

Sharp. I'm at your service, Sir David.

Sir D. Well then, sir, take this letter to my son immediately.

Sharp. Do you know, sir, a thought has just struck me?

Sir D. Do you know, if you don't set off directly with the letter, it strikes me I shall break your head? (*Shaking his cane at him.*)

Sharp. Nay, but hear me, Sir David—

Sir D. I won't hear another sentence till you come back from my son.

Sharp. But it's respecting my master, sir.

Sir D. Well, sir, what is it?

Sharp. Sir, you shall hear:—my master,—— pray, sir, do you recollect Fanny Dickson?

Sir D. What the devil has Fanny Dickson to do with my son, you scoundrel?

Sharp. Oh, no, sir! I didn't say she had:—but do you know, sir, she has gone off with a Captain?

Sir D. And what is Fanny Dickson's going off with a Captain to me? I thought you had something to communicate respecting my son?

Sharp. Yes, sir, so I have; but, ever since I heard of Fan's going off with a Captain, I can't get her out of my head. But, with respect to my master, all the letters in the world won't bring him from where he is:—and, to let you into a secret, sir, my master's too generous and free, and is very often obliged to go to a spunging-house before he can accommodate parties; and there he is now, sir, arranging matters for a gentleman.

Sir D. Odds my life! and why didn't you inform me of this at first?

Sharp. Because, sir, my master don't want it known, lest other gentlemen should detain him;

and it is only by your interference the party will suffer him to leave them till he has settled the business to their satisfaction ;—therefore my going, sir, would be of no use.

Sir D. How far is it from this where my son is, Sharp ?

Sharp. A very little distance, sir ; only in Cary-street, No. 44.

Sir D. Well, direct me the nearest way to it, and I'll go myself.

Sharp. Directly you get out of the Temple gate, sir, facing you is Chancery-lane.

Sir D. Odds my life ! that's a devil of a lane to get into ;—for, once there, it's a difficult matter to get out ! Well, when I'm in Chancery-lane ?

Sharp. The first turning to your left is Cary-street.

Sir D. This is a much plainer direction than Mr. Tim's.—Well, then, I'll set off instantly :—you're sure I shall find him there ?

Sharp. I'm quite certain of that, sir.

Sir D. No. 44, you say ?—

Sharp. Yes, sir ; No. 44.

Sir D. (*Going.*) Very well ; I shall find it, I dare say. (*Turning round.*) Odds my life ! it's a laughable circumstance, Sharp, (and I'll joke George about it,) that I should come 170 miles to see him, and my first visit should be in a spunging-house !

[*Exit laughing.*]

Sharp. I don't know how my scheme may answer ; but, if it should, we shall have the laugh

against you, old gentleman. Now then, to make all the haste I can to get there before you—apprize my master of what I've done—and communicate my plan. [Exit Sharp.]

(SCENE III. *again.*)

Private Apartments at Hatchett's.

Enter Fanny, followed by Jenny.

Fanny. Well, Jenny, what is it you wish to speak to me about?

Jenny. I hardly know how to mention it to you, I'm so ashamed.—You seem a very nice young man, and I'm going to ask you to do something for me.

Fanny. Well, Jenny, what is it?

Jenny. Did you ever have a sweetheart, Mr. Frank?

Fanny. Yes.

Jenny. Then you know what it is to love?

Fanny. Yes.

Jenny. (*sighs.*) So do I.

Fanny. (*Aside.*) I shall be in a pretty way presently.—And is Mr. Tim the happy man?

Jenny. O no! not him:—'tis another and you, Mr. Frank, are the person—

Fanny. I the person, Jenny!

Jenny. Yes; you are the person I want to take a message from me to him.

Fanny. (*Aside.*) Come, this is a reprieve! How far off does he reside?—for perhaps I shan't be able to spare time.

Jenny. Oh, you are going to him!

Fanny. I am, child?

Jenny. Yes; for I heard your master tell you to take a letter to Mr. Counsellor Credulous, in the Temple.

Fanny. And does your sweetheart live with him?

Jenny. Yes, that he does.

Fanny. Then his name is——

Jenny. Sharp.

Fanny. (*Aside.*) Here's another discovery!—Upon my word, Mr. Sharp, you're a pretty sort of a gentleman, indeed!—I wish I had known this before:—you have learnt something by coming to London.—Well, Jenny, and what message do you wish me to take to him?

Jenny. That Jenny Brewer, at the White Horse Cellar, wishes to see him as soon as he can make it convenient.

Fanny. And did he ever tell you he loved you, Jenny?

Jenny. Oh yes! fifty times.

Fanny. He has?

Jenny. Oh yes!

Fanny. And did he ever say any thing about marriage to you?

Jenny. No; he has'nt mentioned any thing

about that yet—but I dare say he will when it suits him.

Fanny. Yes, when it suits him he will, you may depend.—Well, I'll be sure to deliver your message when I see him.

Jenny. Thank you kindly, I'm sure : I'll do as much for you at any time. Good morning to you, young man ; I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure!—You'll not forget the name of Jenny Brewer. [*Exit Jenny.*]

Fanny. I shall remember it all my life!—So, so, I'm afraid I'm much worse off than my mistress herself—for she, it appears, has only one rival, and I have half a dozen!—But if I don't punish you, my amorous spark, I'm no woman! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

A Room at Nabham, the Bailiff's.

(Young Credulous walking up and down the room.)

Young C. What can have become of that rascal of mine?—and not a soul's come near me that I've written to. Debt and a spunging-house are the surest means to try your friends. *(Ringing the bell.)*

[*Enter Nabham.*]

Are you certain no one has inquired for me?

Nab. Quite, sir!—But you mustn't be sur-

prised at that.—Friends don't accept an invitation to a spunging-house so readily as to a dinner party.—But here's a gentleman—

[*Enter Shark.*]

Young C. Ah, my dear Shark! I thought you had deserted me too, and was execrating all mankind.

Shark. That was very Christian-like, indeed!—But who the devil's to know of your being in retirement without information?

Young C. Why I sent that rascal of mine with a letter to you many hours ago.

Shark. Then that rascal of yours has never thought proper to deliver it, and it was by mere accident I've found you now, as I was going to your chambers. But at whose suit are you here, George?

Young C. Garnet's, the jeweller, for Harriet's diamond broach.

Shark. Well, *courage, mon ami!* I dare say we shall soon contrive to pay him.

Young C. I don't know which way, for that cursed unlucky run last night has drawn me of every guinea.

Shark. Then we must endeavour to raise fresh supplies;—and I've good news for you.

[*Enter Sharp, hastily.*]

Sharp. Oh, sir!

Young C. What can have kept you all this time, you scoundrel?

Sharp. (Breathless.) Something of moment, you may be sure, sir;—and I've made no small haste to get here.—Sir David's in town, sir.

Young C. (In surprise.) My father in London! Improbable.—No joking, sirrah, or I'll break your bones.

Sharp. Bone-breaking, it seems, runs in the family,—for that's what the old gentleman threatened me with if I didn't bring you to him to the chambers. So, sir, knowing that the master of this agreeable mansion would not consent to that, and fearing Sir David might put his threats into execution, I thought it best—

Young C. To do what, sir?

Sharp. To tell him where you was.

Young C. Scoundrel! Informed him I was in a spunging-house!

Sharp. Yes, sir, and he is now on his way hither to see you.

Young C. To see me here!

Sharp. I expect to hear him knock at the door every minute—for he set out before me; only I ran for it, and came the short cut through the courts.

Young C. Then I'm ruined.

Sharp. You must know, sir, just as I got to Hatchett's, with your letter to Mr. Shark, who should I see at the coffee-room door, talking to the waiter, but Sir David,—inquiring his way to

the Temple?—Mercy on me, sir, I as much expected to see Buonaparte driving a Brentford stage!—So I thought no more of Mr. Shark, but made all the haste I could back to the chambers, to be in readiness to receive him.

Young C. But why inform him of my confinement, sirrah?

Sharp. I've a plan, sir, by which I think we may not only contrive to get you liberated, but with money in your pocket.

Young C. Quick then,—name it.

Shark. Aye—pray let's hear it.

Sharp. Thus then, sir :—I have told Sir David you were come here to arrange matters for a gentleman, who is a capital client of yours,—very rich, and only locked up through obstinacy,—and of course you could not think of his remaining, but must pay the money down for him.

Young C. But he will naturally expect to see my supposed client.

Sharp. True, sir, I'd forgot that.

Shark. Well, George, let me represent him :—Sir David's never seen me, and you can pass me off for some great man.

Young C. 'Egad Shark, no bad thought.—Well, what title shall we give you?

Sharp. There's no time to be lost, sir ;—so suppose Mr. Shark takes the name of Strange.

Shark. Aye, Harry Strange.

Young C. We'll knight you at once, Tom—Rise,

therefore, Sir Harry Strange!—Well, Sharp, you've only told us half your plot: my debt must be paid before I can be liberated.

Sharp. And so it shall.

Young C. Which way?

Sharp. By writing a check for the amount.

Young C. Oh, ridiculous!—Nabham won't take it!

Sharp. Nor need we offer it him.—I only want you to draw it—then leave the rest to me, sir.—I'll return with a refusal, and you can apply to the old gentleman, who, I'll engage, will have sufficient at command to answer your demands; and instead, sir, of the fifty-seven pounds, which you're detained for, ask for ninety, to cover your little incidental expenses, and prevent the necessity of too early an application for more.

Shark. Very good counsel, George.—But, suppose you double the sum, now you're about it?

Young C. No, hang it, I'll not do that.—It is sufficiently unpleasant to my feelings to be obliged to practise this cheat upon the old gentleman, without that addition to it;—but, as I know my present distresses might induce him to form a worse opinion of me than I deserve, I must endeavour to conceal the state of my affairs from him, and plead for his forgiveness afterwards.

Sharp. (*To Shark.*) Well, sir, what do you think of my scheme?

Shark. Admirable, Sharp! admirable!

Young C. Upon my word, I believe he'd make

the best lawyer of the two!—and as fine a fellow to raise money—

Sharp. As you are in getting rid of it, sir.—Excuse me, sir,—but those *chere amies* of yours would drain a nabob ;—indeed, it won't do.

Young C. Well, well, Sharp,—we'll retrench. But what can have brought my father so far from home ?

Sharp. Something concerning Miss Pemberton ; but we haven't time now to enter into particulars, sir. Hark! I hear him knocking at the door.—Away, sir, and trust the rest to me ; and when your presence is required I'll come for you.

Young C. Come then, Shark !—for the present we'll retire. [*Exeunt Young C. and Shark.*]

Sharp. If we can but outwit the old gentleman, and extricate my master from this infernal abode, all may yet go well.

[*Enter Sir David.*]

Sir D. Odds my life! what brought you here?

Sharp. I thought it best to be in readiness, Sir David, in case I should be wanted for any thing.

Sir D. Where's my son ?

[*Enter Young Credulous, who runs and takes Sir David by the hand.*]

Young C. My dear Sir David, this is unexpected indeed ! I'm truly rejoiced to see you.

Sir D. (*Shaking him by the hand.*) Odds my life! my dear boy—the joy is mutual.

Young C. To what am I to attribute the pleasure of this meeting, Sir David?

Sir D. An affair of the greatest moment, George: The heiress of Pemberton Abbey—your wife that is to be—will slip through your fingers, you dog, if you don't take great care; for you've a rival:—therefore, you must resign your law-studies, and go back with me. What sum is the gentleman confined for, George?

Young C. A mere trifle to his expectations, sir! a poor ninety pounds, sir!—I wish it was paid, with all my heart; for, until it is, I shall be detained, sir.

Sir D. What do you mean, then, to advise him to do?

Young C. The only thing which can be done to liberate him is to pay the debt, sir.

Sir D. But can he pay it?

Young C. He hasn't cash enough about him to do it himself, sir,—so I must write a check for it. Here, Sharp!

Sharp. Sir,

Young C. Get me pen and ink, that I may draw for the amount of the gentleman's debt and costs.

[*Exit Sharp.*]

Sir D. Are you quite sure, George, you may depend upon the gentleman, and know him sufficiently well to advance such a sum?

Young C. I've known him, sir, from a child;

and we are so intimate with each other, that, let his pursuits be what they may, I'm sure to be made acquainted with them.

Sir D. Odds my life ! an old and confidential acquaintance indeed ! I wonder I have never heard you speak of him. Do I know him ?

Young C. As well as you do me, sir.

Sir D. Why who the deuce can it be ? Tell me, George.

Young C. There you must excuse me, sir ;—he would not have you know his name, in the present state of his affairs on any account. Indeed, if I was to make him known to you, I don't really think he would quit the house ; therefore, sir, in this particular, and till matters are brought to a conclusion, you must excuse me.

Sir D. Well, well, I won't press it further, since it's a point of honour.—But I should like to see him, I must confess.

[*Enter Sharp, with pen, ink, and paper, and places them on the table.*]

Young C. Excuse me, my dear Sir David !—How much did I say the debt and costs was, Sharp ?

Sharp. Ninety-six pounds, sir.

Young C. (*Aside.*) O the lying dog ! (*writing the check.*) Ninety-six pounds—(*giving it to Sharp.*) There, take it to Mr. Nabham, and desire him to send me the gentleman's discharge.

Sharp. (*Taking it.*) Yes, sir. [*Exit Sharp.*]

Sir D. I say, George, how long have you had a banker?

Young C. Ever since I had the felicity of knowing you, my dear sir.

Sir D. But, having opened an account with a new firm, you'll give up drawing upon the old one, I hope, George.

Young C. In this particular, sir, I shall be like your state-placemen,—averse to giving up a good concern.

[*Enter Sharp.*]

Sharp. Mr. Nabham hopes you won't be offended, sir; but it's the rule of the house never to take checks.

Young C. What does the impudent fellow mean by that?—I'll be the ruin of him!—God bless me, Sir David—only think how unlucky! I shall now be obliged to keep you in this horrid place till Sharp returns from Lombard-street—from my banker's, for I've positively not so much money about me—I'm afraid, Sir David, you can't oblige me so far—

Sir D. Why luckily, George, I've a couple of fifties, which I intended for the purchase of a necklace and bracelets, as a present from you to Amelia,—so you can use them for the present.

Young C. You're truly kind, sir, and I'll avail myself of your goodness. Here, Sharp, take these notes to that impertinent rascal—see if they will

suit him.—Get the gentleman's release, keep the balance, and be at home as soon as possible.

Sharp. I'll take care and see every thing properly arranged, sir. [*Exit Sharp.*]

Young C. Now then, my dear Sir David, I'm yours.

Sir D. Odds my life, George, 'tis develish lucky I arrived at such a moment.

Young C. Exceedingly so indeed, sir! for otherwise the prisoner could not have been at large.

Sir D. But, George—I must be introduced to this confidential friend of yours,—I must indeed.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Chambers of Young Credulous in the Temple.

[*Young Credulous discovered in his Dressing-Gown, writing.*]

Young C. (*Laying down his pen and folding up a letter.*) There ; that will inform Harriet of my liberation. The more I think of the singular manner it was effected, the more I am surprised. The old gentleman would not have rested without being introduced to Sir Harry. But how to manage to repay him the two fifties to-day is the business.

[*Enter Sharp with the newspaper.*]

Sharp. The newspaper, sir. (*Laying it on the table.*)

Young C. I'm puzzled to think, Sharp, what excuse I can make to my father about the return of the money, when he calls.

Sharp. That requires some little deliberation indeed, sir ; and, if that three-and-twenty pound bill of discounts is not paid to-day, you'll be surely caged again to-morrow.

Young C. You are a damn'd clever fellow at

contriving, Sharp ; I wish you'd turn it over in your mind while I look at the paper.

Sharp. I will, sir.

[*Young Credulous engages himself with the paper.*]

Sharp. (*Walking backwards and forwards, thinking.*) No, that will not do.—Try Moses again?—No ; no use.—Write to his old aunt ? No ; he has tired her out ; that won't do ;—and curse me if I know what will.

Young C. Well, Sharp, have you thought of any plan ?

Sharp. I cannot hit upon any thing, sir ; I don't know any body who will lend you a guinea : and as to discounting your own note, it's not worth the money the stamp would cost.

Young C. What the devil's to be done ?

Sharp. The best thing, sir, I think for you to do, is——

Young C. What, Sharp ? (*impatiently.*)

Sharp. Try and borrow another fifty of Sir David.

Young C. Are you mad ?

Sharp. A thought has just struck me, sir——

Young C. Not so wild a flight of fancy, I hope.

Sharp. You had better draw another check, sir.

Young C. Draw the devil.

Sharp. No, sir ; check there, if you please : I don't wish you to draw any thing so black. But, as fifty more would be so truly acceptable at this period, I should recommend a trial to obtain it.

Young C. Not by that means.

Sharp. Recollect the three-and-twenty pound bill, sir.

Young C. No matter ; I cannot think of imposing any more on my father, come what may.

Sharp. Well, sir, I know of no other means ; and to be locked up again, just now, would ruin every thing.

Young C. Very true ;—but how would you set about it ?

Sharp. Simply thus, sir : When Sir David calls, appear all business and bustle ; tell him you have just received notice to prepare, by the evening, some bonds of great magnitude : that you was just going to send me off to the banker's for money for the stamps ; but, if he had forty or fifty pounds about him, it would prevent great delay of time :—that, after I had procured you the stamps to get on with, you would draw a check for the whole amount borrowed, and send me off to get the cash for him, while he was with you at the chambers.

Young C. And what the devil good would that do ? for you must come back without it, and then what could you say ?

Sharp. That your banker had stopped payment that morning, consequently you could not draw a shilling ; and by this means get rid of the whole debt.

Young C. Your contrivance is ingenious, I must allow, but I cannot bring my mind to practise further such deceptions on him. No, I will confess my error, and implore forgiveness. Do you,

therefore, Sharp, while I finish dressing, put the room in order; for I expect Capt. Talbot, the gentleman my father named to me, to call this morning on business.

Sharp. Very well, sir.

[Exit Young C. into another room.]

Sharp. (*Setting the room to rights.*) I wonder when that young man will call again who told me Fanny was gone off with a Captain. I cannot get her out of my head. I never can suppose she is false-hearted. (*Takes up the newspaper and looks it over.*) Ey, what's this?—Miss Pemberton, from Pemberton Abbey! Am I right? Miss Pemberton, from Pemberton Abbey! (*Jumping up and running to the door.*) Sir, sir, sir!

Young C. (*Coming out.*) What are you making this infernal noise about?

Sharp. (*Shewing him the paper, and pointing to the paragraph.*) There; there, sir! Read, read, and see who is in town.

Young C. (*Taking the paper, and running it over.*) Earl of Emigrate and Lord Dashaway. Miss Pemberton, from Pemberton Abbey.—Oh! then, this is all a plan of my father's to surprise me.—But I'll take no notice of the circumstance till I find out what it means.—A rival too, Sir David named. (*A double knock.*) 'Gad here is Sir David. Not a word, Sharp, of Miss Pemberton.

Sharp. Depend, sir.

[Exit Sharp.]

Young C. I'll step into the next room in case it should not be the old Gent. *[Exit Young C.]*

[*Enter Sharp, shewing in Amelia as Captain Talbot.*]

Amelia. Inform your master Captain Talbot waits upon him.

Sharp. I shall sir.

[*Exit Sharp into adjoining room.*]

Amelia. I think there's no fear of your knowing me; and I'll puzzle and tease you finely, my young Templar, before I've done with you, for neglecting me so; I must therefore remain *Incog.* another day;—but, if I can make him jealous, I shall be inclined to think he still loves me, and may, perhaps, forgive him.

[*Enter Young Credulous. Both bowing.*]

Amelia. Sir, I have waited upon you, by particular recommendation, for your opinion respecting the transfer of certain estates in case of a matrimonial alliance taking place, the particulars of which I shall have the honour to state to you.

Young C. Sir, I shall be proud of giving you advice.

Amelia. But there is a doubt in the mind of one of the parties, and they wish to be perfectly satisfied, previous to the nuptial ceremony, of the honourable and disinterested love of the other:—but I'll describe the case to you.

Young C. If you please.—(*Placing chairs.*)

Amelia. (*Aside.*) Now to see if his legal practice is conformable to his primitive principles. Suppose I was, or you was, about to form an alliance, with a lady of large property, and that lady had

wished or insisted that her estate should be solely invested in her hands, and at her entire disposal after marriage:—would you think it advisable? or would you suffer the lady to have it so secured?

Young C. That, sir, would depend, I should think, upon the love and confidence the gentleman had in the lady.

Amelia. Would you allow it to a woman of your choice?

Young C. I certainly would, sir, provided I was satisfied that our affections were mutual.

Amelia. (*Aside.*) He still retains his good traits, however; I am satisfied so far. A partner for life, sir, is a serious consideration, and ought to be duly weighed on both sides before-hand; for 'tis not riches that can give real happiness.

Young C. Very just is your remark, sir:—Is the lady's property extensive, sir?

Amelia. Pretty comfortable!—Sixty or seventy thousand pounds.

Young C. Handsome, indeed!—And the lady herself, sir, has she any personal qualifications?—she certainly has very great *attractions*.

Amelia. Why, those things are generally the effect of fancy. She's not a perfect beauty, nor has she any very visible defects. Her mind and heart, I think, are not vitiated, but are such as would make a faithful and agreeable companion.

Young C. Then, sir, such a woman, with the fortune you have named, must be a very desirable and fortunate hit for any man; and he who neglects

or leaves such a woman to be sought after by others deserves to lose the prize.

Amelia. Well, I think so too; therefore we agree on that point.—Pray, sir, will it take any length of time to prepare proper deeds of the nature I am speaking of?

Young C. That must depend upon how the property arises, whether land or funded.

Amelia. 'Tis chiefly landed.

Young C. In what part of the world, sir?

Amelia. Principally in Devon; within a very few miles of Tiverton.

Young C. (In surprise.) Tiverton! I know it well.

Amelia. Then you must know Pemberton Abbey?

Young C. From a boy.

Amelia. Then you undoubtedly know the lady who has the estates in question, and whom *I* love more sincerely and truly than any other person in the world can!

Young C. (In astonishment.) You love Miss Pemberton?

Amelia. With my life.

Young C. And you are beloved in return?

Amelia. That I am confident.

Young C. (Rising.) Damnation!—sir, I don't know whether you have sought this interview to insult me, but most assuredly my father could not know the nature of your visit.

Amelia. Sir, your father pressed me to put the business into your hands, and I am sure would be much hurt was any other gentleman to have the arrangement of Miss Pemberton's affairs.

Young C. Then, sir, I am more surprised than ever that he should recommend a person to me to arrange the marriage settlement of a lady with another to whom *I am positively and strictly* engaged.

Amelia. You, sir?

Young C. Yes, sir! and, what's more, he came from Exeter on purpose to take me down with him to the lady.

Amelia. 'Pon my word, sir, I think the lady ought to be very much obliged to you for your attention, when your father must come 170 miles to fetch you to her.

Young C. Sir, you are taking an unwarrantable liberty in making any comments respecting me or the lady; and let me tell you, sir, that I'll not resign the hand of Miss Pemberton to any man breathing, without receiving such an avowal from the lady herself.

Amelia. Very well, sir!—we shall shortly see, then, how the affair will terminate:—for my own part I am under no apprehensions.—Her heart, I am confident, I have already.

Young C. You'll want nothing but her fortune, then, to complete your happiness.

Amelia. And that I am sure of also.

Young C. D—n it, this is too much effrontery, and 'tis plain 'tis insult you intend ; therefore, sir, shall insist——

[*Enter Sharp.*]

Sharp. Sir David, sir—

Sir D. (*Entering.*) Well, George, I am come. (*Perceiving Amelia.*) Odds my life, Captain Talbot, your most obedient.—I consider this early visit to my son most kind.

Young C. A most friendly one, indeed!—Pray, sir, is this gentleman—the rival, you spoke of—a most formidable one.—I understand he is in possession of the hand, heart, and fortune of Miss Pemberton—therefore it will be of no use my returning to Exeter with you, sir.

Sir D. Pray, Captain Talbot, what do my son's words imply, for I'm quite in the dark? I'll thank you to explain.

Amelia. Most readily, Sir David.—Having waited upon your son, agreeably to your recommendation, for his opinion and advice—it appears, on naming the lady, that Mr. Credulous declares himself her professed admirer.

Sir D. And, sir, let me tell you that he professes nothing more than the truth.

Amelia. Well, Sir David, the lady will be the best party to appeal to—and I shall bow to her decision with all due deference. But this I would have both you and Mr. Credulous understand, Sir David, that I have Miss Pemberton's fortune so

much in my power, that she can never part with a shilling of it without my consent and approbation—and it will rest entirely with me whether she changes her name to Talbot or Credulous. Gentlemen, I take my leave. [Exit Amelia.]

(Sir David and Young Credulous staring at each other, and confounded.)

Sir D. Odds my life! What does this all mean? Am I awake?

Young C. I little dreamt you was recommending a gentleman to me as a client, who came to consult with me about the disposal of my *intended wife's property*.

Sir D. Nonsense, boy, nonsense! there's some mistake;—I never heard Amelia mention the name of Talbot in my life. I will return by this night's mail, and have an explanation of the affair.

Young C. Without undertaking so long a journey you may be able to investigate it here—Miss Pemberton's in town, sir.

Sir D. *(surprised.)* Odds my life! In town?—Amelia in London?

Young C. Yes, sir, she's in London. What do you think of it now? The newspapers of this morning announce the arrival.

Sir D. Odds my life! this looks mysterious.—Where, in the name of wonder, is she?

Young C. Ah, that I know not.

Sir D. I'll return to the hotel, seek Captain Talbot, and endeavour to find out her residence, for he, no doubt, must be acquainted with it; and do

you, George, come to me in the evening. This is a blow that has almost knocked the breath out of me. Yet I'll bet my skirts that Amelia will never act dishonourably. *[Exit Sir David.]*

Young C. Oh jealousy, jealousy! disturber of the mind.—I have deserved it all, for neglecting a woman so deserving of my love.

[Exit Young C.]

SCENE II.

The outer Chamber of Young Credulous, from Act the First.

[Enter Sharp.]

Sharp. Well, this is a pretty business!—Miss Pemberton jilted my master, and about to give her hand and fortune to another; and my Fanny gone off with a Captain. We are come to London for something. I was afraid my master's neglect of Miss Pemberton would have some ill consequence. *[A knock.]*

[Enter Fanny dressed, as herself.]

Hey!—no!—yes!—What, is it really my Fanny?

(Going up to her, and taking her hand.)

Lord, lord! how happy I am to see you! How strange, to be sure!—Well, and how do you do?

Fanny. (Very coolly.) I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Sharp.

Sharp. I can scarcely believe my eyes ; but 'tis my own dear Fanny, sure enough ! And how's your lady, do you know ? My poor master's heart-broken since she's about to give her hand and fortune to another.

Fanny. One hears strange things, Mr. Sharp ; but you should not believe all you are told.

Sharp. No, I think so too—for it was said that you was gone off with a young Captain.

Fanny. That was no concern of yours, Mr. Sharp, you have had your little sly bit in a corner.

Sharp. (*In great consternation.*) Hey, what do you say, Fanny ? (*Aside.*) Here's a fine scrape. As sure as a gun, that little sneaking rascal, Frank, from Devon, has been endeavouring to make this mischief between us, Fanny ; I see how it is.

Fanny. You must not give your tongue those liberties with Mr. Frank, sir,—for he has my *heart* and *soul*.

Sharp. Then he shall have my fist about his head the first time I come across him.

Fanny. Lay a finger on him, if you dare !—Where's your master ?—I want to deliver a letter to him ; then I shall take my leave of you for ever !—A little sly bit in a corner, indeed ! (*Walking backward and forwards.*) You are a base deceiver ; I beg you'll not come near me.

Sharp. (*Aside.*) How can I pacify her ? I must

brazen it out!—Nay, now, (*taking hold of her.*) if you will but hear me, Fanny, I will explain every thing, and the money I have in the stocks.

Fanny. You have a good stock of assurance! and I will bring Mr. Frank to your face. (*Loud, and in a passion.*) Yes, sir, to your face, you good-for-nothing, false, base, bad man!

[*Young Credulous coming out.*]

Young C. What is all this noise? (*seeing Fanny,*) Miss Pemberton's servant! When did you arrive in town, Fanny?

Fanny. Yesterday, sir.

Young C. And is your mistress well?

Fanny. Charming, thank you, sir.

Young C. You've come most suddenly; has any thing particular brought your mistress to London?

Fanny. Oh yes, sir!

Young C. (*Aside.*) My heart forebodes the evil.

Fanny. This letter will inform you, I dare say.

Young C. I tremble with apprehension.—Sharp, you may go.

Sharp. (*Bowing and going.*) Here's a pretty scrape for us both!—I wonder how it will end.

[*Exit Sharp.*]

(*Young Credulous retires a little up the stage—breaks the seal, and reads the letter.*)

Fanny. Ah, you little imagine how my lady will tantalize you for your pranks; and I will torture

that wretch of mine.—(*Young C. coming forward.*)
Now for some questions——

Young C. Miss Pemberton intends being at my chambers, in her way to the City?

Fanny. Yes, sir!—I know she's going into the City, to the Bank I believe.

Young C. To the bank?

Fanny. Yes, sir.

Young C. (*Aside.*) To arrange her funded property, I suppose, for Capt. Talbot.—Oh, what a silly dog I've been to neglect her in this manner, and be thus supplanted!—My good girl do you know the name of Talbot about or near Exeter?

Fanny. I suppose you mean Capt. Talbot, sir.

Young C. Yes, Capt. Talbot:—you know him then?

Fanny. Oh yes, sir; very well, indeed.

Young C. Is your mistress acquainted with him too?

Fanny. Lord bless you, sir! my mistress and Captain Talbot are one, I may say.

Young C. So intimate as that?

Fanny. She's guided entirely by him, sir; and the management of her concerns are wholly and solely in his hands.

Young C. Hell and fury! I wish he was at the bottom of the sea.

Fanny. Lord, sir! don't say so.—The powers forbid any thing should happen to dear Capt. Talbot;—I'm sure I should cry my eyes out.

Young C. Why, damme! the maid's in love

with him too!—Wait Fanny, while I write a few lines in answer to this.

Fanny. Very well, sir.

Young C. (*As he goes out.*) 'Tis plain she has withdrawn her affections. [*Exit Young C.*]

Fanny. Poor young gentleman! he appears dreadfully alarmed. (*Laughing.*) But he deserves to suffer: he should not have neglected my dear, sweet lady, when he came to this alluring metropolis.—I'll scratch my pretty gentleman's eyes out before I forgive him; for I have not patience with the deceitful sex. [*A bell rings violently.*]

[*Enter Sharp.*]

Sharp. That's my master's bell; something vexes him by his ring.—Fanny, what have you said to tease my master?

Fanny. Mr. Inquisitive, begone.—Look to your master's concerns, and don't trouble your head with me, sir.

Sharp. Nay, now, how unkind you are to me!

Fanny. You brute, you have a little sly bit in a corner, have you?

Sharp. (*Aside.*) Oh, curse it!—she will never forget that. (*Bell rings again, violently.*)

Fanny. Why don't you go to your master, sir?

Sharp. Well, I will; but why so angry, my Fanny? That prying, sneaking, Mr. Frank has been telling you a thousand lies—all a mere fabrication my dear little girl, believe me—O the devil take him!

[*Exit Sharp.*]

Fanny. Men, men!—faithless, deceitful, creatures!—I begin to detest them all:—poor silly girls are led astray by them daily; and I abhor, —I——quite hate them.—(*In a paroxysm of grief.*) Yet, devil take that fellow, with all his wicked tricks, he might have been led into this snare by Mr. Credulous.

Sharp. (*Returns with a letter in his hand.*) A letter for Miss Pemberton, Fanny—written in the devil of an ill humour.

Fanny. His conscience touches him, I dare say, as your's ought.

Sharp. Mine!—Why, what now?

Fanny. Inconstant, falsehearted!—your cruelty I never can forget.

Sharp. I?—I false?—Come, that's a good one, however; now you have done it—you're only trying me, I find;—and I'll defy any young woman——

Fanny. I cannot contain myself any longer.—(*Breaking out.*) Except Jenny Brewer at the White Horse Cellar.—You perfidious, inconstant, cruel man.—I'll tear your eyes out, I will! (*Seizing him, and shaking him.*) But why should I put myself in a passion? No, I wont! for I've done with you, so you may go and make much of Jenny Brewer, you may, you barbarous man. [*Exit Fanny.*]

Sharp. (*Looking after her.*) A thunderbolt to all my hopes. So then, this finishes the business.—Oh, my unlucky stars!—How, in the name of my-

stery, does she find out my amours? The plague take that Frank! he must be at the bottom of this discovery.—But to find out Jenny Brewer is the worst of all. [Exit Sharp.]

SCENE III.

SCENE II, from Act the First.

The Coffee-Room.

2d Waiter arranging Things in the Room.

[Enter Sir David.]

Sir D. Waiter.

2d Waiter. (Coming forward.) Sir.

Sir D. Where's Tim?

2d Waiter. He's at the Dover-street door, sir, putting a gentleman into a coach.

Sir D. Damn the fellow and his coaches! send him to me immediately.

2d Waiter. Call him directly, sir.

[Exit 2d Waiter.]

Sir D. Miss Pemberton in town, and her fortune at the entire disposal of this Captain Talbot!—

[Enter Tim.]

Tim. Did you send for me, sir?

Sir D. Yes, I did, sir; and want—

Tim. A coach, sir?

Sir D. Damn your coaches!—No, sir,—I want to know if Capt. Talbot's in the house?

Tim. Don't think he is, sir; ha'n't seen him since the morning:—Then he was going out.

Sir D. Any one accompany him?

Tim. No, sir; no.—He went in a coach, and I think as handsome a hack as ever I saw.—Which do you prefer, sir,—the chariots or the coaches?—Special handy things those chariots, sir!

Sir D. Odds my life! will you hold that chattering tongue of yours, and not bore me with your coaches?—Is the Captain's servant in the way?

Tim. (*Aside.*) Yes, curse him, he's very much in my way;—for I'm afraid my Jenny has taken a fancy to him.—No, he's not at home, sir.

Sir D. Get me some writing paper. (*Seating himself.*)

Tim. You shall have it directly, sir. [*Exit Tim.*]

Sir D. I'll leave a note for him, in case he should come in before my return.

Tim. (*With paper, &c.*) Which shall I get you, sir, wax or wafers?

Sir D. It's immaterial (*pettishly*); no matter which. (*Begins to write.*)

Tim. The old gentleman seems fidgetty; all is not right;—something has disconcerted him;—a coachman overcharged him, mayhap.

[*Enter Shark, with a letter in his hand.*]

Shark. *Tim.*

Tim. *Sir.*

Shark. Any one inquired for me ?

Tim. Not a soul, sir.

Shark. Send the porter up to my room, directly ; I want him to take a letter : tell him to bring a clean pair of boots : be quick, for I'm going out.

Tim. Very well, sir :—shall you want a coach ?

Shark. Damn your coaches ! no.

[*Exit Shark.*

Tim. Damn your coaches ! no.

Sir D. (*Having noticed Shark, gets up and comes forward.*) Odds my life, Tim ! why, is Sir Harry stopping here ?

Tim. Who, sir ?

Sir D. Sir Harry Strange.

Tim. Never heard of the gentleman, sir.

Sir D. Why he desired you to send the porter up to his apartment.

Tim. Sir Harry Strange ! Lord bless your soul, sir, that was Mr. Shark.

Sir D. Odds my life, Mr. Shark !—why I tell you it is Sir Harry Strange, and a very particular friend of my son's, who introduced me to him yesterday.

Tim. And I tell you, sir, it's Mr. Shark ; it would be strange, indeed, if I should not know him ; he came here, by a Bath coach, about three weeks ago.

Sir D. Odds my life ! more mystery ! Mr. Shark, and came by a Bath coach about three weeks ago ! Why sure George cannot—I'll sift this to the bottom, however : I begin to suspect—and you are

quite certain, Tim, that the gentleman's name is Shark?

Tim. That's the only one he has gone by, sir, since he has been here.

[*Enter 2d Waiter.*

2d Waiter. Tim, the gentleman in No 4. wants—

Tim. A coach? Get one directly.

2d Waiter. A coach! No :—wants you directly.

Tim. Oh, very well! they don't want a coach yet, then. (*Turning to Sir David.*) Beg pardon for leaving you, sir. [*Exit Tim and 2d Waiter.*

Sir D. That fellow has certainly been bit by a mad coach-horse!—But what am I to think of the events which have happened in the two days I have been in town?—Miss Pemberton, whom I left at the Abbey the day before I set off for London, busily employed, arrived too!—Capt. Talbot, whom I recommended to my son for a client, proves to be his rival; and a gentleman, whom my son introduced to me as Sir Harry Strange, turns out to be a Mr. Shark.—Damme but it's all strange together!—and I don't know what to make of it, and have been more puzzled within the last four-and-twenty hours I've been in London, than in as many years of my life before. I wish I was well out of it again. [*Exit Sir D.*

SCENE V.

*A Hall.**[Enter Jenny in a bustle.]*

Jenny. Well, of all the wonderfulest things this is the most wonderfulest.—I don't like to go into the Coffee-room to Mr. Tim, (*looking out for him.*) 'cause of the gentlemen staring at one : I wish he would come this way, —I do so long to tell him all about it.——Dear me! who would have thought of such a thing?—A Captain and his servant, indeed! I shouldn't wonder if they were two spies, who want to *undetermine* our Government;—and it has so frustrated me, that I scarce know whether I stand upon my head or my heels.

[Tim enters at the last sentence.]

Tim. Oh fy, Jenny! to talk of such a position : choose the latter by all means, for decency's sake.

Jenny. Oh, Mr. Tim! I've been longing to see you, for I've something to tell you that will astonish you.

Tim. You astonished me just now, Jenny, when you talked of standing up on your head; how could you think of such a thing?

Jenny. La, how foolish you are,—when I want to tell you something.

Tim. Well, what is it?

Jenny. You know that nice little man, Mr. Frank?

Tim. Oh! to be sure I do.

Jenny. Well then, Mr. Tim,—what do you think?

Tim. What do I think!—Why, that you treat me very cruelly Jenny, when you know I am so fond of you; and you love this nice little Mr. Frank so much better.

Jenny. Well, well!—We'll talk of this another time.

Tim. 'Tis more than I can bear, Jenny; and you may find out at last, perhaps——

Jenny. I have found it out.

Tim. Found what out?

Jenny. That that *man's* a *woman*!

Tim. A what?—

Jenny. A *woman*!

Tim. Mr. Frank a *woman*?

Jenny. Mr. Frank's a *woman*, and his master's no *man*!

Tim. Ey? Why how the devil did you find out that? Oh, Rhodomontade!—Nonsense!—Nonsense, Jenny.

Jenny. *Rhodomonderate*, indeed! Why I tell you they are both women as sure as I am one.

Tim. Well, that is pretty certain sure enough.—But why do you think so, Jenny?

Jenny. I saw a strange female go into this pretended Captain's room:—into his bed-room!—

Tim. No!—

Jenny. As true as you stand there.—And do you know I had the curiosity to listen?

Tim. To look, you mean—

Jenny. No, to listen.

Tim. No doubt of it.—It would have been very surprising if you had not.

Jenny. Guess my astonishment when I found the female was no other than Mr. Frank.

Tim. You are only running your rigs on me, Jenny.

Jenny. If it is not true, may I never be married!

Tim. Come along then, Jenny; and, if the old gentleman's not gone out, you shall tell him all about it. (*Going.*) But stop,—who knows but he may be an old woman too,—and their mother,—for they all arrived together?—We'll go and find it all out, I warrant.—The man-servant's a *woman*, and the master's not a man;—a fine discovery, indeed!—There's a conspiracy!—I see it:—and there's some plot going on, for certain:—mayhap against the *Government*.—We'll have a coach, and bundle them off to Bow-street.

[*Exit Tim and Jenny.*]

SCENE VI.

A handsome private Room at the Hotel, (the Apartments of Amelia,) with a Door which leads to another Room.

[*Enter Amelia and Fanny, dressed in female attire; Amelia with a letter in her hand.*]

Amelia. Wheredid you pick this letter up, Fanny?

Fanny. On the landing-place, Ma'am ;—and, being open, I could not help reading it.

Amelia. 'Tis a fortunate discovery for Mr. Credulous, and will be the means of saving him from the further snares of a villain (*holding open the letter, and reading a sentence or two of it*). 'Tis from his faithful Harriet, it seems, who is advising Mr. Shark to fleece Mr. Credulous while his father's in town ; in the mean time—does not intend to be sparing in her demands upon him herself.

Fanny. And is this the female, Ma'am, who has occasioned you so much uneasiness?

Amelia. The same, you may depend on it. The lovely Harriet will now appear in her true colours, and Mr. George will be made sensible of his error.—In this interview with Sir David and his son, I will discover the scheme I have been pursuing, to prove the sincerity of them both.—Is every thing arranged for that purpose?

Fanny. Every thing, Ma'am.

Amelia. My trip to London *incog.*, and arrival at *Hatchett's*, at all events will turn to some account—as it will be the means of saving a thoughtless young man from ruin, and a worthy father from many heart-rending pangs.

[*Enter Sir David and Young Credulous.*]

Sir D. (*Goes and takes the hand of Amelia.*) Ah ! my dear young lady, how surprised am I to see you in London ! What has occasioned this sudden trip, Amelia?

Amelia. Love and law, Sir David.

Sir D. Two *very urgent* concerns, truly!—Why George was coming to the Abbey.

Amelia. Mr. Credulous's time has been much better employed.

Young C. Do not be severe, Miss Pemberton; for believe me, whatever my pursuits may have been, *you* was ever been the object of my thoughts.

Amelia. You must excuse my doubting that, sir.

Sir D. Odds my life! Why then it appears you are both in doubt of each other!—George takes it in his head to be jealous, and supposes he has a rival in your affections in a Captain Talbot—a giddy, hair-brained whipster, from Exeter.—Do you know such a gentleman?

Amelia. Most intimately, sir.

Sir D. (*Surprised—looking at his son.*) Odds my life! 'tis very strange I should not know the person.

Amelia. You do, sir, and so does Mr. Credulous.

Young C. Pardon me, madam—I have not that honour; for I never saw or heard of the gentleman 'till he introduced himself to me at my chambers.

Amelia. I'll convince you, sir, 'ere long, that you are mistaken.

(*Sir David and Young C. express surprise.*)

Sir D. Why, George! are you deceiving me again?—Recollect your Sir Harry—and the check.

Young C. I again assure you, sir, I have no knowledge of man or master

Amelia. We may be able, sir, to produce some

convincing proofs of that.—Fanny, step into the next room, and send the captain's servant hither.

[Exit Fanny.]

You know him, Sir David, and have seen him often.

Sir D. Odds my life! Yes, very often.

Amelia. And so has your son, which he'll acknowledge by-and-by.

Young C. I really am at a loss, and cannot conceive, Miss Pemberton, your object in this assertion.

Sir D. Oh, George, George! for shame! We shall find you out in spite of your tricks.

Young C. If I could be guilty of uttering such a falsehood, I should deserve reproach; but, as it is—

Sir D. Don't persist!—for I begin to think you are deceiving me.

Amelia. Suspend your anger, Sir David; there are yet some hopes of his reformation.—Here comes the Captain's servant.

[Enter Fanny, dressed as Frank.]

Sir D. That it is, I'll be sworn.

Amelia. *(To Fanny.)* Do you know that gentleman?

Fanny. Yes, Madam.

Amelia. And he knows you?

Fanny. Perfectly well, Ma'am.

Amelia. His name?

Fanny. Mr. George Credulous.

Amelia. He has seen and spoken to you, has he not?

Fanny. Very often, Madam.

Young C. Pray let him go on ; I shall be an old acquaintance next.

Amelia. You'll find by-and-by you are so.—Where did you see Mr. Credulous last?

Fanny. At his chambers in the Temple ;—at which time I saw his servant, Mr. Sharp.

Young C. Well, upon my soul, of the most impudent and lying scoundrels I ever met with, I think this fellow beats them all !

Sir D. Odds my life ! I'm more bewildered than ever.

Young C. Most fortunately, Sir, I desired Sharp to be in attendance ;—probably he has arrived : if so, he will soon contradict this fellow's mischievous assertions. I'll instantly summon him hither.

[*Exit Young C.*]

Sir D. How can you convince us that you speak the truth, young man?

Fanny. Both Mr. Credulous and his servant, sir, know me perfectly well, and I will prove it to you beyond a doubt.

Sir D. If you do, I think the dog's assurance would carry him through any court of law in the universe !

[*Enter Young Credulous and Sharp.*]

Young C. Now, Sharp, speak the truth.

Sharp. I shall, sir.

Young C. Do you know that young man before you ?

Sharp. He came to your chambers yesterday, sir, with a letter, which Sir David took of him, and promised to deliver.

Sir D. That's very true.

Young C. Have you ever seen him since ?

Sharp. Never, sir!—Nor before.

Sir D. What say you to that, young man ?

Fanny. I deny it!—He has. Captain Talbot, if he was present, would assure you that I am saying no more than the truth ; for he well knows that Mr. Credulous both saw and conversed with me about Miss Pemberton.

Young C. Oh, this is beyond endurance ; and I cannot suffer such glaring falsehoods any longer to go unpunished. (*Going up to her, and taking her by the collar.*) If you don't confess, you rascal, who set you on to propagate these lies, and for what purpose, I'll be the death of you.

Fanny. Sir, I beg you'll keep your hands off me,—and, if Captain Talbot was here—

Young C. If he was, and dared to bear you out in them, I'd horsewhip him.

Amelia. After such a threat as this, sir, and the Captain being my particular friend, I think it necessary he should be made acquainted with the awkward situation he stands in ; therefore, stop where you are, Mr. Frank, and I'll send your master to you, to answer for himself.

[*Exit Amelia.*]

Young C. (surprised.) What, Madam, have you Captain Talbot so near at hand,—and closetted too!

Fanny. He is no stranger here, I assure you, and Miss Pemberton cannot live without him.

Young C. And she trusts him—

Fanny. In her bed-room.

Young C. Hell and the devil! This is beyond belief! Now, sir, are my fears groundless?

Sir D. (astonished.) Odds my life! can this be the Miss Pemberton I left at Exeter?

Young C. This my Amelia, whom I valued more than life? (*Walking about distractedly*).

Sharp. (Aside.) And that the sneaking little rascal, who caused all the mischief between Fan and I.

Sir D. What do you intend to do, George?

Young C. Wait the result of his appearance, sir.

Sir D. And, should he repeat what he has said?

Young C. Then I'll blow his brains out.

Sir D. Little did I dream this Captain was the rival of my son!—But here he comes.

[*Enter Amelia, as Captain Talbot.*]

Amelia. I understand, gentlemen, my, name has been roughly used;—castigation threatened;—have, therefore, waited upon you, and desire an explanation,

Young C. That, sir, you shall have, most unequivocally.—Your servant there—I believe it is your servant?

Amelia. Yes, sir, my servant.

Young C. Then, sir, your servant has asserted the most gross and wilful falsehoods; injuring my character in the opinion and mind of Miss Pemberton; and has the unaccountable audacity to tell me that you, sir, his master, will support him out in them.

Amelia. Pray name them, sir.

Young C. I could wish Miss Pemberton might hear my statement, she being a witness to what has passed.

Amelia. I do not see any occasion for her appearance yet; she will know the whole proceedings from me, and, until I think it necessary, you must look upon me as her representative.

Sir D. Well, damme, this is surprising enough!

Amelia. Well, sir, may I beg to know the offence my servant's been guilty of, that has made me a party in this disagreeable affair?

Young C. Certainly, sir; and I'm convinced that, when mentioned, a word from you will put an end to it at once.—Simply, sir, the case is this:—He says that I have had the honour of frequently conversing with you before the present interview, and that I'm perfectly well acquainted both with him and yourself.

Amelia. Well, sir, there's no falsehood in that.

Young C. Sir!

Amelia. I say, sir, there is no falsehood in that—for, to speak the truth, you certainly have seen both of us very often, and know us perfectly well.

Sir D. (*Staring at Young C.*) Why damme, George, this beats the t'other!

Young C. Oh, my life's not safe! there's a conspiracy—there's some infernal plot at work.

Amelia. Your servant there has delivered many letters and messages from me.

Sharp. I delivered!

Fanny. Yes, sir, you have—many.

Sharp. I wish I may die this moment—

Young C. I can forbear no longer,—nor will I suffer such audacious conduct to pass unpunished. I'll declare you no gentleman for making those assertions, and will chastise you for them before Miss Pemberton's face. (*Approaching the anti-room.*)

Sharp. (*Aside.*) And I'll give it that little rascal before I've done with him.

Amelia. (*Getting before the door.*) Stop, sir, you go not there; nor shall Miss Pemberton come out of that room while I'm here.

Young C. That we'll try by force of arms.

(*Endeavouring to pass her.*)

Amelia. (*Struggling with him.*) I say she shall not, sir.

Fanny. (*Running to her assistance.*) No, sir, she shall not.

Sharp. (*Going and pulling her away.*) Get away, you little whipper-snapper!

Fanny. (*Struggling with him.*) Touch me if you dare, sir.

(*Amelia and Young Credulous struggling for the door.*)

Amelia. She shall not come out.

Young C. She shall, or I am much deceived.

Amelia. You are indeed, for I'll risk my life for her.

Young C. And I a thousand if I had them!

Amelia. Then desist, sir,—and I'll put you to the trial. This I expected, and am come prepared. Here are the weapons.—(*Producing two pistols.*)—So, take your choice, and stand.

Young C. (Taking one.) Well, sir, agreed.

Sir D. (Frightened.) Nay,—nay, stop—don't be so rash;—is there no way of adjusting this?

Amelia. None whatever, sir. It shall now come to a conclusion.—But be not alarmed; I'll vouch he will not discharge his pistol, with all his taunts.

Young C. By Jupiter, this is too much! (*Presenting.*) take your position, sir; for one, I swear, shall fall.

Amelia. (Taking her stand opposite him.) Then thus I face you (*Throwing off her disguise.*)—Fire!

Young C. (Dropping his pistol in amazement.)
Amelia!

Sir D. Odds my life! can I believe my eyes?

Amelia. (Laughing.) Why don't you fire? I told you he would not discharge his pistol, Sir David.

Sir D. Odds my life!—Why it is—I'll bet my small-clothes—damme, I'll bet all my clothes!

Young C. Is it possible I have been so long deceived!

Fanny. (Throwing off her disguise.) Yes, sir, we

can deceive the wisest of you ; and you too, although you are one of the *sharp*s.

Sharp. (*Surprised.*) My Fanny too ! Lord, Lord, what ignoramuses we have been, to be sure !—And can you forgive me, Fanny ?

Fanny. Perhaps I may, if you promise to give up Jenny Brewer.

Sir D. Odds my life ! I am the greatest dolt, George, to have been three days at Hatchett's, and thus imposed upon, is a proof—

Amelia. That you are no conjuror, Sir David. (*Bantering Young C.*) No more *Harriets*, George.

Young C. (*Confounded and surprised.*) How ! sure—can my friend Shark have betrayed me ?

Amelia. Under the mask of friendship, he has been plotting your ruin, which that letter will convince you. (*Gives him the letter ; he looks it over.*)

Sir D. What ! more mystery ?

Young C. Is it possible I have been thus plundered ? Pity my confusion, Amelia—and forgive my folly.

Amelia. But, if you deceive me, George, I'll ne'er again believe in man.

Young C. And, if I could, I should be unworthy the name of one ;—but to the end of life shall ever be devoted to my fair *Incognita*, and rejoice in her arrival at Hatchetts.

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LEON ST. AUBRI . .	MR. TERRY.
LA RUSE	MR. MATHEWS.
MARCEL	MR. TOKELY.
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MAD. CLAIRMONT . .	MRS. EGERTON.
The COUNTESS D'ANGLADE	MRS. FAWCIT.
FLORIAN D'ANGLADE .	MISS WORGMAN.

SCENE.---*The Vicinity of Marseilles.*

The Portfolio:

OR,

THE FAMILY OF ANGLADE.

ACT I.

SCENE.---*The Garden and fore Court of an elegant Mansion, terminated by an Iron Railing, and a Row of Trees. In one Corner the great Gates; on one Side an Arbour, on the other the Steps of a Terrace, leading to the House. A winding Stream runs close to the Garden.*

SCENE I.---*MARCEL, under Gardeners, and Lacqueys, making preparations for a Fête.*

Enter LA RUSE.

La R. Well Master Marcel—full of business.

Mar. Aye, Master La Ruse—this is business of the right sort.

La R. And a very tasty concern I dare say you'll make of it. But pray what is it all about.

Mar. Bless you, what does that signify? Isn't it a grand fête? Shan't we have a day of frisking and kissing, and capering; and chiefly and lastly, eating and drinking—and isn't that a pastime that may always be cherished, for its own sweet sake?

La R. True friend Marcel—and to shew how much my master, Mr. Dorival, participates in your sentiments, he has sent you a small present as a spur to your activity.

Mar. A present! Well, I always thought him a sensible man.

La R. Yes, here's ten Louis—four for you

journeymen (*gives them*), and the other six for you and me, (*pockets them*.)

Mar. Thank you Mr. La Ruse—but if you please I'll be my own banker.

La R. And I hope you won't abuse his generosity—but be alive, jump about, and look sharp.

Mar. Yes—one had need look sharp indeed!

La R. There's a great deal to do you know. Take my word for it they're a sort of fellows you must keep an eye upon—

Mar. Yes—and not the only ones—

La R. I'll help you myself—I see the beds want trimming—hand me a rake.

Mar. Hand me my Louis?—

La R. I beg your pardon—

(*Call without*—MARCEL.)

Hark! There's the Countess D'Anglade's femme de chambre. She's a charming creature, and so is the Countess D'Anglade herself.

Mar. Your master thinks so, I can see. But may I trouble you—

La R. Hark you, if you give her one of your captivating looks, she may double the perquisite—and then we're even you know—

Mar. Thank you—But short reckonings make long friends—and therefore—(*call again*)

La R. Can you neglect the ladies?—

Mar. No, that I cannot—but I shan't forget you for all that—I'm not to be had.

La R. I wouldn't have you, be assured.

Mar. Very well. [*Exit.*]

La R. Ready money is remarkably useful to a man liable to travel in a hurry—which is pretty much my case at present. My master is as wicked a dog in his heart as his valet—but wants spirit and resolution;—and though he made away with our annual allowance in the

first ten days, and has now spent a full month with Mad. Clairmont, his aunt—all his hypocrisy hasn't drawn another Louis from her.—It will never do I perceive.—Like an old bird of passage, I see no chance but to collect feathers for my own nest here, and build it in safety at a convenient distance.

DORIVAL enters.

Dor. So you are here—I was in search of you. What is to become of me?

La R. With courage, just what you please, Sir, depend upon it—you'll excuse me, Sir, but besides your late deficiency in gold, you begin to run terribly short of another of the precious metals, called brass—in which, however, your humble servant has an ample reserve quite at your service, as a common stock. For instance, Sir—when you fell in love with this Countess D'Anglade, while she was single, who but you, instead of first pushing his suit with the fair angel herself, would have carried it whining to her parents.—You might be sure nothing but the Louis would content them, when my coin might have satisfied the lady.—Not only that Sir---but you run away at the first repulse---and leave her without an effort, to be snapt up by young Count D'Anglade.

Dor. Perdition light on him---He was as poor as myself, but there the fates conspired against me.

La R. Aye, Destiny, Death, and the Devil. First of all they raise a whirlwind to shipwreck his cousin, and then they carry off his uncle, just in time to leave him sole heir to the best estate in the province, by way of backing his addresses.

Dor. Don't remind me of my misfortunes,

but assist me to remove them. This visit of D'Anglade's to my aunt, is an opportunity I have too long trifled with---fatally trifled with, for I just learn that business will oblige him abruptly to end it---perhaps to-morrow---

La R. To-morrow? Sir!

Dor. This very day (come what will), she must know the passion that consumes me.

La R. If it's business, Sir, don't despair.---D'Anglade is a fashionable spark, and though he goes himself, I dare say will do us the favour to leave his wife behind him.

Dor. Impossible! He not only adores her---but I suspect his fear of me is one cause of his abrupt departure.---

La R. Why then, Sir, if you're not quite panic struck with her charms, attack her boldly in your old style. Formerly, among the gallants of Paris, who but Dorival---so gay---so smooth---so insinuating---and now a provincial beauty strikes him as mute and as timid as a pigeon. I am afraid, Sir, you're too credulous---troubled with a weak imagination.---I dare say now you have heard of invincible virtue, as you have of sorcery and conjuration---it's all superstition, Sir, depend upon it.---

Dor. I know not what to think---'tis certain she awes me---altho' in her unconsciousness of my passion she often addresses me with the greatest yet most delicate kindness---as if she pitied me---No matter---the disclosure must be made

La R. And here she comes, Sir, with her little boy, just in the nick of your resolution. Now then, Sir, or never. [Exit.

Dor. Yes---this chance shall not escape me.

The COUNTESS D'ANGLADE *and* FLORIAN
enter.

Flo. Ah! How d'ye do, Mr. Dorival, I'm so happy to see you—

Dor. Say you so my pretty boy—How striking are his mother's features—

Countess. Do you think so, Mr. Dorival? he has always struck me as the image of his father.

Dor. Will my little friend accept a present from me? (*Gives a small box of bonbons.*)

Flo. Oh Mamma! such nice things! may I take it?

Countess. Certainly, my love—and thank Mr. Dorival for being so good to you.—

Flo. Thankye, Mr. Dorival. Won't you have some, Mamma?

Countess. No thank you.—

Flo. Then I'll go and give some to Mad. Clairmont, and Berthold, and every body I can meet. Thankye, Mr. Dorival! thankye! thankye! [*Exit jumping.*]

Dor. Happy age! when no care, no anxiety, disturbs our peace of mind! Alas! it is the only period in our existence in which we are secure against misfortune.

Countess. What can inspire you, Sir, with such sombre reflections?

Dor. No extraordinary cause, Madam.

Countess. For some days past I have been grieved to observe your countenance clouded by sadness—you seem agitated and overwhelmed with painful feelings—

Dor. How Madam! Have you condescended to observe so much! Pardon me—till now I have endeavoured to conceal my grief from every eye, and above all from your's—but you have disco-

vered it, nor can I regret you have; since your generous compassion mitigates my sufferings. How sensibly do I feel its influence!

Countess. The cause of your sorrow is then a secret to Mad. Clairmont?

Dor. It must be so to all the world.

Countess. There you may be wrong; the most poignant sorrow is soothed by participation.

Dor. Alas! even that consolation must be denied me: my secret buried in my own breast, I may still look forward to future happiness—one word, and all my hopes may vanish.

Countess. I pity you.

Dor. You pity me—you Madam—you on whom heaven has bestowed every blessing, which can constitute happiness—you who should be a stranger to all but pleasure.

Countess. And are we not to succour the unfortunate?

Dor. Oh! were such your generous desire, life would no longer be a hopeless burthen. 'Tis you—divine Lina! for whose sake I cherish it—

Countess. (*surprised*) What do I hear?

Dor. (*passionately*) Yes—you alone can terminate the anguish that destroys me—you alone can restore peace to this grief-worn heart. Lina—I can no longer doom myself to silence—my fate is in your hands—your charms alone——

Countess. No more, Sir---Leave me——

Dor. This declaration then offends you—Ah! Madam! forgive a moment of delirium—think of my long forbearance—my wasting, suffering silence. I had hoped to carry my secret to the grave, and deemed even your compassion an inestimable blessing. Is it now lost to me for ever?—

Countess. Sir, I am a wife and mother—this you should have recollected; therefore do not

hope to justify yourself. I can have but one sentiment towards the man who by unworthy arts seeks to pervert my principles, and to corrupt my heart—

Dor. By unworthy arts!

FLORIAN returns.

Flor. Oh! Mamma! here's Mad. Clairmont.

Countess. Mad. Clairmont, my dear. (*aside*) I cannot hide my feelings, and must avoid her. (*going*)

Dor. (*Following*) In pity, Madam.

Countess. (*indignantly*) Leave me, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter MAD. CLAIRMONT and LA RUSE.

La R. (*aside*) So she's gone in a rage. Things have taken a wrong turn.

Mad. C. Why does the Countess so abruptly avoid me. Can you, nephew, explain it?

Dor. Madam, I—

Mad. C. (*with suspicion*) You seem disturbed.

Dor. You fancy so.

Mad. C. I was going to send for you to my chamber, but as we are met there needs no ceremony in the simple matter I have to communicate.

Dor. I am at your service.

La R. (*aside*) What's all this about? Has she discovered him. (*hides behind a vase*).

Mad. C. I hope Dorival you do not doubt my affection for you.

Dor. Of that, Madam, you have spared no proofs. You have protected my youth—you have provided me the most liberal education—to you I owe every thing.

Mad. C. Left as I was, a widow with an ample fortune, I could not I hope have employed it to better advantage. I have now to offer you an additional proof of my regard. To settle

your habits, and preserve your station in society, I am sensible you ought to be provided with a becoming establishment. This consideration it is which now occupies my mind.

La R. (aside) A very pretty beginning.

Mad. C. A law-suit in which I have been engaged with relations of my late husband, and the loss of which would greatly have narrowed my circumstances, has hitherto prevented my treating the subject with the attention I desired; but this obstacle no longer exists---justice has decided in my favour. The capital in dispute is returned with large interest, and I have realized the sum of four hundred thousand francs.

Dor. Four hundred thousand francs!

La R. (aside) Her counsel could'nt have made a prettier speech.

Mad. C. That sum in good bank bills carefully placed in a portfolio is now locked up in my escrutoir.

La R. (aside) I wish I had the key.

Dor. I congratulate you, Madam, on the success you so well merit.

Mad. C. Your felicitation will not be the less sincere, Dorival, when you know that this sum is destined for you.

Dor. For me, Madam!

Mad. C. For you alone.

La R. (aside) There's an amiable aunt.

Mad. C. But I must inform you that it is under one condition.

Dor. To me your wishes will ever be commands. Say, Madam, what are they.

Mad. C. That you immediately marry.

Dor. Marry, Madam!

La R. (aside) That's a damper.

Mad. C. This condition is indispensable—Your choice is free, so it be speedy. The four hun-

dred thousand francs will be your wedding present. Why do you hesitate?

La R. (aside) Aye, why indeed?

Dor. You will not refuse me a short delay.

Mad. C. You must not ask it. Your own situation should forbid it.

Dor. Madam!

Mad. C. Dorival, I know your heart! You continue to cherish a hopeless passion, which duty now calls upon you to subdue. Lina de Senesse might be an object of love, but the Countess d'Anglade should inspire respect alone. To attempt the seduction of a virtuous woman under my roof is a crime of which I will not believe you capable. Justify my hopes. Convince me you have banished a lawless desire, by embracing the ties of an honourable affection which may at once efface it. I have planned this holiday in hopes of dissipating your thoughts, and offering you some new object of attraction: I leave you to reflect on what I have proposed. To-morrow I must know your resolution.

[*Exit.*

Dor. Confusion! La Ruse—

(*LA RUSE comes forward.*)

La R. There, Sir—there's a beautiful specimen of the fair sex! Who says there never was a reasonable woman? I wish I knew of an aunt—But that's unreasonable in a man that never made out a relation in the world beyond his mother.—Do you mean to advertise, Sir?

Dor. Aye, for a hangman.

La R. That's out of all order, Sir.—Death before the doctor.

Dor. Force me to *marry* for my money!

La R. Well, Sir; and if money won't make you marry, what the devil will—four hundred thousand!

Dor. Give up Lina for ever!

La R. That's exactly twenty thousand a year.

Dor. And take a wife!

La R. I'd take as many as Bluebeard, for half the money.

Dor. Be silent, in pity to my sufferings.

La R. I can't, Sir, in pity to your creditors.

Dor. No more, Sir.

La R. No, Sir—no more—only four hundred thousand francs.

Dor. Do you persist?

La R. Only in soliloquy.

Dor. Psha!

La R. Oh! that magic escrutoir—Ah! I see it now through the window—Look, Sir—peeping its respectable brown face and brazen nose, like an old nabob.—Oh! if one could but wring it off, and get at the morocco lining—what a glorious moment!

Dor. Hark'ye, Sir—This is no time for trifling; the Countess refuses to listen to me.

La R. So I suspected, Sir.

Dor. And dismissed me with the most humiliating contempt.

La R. I'd be revenged, Sir.

Dor. How!

La R. In a way that might chance to answer your purpose with the lady, and at the same time make good your title to the contents of the portfolio.

Dor. Explain.

La R. Will you empower me?

Dor. What is your plan?

La R. I have none yet—Say the word, and I've a thousand.

Dor. I dare not trust myself—No, still will I struggle with my guilty passion, and sacrifice

all rather than consign myself to remorse and shame. *[Exit in disorder.]*

La R. Of all mongrels the most useless is a half-bred rogue! Now is he broiling to the bone in the fire of his passion, and would be a devil, but wants the seasoning. If I could but throw in the Cayenne and give him a relish, he might be very pretty picking. Marriage at present would certainly be dangerous, for I begin to fear he'd love his wife and grow virtuous; and then there is an end of his intrigues, and my perquisites. Were I in his place and he in mine, which of late has been a very indifferent place indeed, there might be some hope for both of us.—But I'll try him a little longer—I'll make one bold push at the Portfolio, and if that won't do, he's a forlorn hope.—Who have we here?

Leon St. Aubri. (Without) Where are you taking me?

Marcel. (Without) This way, if you please.

They enter.

There, Sir; if I'm not wise enough for you, here's Mr. La Ruse—He's a knowing one, I can tell you.

Leon. So much the better. You know nothing. Now, Sir, it seems you've a Count D'Anglade on a visit here.

La R. We have, Sir; he at present occupies that pavilion—*(pointing.)*

Leon. Does this house belong to him?

La R. No, Sir; to Mad. Clairmont.

Leon. What, the widow of Gaspard Clairmont?

La R. The same, Sir.

Leon. The Count D'Anglade then doesn't live at Marseilles?

Marcel. Why—didn't I tell you!

Leon. Peace, blockhead.

Marcel. Blockhead!

Leon. Is he married?

La R. (*Aside.*) Pleasant fellow.—(*To him*)
He is, Sir.

Leon. Was his wife rich?

La R. Pretty well, Sir, as times go.

Leon. Has he any children?

La R. He has, Sir.

Leon. And he has a large fortune himself.

La R. Luckily for him, Sir—(*aside*)—fatally for my master. But here comes his own servant, Sir, who may be better qualified to satisfy your curiosity. (*Aside*) Here's something in the wind.—I'll twig this fellow.

BERTHOLD enters.

Berth. Good morning, Mr. La Ruse.

La R. Your servant, Mr. Berthold.

Leon. You're the Count D'Anglade's servant, it seems.

Berth. At your service, Sir.

Leon. What sort of use does your master make of his fortune?

Berth. I haven't the honour of knowing you, Sir—and that's an odd question from a stranger.

Leon. You're afraid to answer it, then?

Berth. Far from it, Sir. The whole world can tell you, that nobody does more good with his money than the Count D'Anglade.

Mar. Heaven bless him for it.

Berth. Amen, with all my heart.

Mar. You must know, Sir, we're going to have a prodigious grand fête.

Leon. That---for your grand fête.

Mar. There's a savage!

Leon. You seem to have lived long in the family.

Berth. So long, that I hope I shall die in it.

Leon. Can I speak with your master?

Berth. What is your business with him?

Leon. What's that to you!

Berth. If you're not more civil to him, perhaps you won't find me so patient.

Leon. No words---Go, and announce me.

Berth. Here comes my master.

Leon. That's he---is it? (*Looking*) He seems engaged, so tell him I'll walk about the garden till it suits him to speak to me.

[*Exit.*

Berth. What sturdy malcontent is this?

Enter COUNT and COUNTESS D'ANGLADE, MAD. CLAIRMONT, and FLORIAN.

Count. Indeed, my dearest Lina, I fear you deceive me. You have evidently something on your mind which distresses you.

Countess. Why should you imagine so? What should possibly distress me?

Count. You appear to have been shedding tears?

Countess. No, indeed.

Flor. Oh, Mamma!---You shouldn't tell stories. You know I saw you crying myself.

Countess. For shame, Sir.

Flor. Here's Mr. Dorival again.

[*COUNTESS disturbed.*

DORIVAL enters.

Count. (*Meeting him.*) Ah! Dorival! you

have been so engaged in promoting your aunt's festival, I haven't seen you to day.

Dor. I can scarcely regret a circumstance which evinces my gratitude to Mad. Clairmont.

Mad. Clair. I hope soon, Dorival, for a stronger proof of your sentiments.

Bert. When you are at leisure a stranger wishes to see you.

Count. A stranger! bring him hither.

[*Exit Berthold.*]

Mad. Clair. Come D'Anglade.

Count. Excuse me for a few minutes.

Mad. Clair. Marcel, conduct your friends to the refreshments.

Enter LEON and BERTHOLD.

Leon. Your servant, Sir.

Count. (*Salutes*) You desire to speak to me.

Leon. Yes, Sir.—If you'll dispose of this watch-dog.

Count. This is a strange tone, Sir.—Leave us—

Berth. I don't much like this business. [*Exit.*]

Leon. It seems you don't recognise me.

Count. I do not indeed, Sir.

Leon. I don't wonder at that. We never saw much of each other. You were at college when I quitted Marseilles, and fifteen years of calamity haven't passed over my head without leaving some impression upon my face.

Count. What do I hear?

Leon. A spirit of adventure carried me to sea, where an Algerine captain saved me from a watery grave to reserve me for a state that rendered such a death a comparative blessing. Myself, and many of my shipwrecked companions, were thrown on a miserable island, which his

countrymen had taken a fancy to cultivate. After fifteen years of hard labour I made a bold and most perilous escape; and it has pleased Providence once more to conduct me to my native land. In me, Sir, you behold—

Count. Yes—yes—The features now strike upon my memory. You are my relation, Leon St. Aubri.

Leon. The same. I am returned a beggar. ---For some time past you have enjoyed my property; but you know my right, and I flatter myself you won't hesitate to restore what lawfully belongs to me.

Count. When you make question of that, Sir, you are as much a stranger to my mind as I was to your countenance. The property is your's; and did the subtlest casuist—nay, the first authorities of the law, shew me an outlet from the course of justice—still would I keep her path unshaken and erect. Be not uneasy, Sir—

Leon. Well, well. I didn't mean to wound your feelings. But oppression sours the temper, and shuts out charity from the heart.

Count. Enough, Sir. You claim then, the inheritance which devolved to me in the belief of your death?

Leon. And you admit the justice of my demand.

Count. Without reserve. From this moment, therefore, consider me only as your trustee, and, at any time, ready to account to you.

Leon. The sooner the better, Sir.---I have a long journey to make; and, before I take my departure, should be glad to have the transfer completed.

Count. You shall suffer no farther delay, Sir, than is absolutely necessary. The title-deeds and securities, as well as the cash account, shall

be prepared forthwith. I must make, however, one observation. Believing myself master of the property which the law did not hesitate to assign to me, I made that use of my right which is incumbent on every wealthy landholder.

Leon. Proceed.

Count. When it pleased Heaven to visit our fields with ravage and devastation, I remitted so much of my demands as was absolutely necessary for the relief of my industrious tenants and their suffering families.

Leon. Um! Every one to his taste, Sir.--- That was your fancy;---but I'm not at all sure it would have been mine. I shall require strictly my right, Sir, and so I apprize you.

Count. Strictly your right, then, you shall have, Sir, even though my own slender patrimony be the sacrifice.

Leon. At noon to-morrow, Sir, I shall take the liberty to call again.

Count. I shall expect you, Sir,---and give you such satisfaction as so short an interval will admit of.

Leon. Thank'ye, cousin, thank'ye. For the present, then, we'll part. You have a feast going forward, it seems, and I should be sorry to spoil your entertainment. Therefore, farewell. I find I have a high-spirited relation; and in good time hope to be better acquainted with him. Good morning, cousin. *[Exit.*

Count. This blow is terrible.---Oh! my beloved Lina! how will you endure these tidings? ---When shall I find the courage to disclose them?---She comes. For the first time I dread to meet her.

COUNTESS enters.

Countess. Adolphus! What disturbs you?---

Berthold tells me it is a rude stranger who has been with you. What was his business?

Count. Alas! (*Turns away*)

Countess. You sigh! you fear to tell me.---
Dearest Adolphus, have you a grief you would conceal from me?

Count. Lina! I have indeed a grief which I would for ever conceal from you.

Countess. What has happened?

Count. I dare not tell you.

Countess. Nay, I intreat. I fear no misfortune that will not part me from you.

Count. Oh, Lina! I am no longer the fortunate D'Anglade, so envied for his prosperity. The large fortune I possessed now belongs to another.

Countess. To another! Is it possible?

Count. Can you endure this change?

Countess. (*Recovering*) Oh! yes.---If you are still the same: you are all to me---so I can comfort you---so my tender care can soothe the shock of your feelings, I am yet too happy.

Count. Generous Lina!

Countess. The stranger then was---

Count. Leon St. Aubri!

Countess. I feared so.

Count. Saved from the wreck of his vessel, and made prisoner by pirates, he has at length escaped from their captivity, and comes to demand his right.

Countess. And you will restore it?

Count. Immediately.---But I fear we must invade our own moderate fortune to make him full restitution.

Countess. Be it so. We have still superfluities. Dispose of my jewels. In the retirement which must now content us, such baubles will be useless.

Count. Most estimable friend! Your gentle fortitude restores me to myself.

BERTHOLD enters.

Ber. Mad. Clairmont has sent me to inquire—

Countess. We are coming, Berthold.—A word with you. Find out some jeweller that can purchase a case of diamonds to the value of 100,000 francs.—You understand.

Ber. Purchase diamonds! Excuse me, Madam. I hope nothing has happened?

Countess. You'll know all in good time. Do as I desire you, and we shall not forget your services. Come, Adolphus.

Count. Yes; my beloved, Lina, let vain and shallow minds regret the toys of ostentation.—Preserving the purity of our hearts, and blest in each other's love, we'll part with them without a sigh. [*Exeunt Count and Countess.*]

Ber. Not forget my services.—Would they part with me, then.—I can't bear to think of it. ---There's something wrong stirring, I'm sure. My poor master and mistress!—I'd rather die than see them in trouble.

MARCEL enters.

Mar. Here they come; here comes the company---pipers playing---streamers flying---such a set out!---Ah, master Berthold, alone! (*observes*) Why, what's the matter? Why, you look as solemn as if you was in the last stage of intoxication!

LA RUSE enters behind.

La R. Marcel and Berthold—here I may pick up a little more---

Ber. (*Aside*) He perhaps may direct me. Pray, Mr. Marcel, have you any friend that happens to be a jeweller?

Mar. Why, I can't say for a friend.—But here's the gentleman that sold me my wedding-

ring, and that's Mr. Dumont, that lives in the High Street.

Ber. Is he rich?

Mar. Rich! Bless you, he's got his rouleaus piled up as thick as the cream cheeses in our larder!

La R. (Aside) What does he want with a rich jeweller?

Ber. Do you think he can buy a valuable lot of diamonds?

La R. (Aside) Diamonds!—so——

Mar. I warrant he can.

Ber. Will you carry him a note for me?

Mar. Any thing to oblige you, Mr. Berthold.

Ber. Follow me, then, and I'll give it you.

[*Exit.*

Mar. I hope I sha'nt be detained—for, without me, this lovely concern will be quite at a stand-still.

[*Exit.*

La R. D'Anglade's in trouble, that's a clear case. I noticed his distress after parting with that stranger, and these diamonds convince me my conjecture was right. Here comes my master.

DORIVAL enters in great agitation.

Dor. La Ruse, I'm glad I've found you; I have news to tell you of the most extraordinary kind, D'Anglade is ruined!

La R. I suspected it.

Dor. He has just made the disclosure. The stranger who has been with him was Leon St. Aubri, who escaped his fate, and comes to claim his rights.

La R. I congratulate you, Sir, and hope you'll make good use of so lucky an event.

Dor. The first advantage I thought to make of it has already been frustrated. Thinking to

engage Lina's affection by securing her gratitude, my first impulse was, to resign the liberal bounty of my aunt in favor of D'Anglade.

La R. Insanity!

Dor. Would you believe it—She refused my offer!

La R. I'm very happy to hear it.

Dor. And although forced to constraint by the presence of D'Anglade, her eyes betrayed that, in her heart, she scorned me.—Nay, before my face, she overwhelmed her ruined husband with the caresses of increasing fondness. My soul is raging with the thought, and burning thirst of vengeance now engrosses it.

La R. (*Who appears considering*) Right, Sir; and if you'll trust to me, you shall be revenged effectually.

Dor. Trust to you!

La R. (*Pointing to his head*) Here it is—D'Anglade's a lost man, and his wife is your's!—A brilliant plot, and I'll take care the success is infallible. Have I carte blanche?

Dor. What would you do?

La R. That's my affair at present. There's no time to lose.---Say the word, or renounce your Lina.

Dor. Renounce Lina!

La R. Make up your mind.

Dor. Only inform me---

La R. Impossible! Yes or no?

Dor. The company approaches.

La R. Now, then, is your time. Speak?

Dor. I dare not.

La R. I'm satisfied.---Away with love, then, and leave the woman you adore quietly in the arms of your rival.

Dor. Never!---The thought distracts me! Stay---I consent to all.---Satisfy my panting soul by any means.

La R. That's enough—I'll do it. And now you may join your friends, and be merry.

Dor. Oh! Lina! To what extremities will you drive me!

MARCEL enters.

Mar. Here they come; here comes the company---

[*Madame Clairmont, the Count and Countess, and Florian enter. Attendants follow. The fête commences. Elegant pleasure-boats advance along the stream. Villagers enter, dancing, and salute the company. Masks follow. The company take their seats in the arbour; and the whole concludes with a ballet.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.---An elegant Apartment serving as a Cabinet to Count D'ANGLADE. Tables, Chairs, Bureau, Sofa, &c. variously disposed. A door and two large French Windows in the flat. A Door on each side, leading to inner Rooms.

Count D'ANGLADE discovered at a Writing-Desk.

D'Ang. These accounts are more perplexing than I expected. By perseverance, however, I have now brought them to a state that will, at least, be a satisfactory proof of my further intentions.

BERTHOLD enters, and cautiously advances.

Ber. I beg pardon, Sir; did you please to want any thing?

D'Ang. No, Berthold—nothing, at present.

Berth. Wouldn't you take breakfast, Sir?

D'Ang. Breakfast! is it then so late?

Bert. Past seven o'clock.

D'Ang. Indeed! We may as well let in the daylight then. Open the shutters. [*Berthold opens the shutters, through which the garden is distinctly seen. D'Anglade extinguishes the candles.*] This task has so engrossed me, that the night has passed away unnoticed. I couldn't rest till I had accomplished it; for, with such a character as St. Aubri has shewn himself, no man can desire to be long a creditor. Let me see—on the cash account then, I am ready to pay him 11,500 francs, (*counts bank-notes*) 11,500—which unprepared as he found me, may, I think, be considered as a reasonable instalment.

Bert. Might I beg a word with you, Sir?

D'Ang. Speak, Berthold.

Bert. I hope you won't be angry, Sir, but my mistress has sent for a jeweller, to sell her diamonds, and I have taken it into my poor old head you are come to some unlooked-for trouble.

D'Ang. We are indeed, Berthold.

Bert. Indeed I thought so, and from what my dear lady said to me, I am very much afraid you mean to discharge me from your service.

D'Ang. We must retrench in every way.

Bert. But don't part with me. You must have some attendance, and after thirty years' service, to leave my dear young master and mistress in misfortune, would bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. I won't be a burthen to you; I want no wages; and use me for every thing: the garden, or the kitchen—in doors, or out---it's all the same to Berthold; only let me stay with you; I beg it on my knees.

D'Ang. (*raising him, much affected*) Honest

Berthold, I cannot part with so good a friend, who convinces me, that in this various world there are still good hearts, to atone for the bad ones.

FLORIAN *enters running.*

Flor. Papa! Papa!

D'Ang. Up so soon! Florian.

Flor. Oh! I haven't been to bed. I have been on Mama's knee all night, and now she has sent me with all these beautiful jewels to give to you, (*gives them*)—and when she gave them to me, she sat down on the sofa, and cried so: indeed Papa, you shouldn't take 'em away from her.

D'Ang. This prattling innocence goes to my heart. Leave us, Berthold.

Bert. Heaven bless you. [*Exit.*

D'Ang. 'Tis a cruel necessity. (*Places the case on the bureau.*)

Flor. Dear Papa! what makes you and Mama so sorrowful. (*D'Ang. takes his hand.*) I can't stay, for Mama told me to come back, and comfort her. Won't you come too?

Bell. Presently.

Flor. I'll tell her so; and I'm sure it will make her better. [*Exit.*

[*Here Dorival and La Ruse, the latter in complete disguise, appear at the window, noticing the apartment, and making signs of concerting some design, and speedily disappear. D'Anglade casts his eyes alternately on the diamonds and on the door of his wife's apartment, then speaks.*]

This weakness is unworthy of me. Yet, surely it is a painful sacrifice. Baubles indeed you are, but you have adorned my Lina, and never will

you grace a form more lovely, or encircle a bosom more virtuous. (*Takes a ring*) This ring I must at least preserve, for it was the first pledge of my devoted and eternal love.

BERTHOLD enters.

Bert. Sir, the jeweller you sent for begs to know if he can see you.

D'Ang. Shew him in.

Bert. Walk in, Sir.

Enter LA RUSE disguised. [Exit Berthold.

La R. You did me the honour, Sir, to send for me on the subject of a case of diamonds. Mad. Clairmont's gardener brought me the message, and I have lost no time in obeying your commands.

D'Ang. I am obliged to you, Sir, for your promptitude. Are you inclined to make the purchase.

La R. Perfectly inclined, Sir. On this occasion, I don't come upon the common mercantile footing, believe me. Circumstances have been whispered to me, that have given my mind a very different turn---a very different turn indeed.

D'Ang. Sir, I desire to deal with no man of business, but on terms of perfect equity.

La R. No doubt, Sir; but at least I think myself fortunate in being able to transact your business.

D'Ang. The jewels are of high value, and will require a considerable sum.

La R. That's no obstacle, Sir. If they were to remain on hand, it might; but at this moment I happen to have a very favourable

opportunity of disposing of them. Pray allow me——(*D'Ang. gives the case.*)

D'Ang. Ninety thousand francs is the price I put upon them.

La R. They are certainly a handsome set of jewels, but ninety thousand francs is a very large sum.

D'Ang. Far short of their original cost, Sir; and I really cannot part with them for less; therefore, if they don't suit you——(*going to take them.*)

La R. One moment, Sir; if you are determined to stand to your price, as I said before, it is by no means my purpose to drive a hard bargain, and, therefore, at a word, they are mine---and here, Sir, here is your money. That, I believe is the sum in good bank notes; be so good as count them.

[*D'Anglade receives the money---goes to his desk, counts them, and takes the numbers. La Ruse, in the meantime, looks round the apartment, the sofa suddenly fixes his eye, and as if struck with a sudden idea, he takes a portfolio from his person, and slips it, with the case of jewels, under one of the cushions.*]

There, there's your share, and here's mine (*patting his other pocket.*)

D'Ang. (*turning suddenly*) Do you wish for any thing?

La R. By no means, Sir; it---it's all right, I believe.

D'Ang. Quite right, Sir.

La R. In that case, I wish you a good morning. (*Aside.*) He has certainly made an easy bargain; what a pity he should have the worst of it. [*Exit.*

D'Anglade. (*He places the notes he had*

received, to those of his own, which he had before counted, puts them in the case, and then in the desk.) There, now Leon St. Aubri may come when he pleases. I am now prepared to fulfil my engagement. (*Lina appears.*) Lina.

She enters.

Lina. Dear Adolphus, this long application makes me quite uneasy. Pray repose yourself.

D'Ang. It is unnecessary. My task is now at an end. Well, Lina! I have parted with your jewels.

Lina. They're not worth regretting. 'Tis true, parting is an unpleasant word, even with trifles, we have long possessed. But it is done, and we'll think of it no more.

D'Anglade. This ring, Lina, I have still preserved. Once more, receive it from my hands, and let the pledge of the lover's sentiments be renewed by the husband.

Lina. It is a thousand times more welcome than before.

Flor. (without) Oh! dear Papa! Mama Papa!

FLORIAN *runs in.*

Flor. Oh! Mama! Mama! I'm so frightened.

Lina. What is the matter, child?

D'Anglade. Who has frightened you, Florian?

Flor. Dear Papa! the house is all full of soldiers.

D'Anglade. Of soldiers?

Flor. Yes, Papa, such a number! and such black looking men. And they're all in the garden. Look, Papa!---there they are.

[*Officers, Knights of the Marechasseux, are seen*

through the windows. Appearance of general confusion. Valets, women, &c. pass and repass. Among them DORIVAL and LA RUSE.]

D'Ang. 'Tis true indeed; these are officers of justice.

Lina. What can have happened?

BERTHOLD enters.

Bert. Oh, Madam! here's a sad business, Mad. Clairmont has been robbed.

D'Anglade and Lina. Robbed!

Bert. Of a very large sum, Ma'am. The officers have closed all the gates, and not a creature is suffered to stir from the premises. They are visiting every corner.

MARCEL enters, frightened.

Mar. Oh, my Lord! Pray, save me! Pray don't let 'em hang me. They say I've committed the robbery.

Bert. You!

Mar. Yes; they lay all on me, that never once dreamt of being hanged since I was born. Poor me! that was born of honest parents, and brought up in righteousness!

D'Ang. If you are innocent, why alarm yourself?

Lina. What is the circumstance?

Mar. Hasn't my lady heard?

Ber. Not the particulars.

Mar. Then Ma'am, I'll tell you all about it. You see, Ma'am, as I was going this morning to present my mistress with her usual nosegay, I saw one of the windows, that my Mistress always keeps shut, was left wide open; and, just peeping in, I spied her secretary wide open in

like manner, with the lock broke, and the money drawer gone.

All. Good Heavens!

Mar. So away I goes, Ma'am, and tells Mr. Dorival, and away he sends for the officers; and there they are rummaging every hole and corner, from the cock-loft to the cellar.

D'Ang. What is the amount of the loss?

Mar. Oh heaven! so many millions.

D'Ang. Millions!

Mar. Yes, Sir, making together four hundred thousand francs.

D'Ang. Four hundred thousand?

Mar. Yes, my Lord; and they say my finding it out was all a fetch, and the Devil fetch them that say so, I say.

D'Ang. Don't be alarmed; they'll find their error.

Mar. Please your Lordship, they're bothered, and don't know what to be at. I shouldn't wonder if they said your Lordship had got the money.

Bert. What d'ye mean?

Mar. No offence in the world; but they're all coming this way.

Lina. Coming here?

D'Ang. Let them, Lina; we having nothing to fear.

Officer. (*Without*) This way.

D'Ang. Open the door.

[*BERTHOLD opens.*

Officers and other Agents of the Police enter, with LA RUSE.

Flor. Oh, Mamma! I am frightened.

La R. That's the Count, gentlemen.

Off. I have the honour to address the Count D'Anglade?

D'Ang. Yes, Sir; your business I am ap-

prized of; but, be assured, your search here will be hopeless.

Off. That I do not doubt, my Lord.

La R. (Aside.) Doctors differ.

Off. My duty, however, requires that I leave no place unvisited.

D'Ang. Let your duty be performed.

Lina. These men alarm me.

D'Ang. They will not misconduct themselves.

[*The Officer having cast a general eye over the chamber, fixes on the desk and the case therein.*]

Off. What are the contents of this case?

D'Ang. Papers of business chiefly. (*The Officer examines them.*)

Mar. I'll retire.

La R. (Observing him). Ah! ah! Sir, the knave always sneaks off.

Mar. Not if you stay behind.

Off. (In an under tone.) Is it possible! some of these notes correspond with Mad. Clairmont's numbers. Pray, my Lord, how came these notes in your possession?

D'Ang. Surely, Sir, that can be of no consequence.

Off. My Lord, it is of consequence.

D'Ang. Circumstances, Sir, often reduce us to dilemmas, unpleasant to agitate; but if you absolutely require it, the greater part of those notes were paid me this morning for a case of jewels I found it expedient to dispose of.

Off. To whom, Sir, did you sell them?

D'Ang. To a jeweller of this city.

Off. Of what name?

D'Ang. I cannot inform you.

Off. Cannot inform me, my Lord?

Mar. No, but I can; for I went for him. His name is Mr. Dumont.

Off. Dumont?

Mar. He sold me my wedding-ring.

Bert. Fetch him, Mr. Marcel.

Mar. Oh, yes; he lives close by.

Off. Stay.

Bert. But surely Mister—

Off. Stay, I say! (*to a follower*) Go and desire Mr. Dumont to come hither immediately.

[*The agent exit.*

Off. (*To another agent*) Take your seat at that table and write. (*He obeys.*)

Flor. Mamma! when will they go away?

Lina. Silence.

La. R. (*Aside*) This will do.

Mar. (*aside, to D'Anglade*) They don't know what to be at.

Off. To what amount, my Lady, were the diamonds you parted with?

D'Ang. They were sold for ninety thousand francs.

Off. (*Apart.*) Here are 11,500, and 90,000 is the exact amount of that part corresponding with my list. But where are the rest? (*To D'Anglade*) Have you no others, my Lord?

D'Ang. No, Sir.

Lina. Dear Sir, why these humiliating questions? Can you suspect the Count?

Off. These are formalities, Madam, prescribed by the law, and you will confess their necessity when I inform you, that among the notes here contained, there are 90,000 francs in those identified to have been stolen from Mad. Clairmont.

Lina. Good Heavens!

D'Ang. It cannot be.

Off. It is the fact; though the cause, I have no doubt will be discovered. No means,

therefore must be neglected that may lead us to an explanation of so extraordinary circumstances.

D'Ang. I fully admit the propriety of your proceeding.

Mar. Here he comes ; here comes Mr. Dumont.

Off. He no doubt will materially assist us.

La R. (Aside) I am afraid not.

Mar. This way Mr. Dumont ; walk in.

D'Ang. Who can this be ?

Bert. 'Tis another person.

Off. Walk this way, Sir. You are sent for hither on an affair of the greatest urgency, and will be pleased to answer the questions that will be put to you (*he bows*). What is your name ?

Dumont. James Dumont.

Off. Your profession ?

Dumont. Goldsmith and jeweller.

Off. Your residence.

Dumont. In the High-street, No. 21.

Off. Do you know this gentleman ?

Dumont. I never saw him before.

Off. What ! have you not made a purchase of jewels from him ?

Dumont. I have not. Mad. Clairmont's gardener left me a note last night, desiring me to wait upon the Baron D'Anglade for such a purpose ; but I was only on my way hither when your officer met me.

Lina. What dreadful mystery is this ?

Off. My Lord, what have you to answer ?

D'Ang. You have heard the truth. The affair is altogether mysterious. This, it seems, is the gentleman I sent to, and another person has been with me under his name. Having no suspicion of fraud or imposture, my business was at once concluded, and I received from him

90,000, francs in the notes you found. This is the fact, on my honour. How this person knew I had diamonds to sell; why he assumed this gentleman's name; how the notes he paid me should be those Mad. Clairmont has been robbed of, are matters I cannot possibly account for.

Off. Is there no person who might have acted on your behalf?

Dumont. Impossible! The circumstance never even escaped me.

Mar. Nor me. I was forbid to tell any body.

Off. Why were you forbidden?

Mar. It was the good Count's desire.

Off. Mr. Dumont, please to read and sign your deposition.

(DUMONT reads and signs.)

Lina. Dearest friend!

D'Ang. Do not disturb yourself.

Off. You may for the present retire. (*Exit DUMONT*). My Lord, you must feel that the increasing perplexity of these appearances compel me to order, that the strictest scrutiny be made throughout these apartments.

D'Ang. It is my particular wish.

Off. Where does that door lead?

D'Ang. To the apartment of the Countess. It is open to your search.

Off. Observe all respect.

[*They enter the chamber; BERTHOLD attends them. The Police Agents search all the corners of the Apartment; the Officer opens the Secretary, and searches the Papers*].

Mar. What are they doing? What abomination has got in their poor heads?

La R. (Aside) Affairs are critical.

Lina. How painful is this perplexity! Guiltless as we are, my courage abandons me.---
(*Search suspended*).

Off. You have found nothing?

All. Nothing.

La R. All in good time.

Off. I am not satisfied. Continue.

[*OFFICER remains near the Bureau, and his Agents continue their search at the Bottom of the Stage; FLORIAN runs from the COUNTESS.*]

Lina. Florian, where are you going?

Flor. Only to fetch something to sit down upon.

[*He takes from the Sofa the Cushion which covers the Portfolio, and brings it without perceiving any thing to the Feet of his Mother, and seats himself on it. At that moment the three Agents, followed by BERTRAND, quit the Apartment of the COUNTESS D'ANGLADE*].

Agent. (*On the stairs*) There's nothing to be found here,

Off. (*The sofa catches his eye*) What do I see? (*Takes up the jewel case*) Do you know this jewel case, my Lord?

D'Ang. (*Surprised*) 'Tis the same that held my diamonds.

Off. The diamonds are still there, Sir.

(*General surprise.*)

D'Ang. The diamonds!

Off. And the Portfolio?

D'Ang. It does not belong to me.

Off. Mad. Clairmont's cypher is upon it.---
(*New surprise. The Officers count Notes in the Portfolio*).

Ber. 'Tis a hellish plot!

Off. This Portfolio contains in notes 300,000 francs, the number of which also correspond with Mad. Clairmont's, which, added to the 90,000, make up her entire loss, with the exception of 10,000 francs.

La R. Deducted for commission.---(*Aside*).

Off. Except also a purse of 200 Louis.

La R. (*Aside*) Brokerage and insurance.

Off. Make note of the sum still unaccounted for. All this, my Lord, is hard to explain. You tell me you have sold diamonds, and I find them in your chamber with this Portfolio. You deny all knowledge of the robbery committed in the house of Mad. Clairmont, and the stolen property is nearly all found in your possession.

D'Ang. Sir, my surprise is as great as your's. But it could only have been placed here by the impostor I have mentioned. I hope you do not suspect me of such an action.

Off. Sir, the appearances——

D'Ang. Are false, and evidently the contrivance of dark malignity, which has seized on the moment of a ruinous reverse in my fortune, to attack my reputation and my honour. But in the face of heaven I protest that I am guiltless.

Off. I would willingly believe it, but cannot wave my duty. (*Speaks to an agent apart*).

Lina. His duty! What would he do?

Ber. What can he do? I'll not bear it.

Mar. I'm ready to fly at him.

Ber. Sir, I have been up with master all night, and I'll stake my life he's innocent.---It is not to be borne.

Off. You are his servant, and insufficient for his vindication here.

Mar. And won't you hear me. I will be heard. You accused me first, and I insist upon

the préférence. You know you don't know what to be at. Why can't you take me? Don't take a kind hearted gentleman that isn't used to hardship---I'm a tough stupid bumpkin, and should like it for a change. Now do take me instead.

D'Ang. My good fellow, it cannot be.

Mar. Dang me, but I'll fetch somebody that shall talk to 'em. [Exit.

D'Ang. What is your intention, Sir?

Off. I know not how to express it.

D'Ang. Speak boldly, Sir.

Off. The lady must withdraw.

Lina. Why withdraw! What can be your purpose? I'll not abandon my husband---They shall not force me from you---I'll share your fate, comfort you for the wrong they do you, and never, never leave you.

Off. Madam, it is with reluctance I speak it.

Ber. Here is Madame Clairmont.

MAD. CLAIRMONT, DORIVAL, and MARCEL
enter.

Mad. Clair. What have I heard? Is it possible you have accused the Count d'Anglade!--Monstrous! Desist from your proceeding instantly.

Off. Madam, your property has been found in his possession.

Mad. Clair. In his possession!

D'Ang. 'Tis certain---I am overwhelmed with the strangest and strongest appearances.

Mad. C. Appearances then are delusive. I am satisfied he is innocent.

Off. Madam, neither your opinion nor mine can weigh against the strong testimony that has

appeared against the Count D'Anglade; and all here, acting under authority, must now be responsible for the custody of his person.

D'Ang. Arrest me!---

Lina. No, no---barbarous injustice---Is there no hope!---I cannot bear it. (*Sinks on his arm.*)

Leon. (*Without*) Where is he? Where shall I find him?

D'Ang. 'Tis St. Aubri!

(*He enters.*)

Leon. What is all this?---Why, Count! What do I hear? They tell me you are accused of the basest of crimes.

D'Ang. You will not, I trust, believe it.

Leon. Believe it! no. (*Shakes his hand*) I know you now, cousin; and they shall find I know you. Where's the chief officer?

Off. 'Tis I, Sir.

Leon. The Count D'Anglade, Sir, is my relation. I've proved his heart, and know it incapable of a dishonourable action. At any sacrifice I'll protect him. (*General surprise.*)

Off. Sir, I---

Leon. I have not done yet, Sir. I know this is no time for his justification; but, till that time comes, what do you mean to do with him?

Off. My duty obliges me to conduct him to the city prison.

Lina. To prison!

Leon. He shan't go.

Off. Fie!

Leon. I say he shan't go. When the law requires he shall be forth coming, I'll pledge my whole property for his appearance. What security do you demand? Three, four, or 500,000

frances; if a bond of a million will satisfy you, you shall have it.

D'Ang. I am astonished!

Mar. He's a fine fellow.

La R. I don't half like this.

Lina. Oh, Sir! this generosity——

Leon. No compliments, Ma'am. I don't deserve them. 'Tis I am the cause of D'Anglade's misfortune.

Lina. You, Sir. (*surprise*).

Leon. I! deceived by all the world, and meeting with nothing but ingratitude, I made a trial of his heart, and found his worth fully entitled him to the fortune I threatened to dispossess him of.

Lina. Fatal trial!

Leon. Under the garb of wretchedness I probed his noble spirit; all I have since heard has confirmed the impression I received, and I now come with open arms to embrace him, when I find a disgraceful charge upon his head, that rouses my blood to think of. What! the man that would have given up his last shilling for the pure love of justice, commit a paltry theft! Incredible! I'm sure of his innocence. I'll redress his wrongs; I'll rescue him from his enemies, though my whole fortune, aye, or my life be the sacrifice. Speak, Sir, will you leave him with his family?

Off. It cannot be.

Lina. Nay, I conjure you, take pity on me. Do not rob me of my husband, do not tear a father from his child. He is a stranger to an evil thought—the best and most virtuous of mankind.—A wife and infant kneel to you to spare him.

Off. It is not in my power.

Leon. Why, may not a magistrate attend him here.

Off. I can hazard no departure from established rules.

D'Ang. Sir, I attend you.

Lina. (*Throwing herself in his arms.*) Oh Adolphus! You must not leave me thus---I cannot part from you.

D'Ang. And your child, Lina. Nay, leave me to my fate, trust to the cause of truth, and to this devoted friend. Leon, Berthold, to you my friends, I leave all that is dear to me.

[*The Officers surround the COUNT. LEON, &c. support the COUNTESS. The Scene closes.*]

SCENE.---*A Chamber, opening on the surrounding Country.*

Enter BERTHOLD and MARCEL.

Mar. I tell you, Mr. Berthold, I'm right.

Bert. Pray don't follow me good Marcel. I shall never hold up my head again. Taken to a prison! my poor master. If he stays there, I'll seek some miserable den, where I may die and never see the light again.

Mar. Die indeed! no, no.---Stay till we rout the rascals, let them die first---and then---talk of dens---Ecod, I'd go the devil's den, to shew 'em in.

Bert. Where should we seek them.

Mar. Where! why under our noses to be sure. I smell'em if you don't.---My head's not so thick as some folks may think.---I've a keen eye in it.---Nobody went in---nobody went out---therefore here they stick on the bosom of this beautiful family.---

Bert. What do you mean?

Mar. Hark ye! while them chaps were at their rigmarollery, I twigged our flashy Mr. Dorival, and his eyes were rolling about as if they'd slipt their swivels---and his teeth chattered, and his lips looked all manner of colours---and then Mr. La Ruse he was jogging, and niggling, and twisting---I don't like to see people so fidgetty---and as to his master, when a man takes to shivering and shuddering at Marseilles in the month of August, it shews a very queer constitution indeed.

Bert. But any man of feeling---

Mar. Feeling---except for himself, he has no more feeling than a cucumber. Howsomever, that missing money must be somewhere. In doors it can't be. There isn't a spider nor an earwig that hasn't been turned out on suspicion. Therefore I mean to keep a sharp look out in the garden. Here comes my mistress---mum---follow me, and I'll put you up to something.

Bert. Assist me to relieve my master, and I'll follow you to death's door. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MAD. CLAIMONT.

Mad. C. What a scene of wretchedness and trouble is this house become! Where can it end! Why does Lina and her friend avoid me. Some new suspicion seems upon their minds, which they are fearful of disclosing, St. Aubri comes,

LEON ST. AUBRI *enters.*

Leon. I must crave your indulgence Madam. Every individual in the house denies having let in the pretended jeweller, and all except Ber-

thold, to have even seen him. This circumstance, Madam, as well as the perfection of the plot, and the facilities he must have commanded for the execution, prove him either to reside in the house, or to have been closely connected with somebody who does.

Mad. Clair. Whither would your suspicions lead me.

Leon. Who, Madam, should be more interested in D'Anglade's destruction, who more likely to bear him mortal hatred, than a disappointed and obstinate rival.

Mad. Clair. Sir!

Leon. What, Madam, has been the conduct of Mr. Dorival, since the arrest of my relation. Has he not been pale, wandering in his mind, and in constant agitation?

Mad. Clair. How should I answer you?

Leon. With truth, Madam, and candour. He is your kinsman, it is true, but D'Anglade and his afflicted wife are the noblest of your friends, to whom, if you refuse their claim, your hospitality will prove perdition.

Mad. Clair. Sir, your zeal abuses you. Dorival is not the enemy of D'Anglade. His unhappy passion has wholly yielded to time and absence.

Leon. Do not, Madam, deceive yourself. But yesterday, (for so the Countess, compelled by her afflictions, has confessed) he urged his love to her.

Mad. Clair. Is it possible?

Leon. If our suspicion be justified, his present behaviour proves him not inaccessible to repentance. Speak to him, Madam,---I would myself, but I am violent and head-strong, and might defeat my purpose. Every means would be used to shelter his fame, only let him save

the life of D'Anglade, and wipe the stain of infamy from his name, whose honour is as pure as the light of heaven.

Mad. Clair. How shall I act? (*struggle*)
I cannot so debase him.

LINA and FLORIAN enter.

Lina. Nay then, hear the prayer of an agonised wife, and unprotected infant--Save my Adolphus, on our knees we implore you.

Mad. Clair. Dear Lina!

Flor. Do--do bring us back my father.

Mad. Clair. I cannot resist.--In such a cause I will brave all.

Lina. My friend. (*Embrace.*)

Leon. Madam, a thousand thanks. See, your nephew is coming this way, more lost than ever; to you I leave him; and now, I'll to the magistrate, and try if any security can procure D'Anglade his freedom. [*Exit.*]

Lina. Shall I leave you.

Mad. Clair. I think your presence may be of service.

Lina. I will but write a short note to my husband's advocate, and then return. [*Exit.*]

DORIVAL enters, disturbed and absent.

Dor. Madam! (*Seeing MAD. CLAIRMONT.*)

Mad. Clair. What alarms you, Dorival. I had a particular wish to speak with you.

Dor. To me, Madam!

Mad. Clair. To you! The dreadful situation of the Countess is well known to you. Can you think her husband guilty of the crime he is charged with.

Dor. (*In an under tone*). Madam, I dare not reply to you.

Mad. Clair. Dare not !

Dor. Hitherto I have ever known him true to the principles of strict honour.

Mad. Clair. Therefore, should infer that he would not suddenly become a common thief and housebreaker, which, if he is not, the evidence against him has been concerted by an enemy, who seeks his destruction, and that enemy, all circumstances conspire to shew, must be a part of the family.

Dor. (*Aside*) Can she suspect me ?

Mad. Clair. Are you sure of your valet ?

Dor. My valet, Madam.

Mad. Clair. He could not of course have acted from himself. Every effort, Dorival, must be exerted. The world has noted you as the rival and probable enemy of D'Anglade. This is the time to shew the generosity of your soul--or busy tongues perhaps.—

Dor. Would accuse me, Madam.—

Mad. Clair. No, that's impossible. Coolly to meditate the ruin of a virtuous family, ensnare a gentleman of honour and integrity, with wiles so crafty, that his own tongue, bonds slave of truth, shall speak but to accuse him ! To see him given up to infamy, and doom his wife and child to shame and anguish---'Tis a fiend's work, and fiends alone could act it.

Dor. (*Aside*) She shakes my inmost soul.

Mad. Clair. He trembles,

LINA enters.

Lina. Pardon this interruption. 'Tis to beg you would allow one of your servants to convey this letter a few miles distant.

Mad. Clair. It shall be sent immediately.

Dor. Strange reverse---Her presence now is insupportable.

Mad. Clair. Come Dorival, will you not assist to unravel this mystery.

Dor. Madam, the first wish of my heart is to see the Countess D'Anglade restored to happiness; and I shall use my utmost efforts that this unfortunate affair may be hushed for ever.

Lina. Be hush'd, Sir.

Dor. Or situated as we are, Madam, if it were his wish to leave the country, his escape might not be difficult.

Lina. Escape, Sir—he is innocent; let the guilty fly or seek obscurity. He courts not safety but justice; reparation of his injured honour and the right of transmitting to his son a spotless name.

Dor. Madam, I would speak with tenderness and delicacy—but if there are proofs, that must condemn him—

Lina. Condemn him! This from you.

Mad. Clair. Madam, be tranquil. I have now no alternative. I would speak with you, Sir, in my chamber (*advancing close to him and apart*) Monster! the most unreserved confession alone can save you from an assassin's fate—obey me. [*Exeunt Lina and Mad. Clair.*]

Dor. I am lost—discovered. The storm gathers around me; I dare not stay—I know not where to fly! palsy has seized my frame. Some unknown hand clutches my heart. The voice of justice thunders in my ear, and calls me to my fate. Oh! D'Anglade—death! infamy! and all the evils I prepared for you now fall on my head with tenfold horror.

LA RUSE enters, running.

La R. Oh Sir! Sir!—

Dor. Villain! villain! 'tis you who have undone me.

La R. Undone you, Sir. Pray don't alarm me.

Dor. Your fatal counsel has hatched the scorpion in my breast, that stings me to frenzy.

La R. Oh! I understand, only a qualm of conscience. You quite terrified me. I was afraid we had been discovered.

Dor. I fear we are discovered.

La R. Do you, Sir.

Dor. Suspected I know we are.

La R. That's nothing; that was natural; let 'em prove, Sir.—let 'em prove.

Dor. Mad. Clairmont has demanded a conference with me in her chamber.

La R. Well, Sir, you have only to put a good face on the business, be very polite, very cool, very sorry for D'Anglade, and very dutiful and loving to her. In this world, be assured, face carries every thing. He that looks all he thinks, gives advantage to every body, and takes none; while he that always wears a mask enjoys perpetual carnival.

Dor. Why did I listen to you.

La R. Come, come, Sir; you were not behind hand. Did'nt you open the great window for me, and give me a thousand valuable hints on the whole management.

Dor. 'Tis thus that guilty passion overruns its aim. The crime committed, its object has lost every attraction, and nothing but remorse remains.

La R. That will all wear off. I know it by experience. You'll attend the lady.

Dor. Impossible. I can no longer command myself. Every word, every look would betray me.

La R. The devil it would. But if you can't face it, what will you do, Sir?

Dor. Be gone immediately.

La R. Be gone, Sir!

Dor. I am resolved. Prepare to join me without delay.

La R. Why, Sir, it lays an information against us, and we are pursued to a certainty.

Dor. No matter. I shall carry arms, and my life shall be dearly bought. *[Exit.*

La R. His life dearly bought. Oh the devil! that will never do for *La Ruse*. I flatter myself mine's worth a few year's purchase yet. I'll get the start of him—If run's the word. I'll just pocket my little *douceur*, and then the devil take the hindmost. Let me see—the notes I cramm'd in a crevice of the pavilion steps—the lowest but one—and the guineas are buried in the garden. I shan't miss the bush. As I filch'd 'em, so I've secured 'em—under the rose. Good bye, Mr. Dorival. *[Exit.*

SCENE—*The Garden. A Pavilion on the right of the Audience with Windows in front, and a Door with Steps on the Side. A Railing at the Back, and the Country seen beyond. A Gate towards the Side opposite the Pavilion. Shrubs, &c.*

La Ruse enters cautiously, looking round—Takes a spade and digs.—All's safe. Now my little friends, come from your untimely graves—tho' I lose my master, I shan't want for shining companions at any rate.

MARCEL enters with a Letter.

Marcel. This letter gives me a bit of a notion.

La R. Who the devil's that. *(huddles up the money).*

Mar. Who's there (*looks*), so, so, I wish I had seen him. What are you doing in my beds.

La R. Me! oh! I was only digging up a root of daisies.

Mar. Daisies, eh? (*Aside*) What does he mean? If *he* hid the money, I'll try if he's got it. Mr. La Ruse, my mistress would be much obliged to you if you'd mount one of the nags, and take this letter to Mr. Plaidoyer, at Salons.

La R. Mount one of the nags!

Mar. Yes, they've saddled the swiftest there is for you.

La R. (*Aside*) If I had but the notes, how convenient (*casts his eye towards the steps*.) I'll take it immediately. (*MARCEL eyes him closely.*)

Mar. (*Gives it.*) There it is. The horse is at the front gate. Good bye. Pleasant journey.

La R. Good morning.

Mar. You'll have a fine day.

La R. I dare say I shall.

Mar. Adieu.

La R. Adieu! (*Glancing at the steps. During this, neither of them stir.*) If I had but the notes.

Mar. (*Aside*) The money's near the pavilion.

La R. (*Aside*) He will see me out.

Mar. You don't like to go, I think.

La R. Oh, yes---I'm only fixing my spurs. Good bye.

Mar. Good bye.

La R. (*Aside*) I have it.---There hangs the key of the gate---I'll slip it in my pocket, and come back. (*Takes it, as he thinks, unnoticed.*---*Marcel goes towards the Gate, as if to see him out.*)

Mar. (*Aside*) He's got the key.

La R. Good bye, Marcel.

Mar. Adieu. (*Shews him out at the Garden Gate, he looking back.*) He's got the key.--- He'll come back, and I shall catch him in the fact. (*Goes away whistling, and seemingly unconcerned. La Ruse peeps into the Garden, sees him disappear, and re-enters, runs to the Steps, and takes the notes. Marcel steals behind.*) 'They're safe---I have 'em---and now for a gallop! (*Marcel seizes him.*)

Mar. Halves! halves! halves! I cry halves!

La R. (*Crams them in his breast.*) Halves! Marcel! What d'ye mean?

Mar. Oh! you know. Halves of what you just picked up.

La R. Pick'd up! My dear friend, 'twas the letter. I dropt it, and came back for it.

Mar. The letter, was it? No, no, this will make amends for my Louis.

La R. Nonsense! don't detain me. The letter may be of consequence. I must mount, or I shall be turn'd off.

Mar. You'll mount, and be turn'd off too, before its long.

La R. No insolence, fellow! let me pass.--- (*Bullies him.*)

Mar. Oh! that's it, is it? (*seizes the Spade*) Now, if you offer to stir, I'll halve you. (*Hard contest*) Hallo! Berthold. Picard! hallo! hallo!

La R. Its all over with me!

Enter BERTHOLD and Under Gardeners.

Ber. What's the matter!

Mar. Here's the thief!

La R. I'm no thief.

Mar. The notes are upon him. I saw him take 'em from the Pavilion steps.

Ber. Villain! where are they?

Mar. (*Strips his coat open, the notes are seized on.*)

Ber. Huzza! huzza! do you confess, villain!

La R. Confess, yes---that I found the notes, and was carrying them to the officers of justice.

Mar. You denied having them.

Ber. Confess, villain! who set you on?

La R. I say I'm not guilty.

Ber. Carry him in.

La R. Hands off!

Ber. Away with him! (*They force him away.*) *Leon is seen hastening to the Garden Gate.*

Mar. Here comes the good gentleman.

LEON enters.

Hurra! Sir, hurra!

Ber. The discovery is drawing on. The missing notes are this instant found on the person of Mr. Dorival's valet.

Leon. Ah! and does he confess the plot?

Ber. He'll confess nothing.

Leon. No matter. Run, Marcel, and say to Mad. Clairmont, that he has confessed a conspiracy with his master. I have my reasons, and will answer it.

Mar. I will, I will.

[*Exit.*

Leon. Here comes Dorival. Berthold, double-lock that gate, and we'll watch that he doesn't escape till he has seen Mad. Clairmont. (*They retire.*)

DORIVAL enters.

Dor. La Ruse seized, and the rest of the property found on him! Speed, then, alone can

save one. (*Makes to the Garden Gate.*) Locked, and no key!--Which way shall I turn?

MAD. CLAIRMONT *enters.*

Mad. Clair. Miserable wretch! whither would you fly? Fate pursues you, your servant accuses you.

Dor. (Aside) Then all is lost,

Mad. Clair. One hope alone remains. Leave me your confession, that I may at once clear D'Anglade, and I'll protect your flight. Deny it, and you perish.

Dor. I confess all. La Ruse committed the robbery; he was the purchaser of the diamonds, and left them with the notes in the chamber of D'Anglade. Let me be gone.

Enter LEON ST. AUBRI *and* BERTHOLD.

Leon. Enough, Madam, I have heard the confession—it is sufficient—and for this lady's sake that gate is now open to you.

(*Bert. opens it.*)

Dor. Farewell, for ever.

(*is going.*)

MARCEL *comes from the other side of the wall.*

Mar. Hurra! hurra! hurra! the officers are coming.

Dor. The officers!

Mad. C. Enter the Pavilion.

Dor. This is the crisis of my fate.

(*Enters Pavilion.*)

Enter at Garden, D'ANGLADE, OFFICERS, &c. on the other, LINA and FLORIAN. General embrace.

DORIVAL *appears at the Window, and listens.*

Off. Madam, I am concerned to say that tho'

on the surety of Mr. St. Aubri, I have had the magistrate's commands to liberate the Count D'Anglade, the proof of conspiracy must be established in order to clear him; and such notes as were not in his possession, having been found on Mr. Dorival's valet, I am ordered immediately to secure Mr. Dorival himself.

Mad. Clair. To secure him!

Dor. All is lost. [*He disappears.*]

Off. Search the Pavilion.

[*The Agents enter—a pistol is heard.*]

Mad. C. Ah! (*looks into the Pavilion*) he is no more! (*Faints.—The Count, &c. support her—and the Curtain falls on the groupe.*)

THE END.

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OR

THE POSTMASTER'S WIFE,

AND

THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER;

A PETIT COMEDY,

IN ONE ACT.

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WRITTEN BY

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1816.

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Mons. Fontaine, <i>Postmaster</i> of <i>Chaumont</i> ,	}	Mr. SLOMAN.
Mons. Anselm, <i>Mayor</i> of <i>Chaumont</i> ,	}	Mr. MIDDLETON.
Hilaire, <i>a young soldier</i> , in <i>love with Lucille</i> ,	}	MR. HUCKLE.
Courier		MR. TRUMAN.
Lucille, <i>Daughter</i> of the <i>Mayor</i> ,	}	Mrs. HAYWOOD.
Dame Lodoline Fontaine, <i>Postmaster's Wife</i> ,	}	Mrs. BROOKES.

Villagers, &c.

Mesdames Evans, Middleton, Brown, Kirby, &c.

SCENE,—*Chaumont in Burgundy.*

TIME,—*That of representation.*

THE DIAMOND ARROW.

The Theatre represents the Interior of the Postmaster's Court-Yard. The Postmaster's House on one Side : Entrance to the Village on the other.

Enter FONTAINE.

SONG.

WHY, Jaques, Annette, Claude, François,
Surely you are stocks and stones !
Lazy rogues and jades, bestir,
I'll break your rest, or break your bones.

Till I'm hoarse I've bawl'd away,
From your beds to get you out ;
Awake ! or 'faith a game I'll play
You but little *dream* about.

Egad ! it's well for you, you lay-a-beds. My wife indulged a little more than ordinary last night, or you would not be indulging till this time, I warrant me :—egad ! no more should I ; but that's nothing. She would have roused you long ago : and, i'faith, so she would me. But come, Up ! up ! bustle about ! make amends for lost time. Look to the packages ; prepare for the arrivals ; make ready for the departures. Why, I declare it seems by the day to be past nine o'clock. Well, we have laid it out rarely, that is the fact on't. But I can't be angry with the rogues, nor with myself either ; it is not every day we have an Emperor to dine

with us. I wonder how Mr. Mayor does:—Poor fellow! rather mortified, I'm afraid, at His Majesty giving my house the preference. It was mortifying, to be sure; but he's a good fellow, so I must try to console him when I see him.—Eh! why, i'faith, here he comes!

Enter ANSELM.

Good morning, Mr. Mayor.

Ans. Good morning, Postmaster. How are you after the fatigues of yesterday?

Font. Charming—never was better; the Emperor's condescension and goodness drove away all thoughts of fatigue.—I hope, neighbour, you were not hurt at his giving my house the preference?

Ans. Not I: he could not do otherwise; he was in haste, and your house was every way more convenient and ready than mine.

Font. True; and then you know if he came to see me—

Ans. I came to see him.

Font. Yes, and brought your daughter with you; but that's nothing. And then again, you know if he talked to me—

Ans. I talked to him,—recited the speech that I'd composed on the occasion.

Font. You did, though he didn't attend to you; but that's nothing. Well, and then if he praised my wife's cookery—

Ans. He praised my daughter's poetry.

Font. Aye, and her singing, and her talking; and, what's more, herself! Truth is, friend Anselm, though His Imperial Majesty was extremely polite, and condescending, and obliging, and all that, both to you, and to me, and to my wife, I really do believe, (saving your presence and my own,) directly your daughter, the charming Lucille, entered, he heartily wished us all at the devil.

Ans. Why, not to be vain of ourselves, I really do believe he did :—'tis certain he spoke to no one but her. He was delighted with her figure, enchanted with her face, enamoured with her wit, ravished with her poetry, and transported with her singing,—at least so he told her, as we all heard.

Font. Aye, and fifty other things, that none of us heard ; but that's nothing. Now I should like very much to know what those things were, shou'dn't you ?

Ans. Monstrously !

Font. Fine things, I warrant.

Ans. Imperial things, no doubt on't ! It would be high treason to think a prince could say any thing but fine things ; especially an Emperor. (*Lucille sings without.*) But hark !—that voice ! It is Lucille, singing as usual :—yes, it is she. Now then, we'll ask her what the Emperor said to her. I intended to do so, but forgot it. Though, odso ! where's your wife ? Not dead surely !

Font. No ! dead asleep ; but that's nothing.

Ans. Ah ! I knew she must be either dead or asleep, or we should never have been five minutes without hearing her.

Font. Nay, if you were in her chamber, you'd hear her for all she is asleep ; she has such a habit of talking, that curse me if sleep makes any difference. Why now, all last night she did nothing but make speeches to the Emperor :—Sire, this—Your royal highness, that—and Your imperial majesty at every third word. Nay, I verily do believe the old fool thinks the Emperor fell in love with her, she has gone on in such a way. I can tell you one thing for our comfort : I don't think she will be stirring just yet, for she drank His Majesty's health so many times last night in cherry bounce, that, without a bounce, I almost began to fear—

Ans. She'd have no health left of her own.

Font. Exactly ;—but that's nothing. Ah ! here comes Lucille, lively and fascinating as ever. No wonder s he enchanted the Emperor so.

Enter LUCILLE.

SONG.

The lark salutes the morning,
 With gratitude and glee ;
 With day his mirth is dawning,
 For his heart from guilt is free.
 He shows the grace that's given
 To souls which do no wrong ;
 For the nearer he soars to heav'n,
 The sweeter is his song.

My life led on by duty,
 Like morn is calm and gay ;
 Its blushes giving beauty,
 And hope of brighter day.
 Oh ! may no dull night shroud it,
 No storms of noon annoy ;
 Only love's shadows cloud it,
 For ah ! their woe is joy.

Font. Very well, very well indeed.—But we must make the most of time ; though, i'faith, your songs, you little syren, make us forget every thing. But come, Lucille, we wish to know all that His Majesty the Emperor said to you last night ; pray oblige us by telling.

Ans. Ah ! do, girl, I long to hear.

Luc. Dear father ! dear Mr. Fontaine ! It is impossible for me to tell you all the fine things His Majesty said to me. If he conquers as effectually by his valour, as he does by his condescension and grace, I'm sure, like his great namesake of old, he may win all the world.

Ans. Well, but what was it he said to you at parting, when he seem'd so earnest, and so tender, and so—I don't know how ?

Luc. Oh! he said that I had delighted, had enchanted him;—that he never should cease to entertain a pleasing recollection of me; and that I should speedily have proofs he was not unmindful of those to whom he was indebted for any pleasure.

Ans. Very well, very well indeed. But is this all he said? did he say nothing else?

Luc. Oh yes, he talked to me about——(*hesitating.*)

Ans. About what?

Luc. About the Chevalier Hilaire, dear father.

Ans. Ah! your sweetheart! Never blush. But you must not think of him now, nor ever, if he cannot produce a thousand louis d'ors; and I believe there are very little hopes of his ever doing that.—But come, girl, don't sigh: you must obey me in this; it's all I ask. I cannot unite my darling Lucille to poverty, and my fortune is but too scanty.—But what's that?

(*Lodoline heard without.*)

Lod. Heyday! Why, what's all this? No one stirring! no one up! Oh, hussies! varlets! I'll soon stir you; I'll soon make you get up, I warrant me. Why, Mr. Postmaster! Mons. Fontaine! Husband! do you imagine that the Emperor is still here, that you are all so silent?

Font. Oh Lord! there's my wife. Ah! Mr. Mayor! Ah! Lucille! No more quiet snug conversation now. My wife hates conversation.

Ans. Hates conversation! Why, how can that be? Isn't she always talking?

Font. Yes; but then she lets nobody else talk, and one is no conversation, you know.

Luc. Nor any company.

Enter LODOLINE.

QUARTETTO.

Lodoline, Fontaine, Lucille, Anselm.

Lod. Postmaster ! husband ! sleepy head !
If you're not dead, or deaf, awake.

Font. Zounds, dear wife ! if we were dead,
Your voice our rest would quickly break.

Lod. I've call'd, I've bawl'd, done all but swear,
Yet not a soul in sight appears.
Go, spouse, and rouse, or I declare
I'll pull the house about your ears.

Font. My ears, dear wife, if they'd their choice,
Would welcome brick-walls, thunders, bombs,
Guns, trumpets—all but your sweet voice ;
For oh ! you've almost split their drums.

Anselm and Lucille.

Ans. Cease thus to raise your voices high,
Kindling the fires of discord dire ;
Let all past follies be past by,
All into harmony expire.

Font. In vain, my friends, your cares will be,
Discord in my eyes may rejoice ;
Say how can there be harmony
Within the sound of such a voice ?

Lod. Insulting man !

Ans. and Luc. Be calm, we pray.

Font. Provoking woman !

Ans. and Luc. Prythee cease,
All war is o'er.

Lod. Well, so it may ;
But he sha'n't have a moment's peace.

Anselm, Lucille, and Fontaine.

Oh ! let us have a moment's peace.

Ans. Come, come, you must excuse every thing
on an occasion like that of yesterday, dame.

Lod. (*pompously.*) I shall not excuse any thing,
and least of all ill manners. " Dame," indeed !

Ans. There's no speaking to her now she has spoken to the Emperor.

Font. No; she's at least six inches taller since the Emperor pulled off his hat to her.

Lod. Mr. Fontaine! I am surprised, sir, at this extraordinary behaviour of you and your household. Ten o'clock, and no one stirring! 'Tis abominable! One might as well live with dormice in a dormitory. If the Emperor had sent,—and I expect he will send; nay, he may have sent for aught I know,—no one ready to receive his messenger. But you're always so neglectful. I'm sure, yesterday, it was a mercy His Majesty got any dinner, as I told His Imperial Highness. "Sire," said I, "you'll find us very unprovided. My husband is a sad neglectful man—never does any thing he ought to do. Heaven knows I have reason to say so."—"Madam," said the Emperor, (for he is aware of the respect due to the Postmaster's wife,) "Madam!" said the Emperor, "the husband who could neglect beauty like yours would richly deserve—"

[*A horn heard without.*

Ans. A horn!

Font. Eh! what!

Ans. Some courier.

Font. Oh!

Lod. A horn! Run, husband; you're wanted.—From the Emperor, I'll lay my life.

Font. The Emperor again! Nothing but the Emperor runs in her head now. Last night I asked her who we should get to prop up our old house? "The Emperor," she replied. She called the parish beadle, when he entered, His Imperial Highness; and made a profound curtesy to my cock'd hat—declared she'd send for the Emperor to kill all the rats; and took old Simpkin's goats for a troop of Cossacks.—But here comes the courier.

Enter COURIER.

Cou. Is this the Postmaster's house ?

Font. It is, and I am the Postmaster ; but that's nothing,—what do you want ?

Cou. I bring a letter from the Emperor.

Lod. There, I said so ; I knew he'd send. Give it to me, young man.

Luc. You, indeed, Mrs. Lodoline ! I'm sure it's not for you ; I know who the letter is for ; give it to me, sweet sir, if you please.

Font. Aye, aye, give it to Lucille.

Luc. Yes, the letter is for me clear enough.

Ans. Nay, nay, before we go further, let's see whom it is addressed to.—Read the direction, young man.

Cou. I will, your honour. (*reads*) “ To the fair one who pleased me so much at the house of the Postmaster Fontaine.”

Lodoline and Lucille. That's me.

Font. You ! Nonsense ; it's Lucille.

Luc. Yes, it's me.

Ans. Aye, aye, to be sure it's Lucille ; the Emperor promised she should hear from him.

Lod. I say it is me, and I will have it. (*snatches the packet.*)

Cou. Well, you must settle that as you will. I was to leave it at the house of the Postmaster Fontaine, and I've done so ; but I should not think the fair one who pleased the Emperor so, was you, old lady. However, you know best, so good morning to you all. [*Exit.*]

Lod. Insolent fellow ! But the men are such brutes now-a-days, there's no getting a civil word from them.

Font. Except they happen to be Emperors—eh, wife ? But come, come, give up the packet.

Lod. I won't,—and that's flat. What, didn't I

please the Emperor? Didn't he praise my cookery, my pigs, my poultry, my puddings, my pies?

Font. Yes, every thing but yourself;—but that's nothing.

Lod. You're a brute, Mr. Fontaine, and delight to insult your wife: and you're a very bad judge too of beauty, into the bargain.

Font. Yes, or I should not have married you.

Lod. Well, thank Heaven! Emperors have a better taste in that respect than other persons; and though I am a little *en bon point*, I rely with confidence on fair forty.

Font. Forty! carry ten, wife.

Lod. Carry ten! I'll not carry one.

Font. No, nor you hav'n't done for these twenty years to my certain knowledge;—but that's nothing.—Well, well, give the packet to Lucille, for it's very plain it belongs to her.

Lod. It's very plain it does no such thing—the packet belongs to me, and I'll keep it.

Ans. You the fair one that pleased the Emperor so! Come, that's very fair; ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, dame.

Font. If she is, I can only say with the English poet, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair—" Ha! ha! ha!

Luc. Oh! any body can perceive Madame Lodoline must be the fair one the Emperor means, at a single glance, Ha! ha! ha! But come, madam, you've carried the joke quite far enough now, so I'll trouble you for the Emperor's packet, that is, for my packet.

Lod. I shall expire with rage, to think that any body the Emperor has honoured with his own particular regard should be laugh'd at;—I say the packet belongs to me.

Luc. I say it belongs to me.

Font. And I say so too;—but that's nothing.

Lod. It's no such thing; it was I who pleased the Emperor.

Luc. No, madam, it was I :—it was my poetry.

Lod. No, miss, my cookery.

Luc. My songs.

Lod. My sauces.

Luc. Your sauce truly!—No, madam, it was myself.

Lod. No, Miss Prate-apace, I.

Luc. Conceited woman !

Lod. O you pert little chit !

DUET.

Lucille and Lodoline.

Luc. For me, ma'am—for me, ma'am—the letter is for me, ma'am.

Lod. For you, miss—indeed miss—for *me*, you mean.

Luc. No, no, ma'am—not so, ma'am—as you shall quickly see, ma'am.

Lod. See what, miss ! 'tis mine, miss—that is already seen.

Luc. Vain woman, sure no man, but one who'd lost his senses,

Much less a mighty Emperor, would waste three words on thee.

Lod. Silly child, but I'll be mild ;—in vain are your pretences ;

Go nurse your doll and talk to Poll, but do not prate to me.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! I must confess your folly is amusing,
The Emperor send a letter to a little chit like you !

Luc. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I too must laugh in spite of your abusing,

A Prayer-book will suit you better than a billet-doux.

Lod. A prayer book !

Luc. A doll indeed !

Both. Ha ! ha ! she's quite facetious.

Lod. The letter's mine.

Luc. The letter's mine.

Both. No, mine, ma'am, mine.

Lod. Your'e spiteful.

Luc. You're frightful.

Both. The creature is malicious.

Ha! ha! ha! I needs must laugh, the joke is monstrous fine.

Lod. Ha! ha! ha! oh what a jest! with mirth I'm almost dying,

Ha! ha! ha! I've laugh'd, I vow, till tears are in my eyes.

Luc. Ha! ha! ha! sweet ma'am, I knew your laugh would end in crying.

Ha! ha! ha! I knew this waste of breath would end in sighs.

Ans. Stop! stop! stop! Don't quarrel for the nest before we know whether or not it contains any eggs.—Let's open the packet.

Font. Aye, aye, let's open the packet.

Lod. With all my heart,—I'm not afraid.

Luc. Yes, yes, open the packet, that will soon prove who it is intended for.

Lod. I declare it almost breaks my heart to break the Emperor's seal,—it looks so nice and so noble.—Another inclosure very neatly wrapped up upon my word. Hey! what is this? An arrow covered with diamonds, as I live! Well, to be sure, this is indeed an Imperial gift, and worthy of His Majesty. Ah! he's a fine man—he knows how to behave to a woman—But what are these? two letters! One directed to the Chevalier Hilaire, to be call'd for at the Post House.

Luc. Ah! my dear Hilaire! what can the Emperor mean? Hilaire is many miles from hence. (*Aside.*)

Lod. What a fine martial hand! 'tis the Emperor's hand!—But who is the other letter for? Oh, for me.

Luc. Provoking creature!

Ans. Psha! never mind who it is for, but read it.

Lod. Aye, aye, I'll read it—The saddle will soon be put upon the right horse then—Now for it,

Font. Hadn't you better put on your spectacles before you begin to read it?

Lod. You're a beast, Mr. Fontaine; but I'll command myself—I'll go on. "*To the fairest of the fair of Chaumont: to her who pleased me so much at the house of the Postmaster Fontaine.—In return for the thousand brilliant arrows your wit and eyes launched at my heart, I enclose you one of diamonds, of which I beg your acceptance.*"

"ALEXANDER."

"*The inclosed letter, directed to the Chevalier Hilaire, whom I believe you know—*"

Ans. Aye, to be sure she does; he was her sweetheart.

Lod. My sweetheart?

Ans. No, no, Lucille's; and if ever he is rich enough, he shall marry her.—But go on.

Lod. Nay, I am sure, for that matter, he has been particular enough in his attentions to me, if I was inclined to notice such things. But I'll go on—"He will call for at the Post House in the course of the day."

Luc. What can the Emperor mean? I hope and fear a thousand things. Hilaire here to-day! Transporting thought! (*Aside.*)

Lod. "*The letter must only be read in the presence of yourself.*"—Only read in my presence!—What can be the Emperor's intentions? How my poor little heart beats!—Heigho!

Font. Will you then persist the Arrow is for you?

Lod. Aye, marry will I, while I have breath.

Font. Was ever such folly known? ha! ha! ha! The brilliant arrows from your eyes! I don't know where the Emperor's eyes could have been—Your glasses he must have meant, for you wore your spectacles all the time you were with him. Your wit

too! The Emperor must have intended to have been witty upon you there,—but that's nothing.

Lod. You don't show your wit, Mr. Postmaster, by saying so; for you will recollect you chose me out of five hundred.

Font. Ah! and five hundred times I've repented it to my cost;—but that's nothing.

Ans. Ah! what do I see? Why surely there's a cypher on the Arrow? Yes, there is; this will decide all at once.

Font. A cypher! Oh! this will decide it indeed! Well, how fortunate! It will put an end to all our disputes. Now, Lucille!

Luc. Yes, what is it? what is it? L. I'm sure.

Font. Let me look at it. Ah! it is L. indeed—Bravo! Lucille.

Luc. Yes, L. for Lucille—Now I hope, ma'am, you're satisfied.

Lod. Not so fast, miss, if you please—L. stands for Lodoline as well as for Lucille; so this confirms it mine beyond all doubt.

Font. Was ever any thing so perplexing? Wife, wife! you carry this humour too far—you are mad—mischievously mad—moon-struck—past all cure—we must call in the aid of strait waistcoats and crooked chains—Will you give up the Arrow?

Lod. No, I will not.

Font. You are an old fool.

Lod. And you a bear, that don't know how to treat the fair sex with common civility. But I'll appeal to our neighbours, they shall judge between us, they are not void of discernment—

Font. Though some of them do wear spectacles—But I've no objection to this, if Monsieur Anselm has not. What do you say to it, Mayor?

Ans. With all my heart—I'm perfectly agreeable.

Font. And you, Lucille?

Luc. I have no will but that of my father.

Font. 'Tis well said ;—come along then, it shall be so, Our neighbours will soon settle it, though we couldn't—they're not in their dotage, they're not blind, though I must repeat it, wife, you're an obstinate old ——

Lod. What, Mr. Postmaster ? An obstinate old what ?

Font. Why, an obstinate old woman, if you must have it.

Lod. I scorn your words : you're worse than a savage, and treat the fair sex in a very foul manner.

Ans. Come along, Lucille ; cheer up, dear girl.

QUARTETTO.

Lodoline—Lucille—Fontaine—Anselm.

Lod. In vain you would spite me,
My neighbours shall right me,
And spite of your arts I shall triumph, sir, yet.

Luc. To the neighbours I leave it,
They cannot but give it
In favour of me,—yes, the prize I shall get.

Omnes. Then away to our neighbours—away ! away !
They will decide it in virtue's right ;
Beauty will triumph o'er malice to-day ;
And the Arrow of Diamonds shine doubly bright.

Font. What ! you, dame, the fairest !
Well, that is the rarest—
But cheer up, Lucille, you the Arrow shall wear.

Ans. For you it was sent, girl,
For you it was meant, girl,
For you are the fairest of Chaumont's fair.

Omnes. Then away, &c.

Lucille to Lodoline.

If gaucherie's tasteful,
Vulgarity graceful,
That you are both graceful and tasteful is true.

If wrinkles are beauty,
 To love them a duty,
 The Emperor's gift may belong, ma'am, to you.
Omnes. Then away, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Hall of the Postmaster's House.

Enter LUCILLE.

Luc. I wander from room to room—but still Hilaire comes not—and yet he is to come—and to-day too—What can the Emperor have done? He was so particular in his enquiries—my lover's name—where he was quartered—what prevented our union—Can he have—but no, I dare not hope such a thing.—How provoking! that envious old Lodoline should dispute my claim to the Diamond Arrow.—Provoking indeed, but I have an arrow here that gives me far more trouble—surely he will not fail to come. (*Noise without.*) Ha! what do I hear? A horseman! Can it be Hilaire? It is—I will conceal myself and surprise him—my life on't—his first thought is of me. [*Exit.*]

Enter HILAIRE.

Hil. Hilly ho ho! What, no one answer? why surely the people are all dead—not a soul have I seen in the village, and not a soul can I see here—Is it some fair or holiday? But no matter, I am once more in Chaumont,—dear to me, as the place of my birth—but more dear to me as enshrining my beloved Lucille.

SONG.

Is there a man so lost to fame,
 So blind to honour's, glory's charms,
 So heedless of a patriot's name,
 That when his country calls to arms,

When valour fires each ardent eye,
And every heart with ardour bounds,
He basely can inactive lie,
And slumber while the trumpet sounds?
If there's a man can idly sleep
When 'gainst his monarch rebels stand,
Let him with brutes companion keep,
Nor dare pollute a royal band.
Should thus I e'er disgrace my name,
Just Heaven, this only boon grant me
Let me not wake to know my shame,
But let my sleep eternal be.

What can be the Emperor's intentions in singling me out and sending me here? surely no harm! But be it what it will, if it does but procure me one look of my dear Lucille, I shall embrace it with pleasure!
(*Lucille steals from her concealment and advances towards Hilaire.*)

Luc. Hilaire!

Hil. Lucille! my own Lucille! (*embrace*) Oh, what happiness!

Luc. Dear Hilaire! How unexpected is this pleasure! But tell me, how is it I see you here? How did you obtain leave of absence from your regiment?

Hil. By scarcely less than a miracle—it was so unexpected—so unhoped for.

Luc. Have you then by some lucky chance got possession of the thousand louis d'ors on which depends our union?

Hil. No, alas! I am still as poor as ever; my only fortune is, as it always was, my sword and my honour.

Luc. Ah Hilaire! Did it depend on me alone, I would prefer that fortune to the fortunes of an Emperor. But to what then do you owe your being here?

Hil. Principally, I suspect, to you. Late last night,

our generous conqueror the Emperor alighted at the quarters of my regiment, enquired for me, ask'd if I was acquainted with the lovely Lucille Anselm of Chaumont? If I loved her?—"Yes, to madness," was my reply.—"Hasten then," said he, "to Chaumont, I have procured you a fortnight's leave of absence from your commander.—Go to the house of the Postmaster Fontaine, there you will find a letter explaining my reasons for this visit; deserve well of the lovely Lucille, and you will deserve well of me."—Tell me, Lucille, how is this? Have you seen the Emperor?

Luc. Yes, dear Hilaire, I have—and was fortunately successful in my endeavours to please him. He enquired if I was married?—if I had a lover? where he resided? what prevented our union? I frankly told him all—He bade me rest content, for that I should speedily hear from him; he has not forgotten his promise, for already has he sent me an Arrow of Diamonds!

Hil. Indeed!

Luc. Which that envious old Lodoline has seized, and imagines is for her.

Hil. Spiteful creature! And the letter for me—

Luc. Is arrived.

Hil. The mystery then is explained, and all will yet be well. The Emperor is not used to do things by halves. Having taken an interest in our fortunes, he will do more—he will secure them, and love and peace shall make us happy.

D U E T.

Hilaire and Lucille.

Dear love! dear love! once blest with thee,
Our lives one scene of joy will be;
Oh! in some cot which trees o'erbow'r,
How sweet shall pass our ev'ry hour!

The murm'ring brooklet wandering near,
 With many a fall shall soothe the ear.
 Ours shall be some plot of ground,
 In which each grateful flower is springing ;
 There duly we'll at eve be found,
 Listening to the night bird's singing.

We'll know no cloud—we'll fear no storm ;
 For when two hearts in love unite,
 Their years no winter dares deform,
 But all proves kind, and all looks bright.
 Dear love so blest our lives shall prove,
 So pure, so free from pain and care,
 That when men talk of happy love,
 They'll mention Lucille and Hilaire.

At the close of the duet enter FONTAINE.

Font. Ah ! Hilaire ! your hand. I am rejoiced to see you, boy ; and so, I dare say, is Lucille ; but that's nothing. I have scarcely time to congratulate you. Lucille, my dear girl, I have but bad news for you. Your grace and beauty have set all the women in the place against you, but I rejoice to say that all the men are for you.

Luc. Indeed !

Font. Yes, like another Helen with another Troy, you've set the whole village up in arms about you, and when I left it, such a hubbub as they were kicking up was surely never heard since the time of Noah's ark, when a pair of all the two-legged and four-legged creatures in creation were collected together between four walls—There were the men throwing up their hats and crying—"Lucille for ever!" while all the old women and young girls were mumbling and screaming out, "Lodoline! Lodoline!" I left them on their way here.—But odso! Monsieur Hilaire, you look fatigued with your journey, there are refreshments in the next room.—You can go with him, Lucille—but that's nothing—there, there,

go along, No thanks—I know how I felt myself when I was young. [*Exeunt Lucille and Hilaire.* Oh! these lovers! a third person in their conversation is as bad as a second person to a sop in the pan—Ah! Love's a delightful thing! But then there's marriage! There's a wife—a scolding wife.—Oh, Lord! of all the miseries that torment a man's life, a scolding wife is certainly the worst.

SONG.

To be angling all day, and at last catch no fish,
A blunt knife, when to carve a tough bantam you wish,
Are miseries sure.
Walking—stones in your shoes,
Talking—over bad news,
Laughing—beer goes wrong way,
Quaffing—long score to pay.

To fall back on your rump, when the snow's on the ground,
In a kennel to get your new breeches half drown'd,
Are miseries sure.
But a scolding wife's worse,
For she's not a misery—no, she's a curse.

To have jalap to take when you rise from your bed,
In a dark night to split a stout post with your head,
Are miseries sure.
Eating—cats, in a hash,
Meeting—duns, with no cash,
Thinking—blue devils haunting,
Drinking—good liquor wanting,

To butter your Sunday coat, 'stead of the bread,
And to wait for the parson when going to wed,
Are miseries sure.
But a scolding wife's worse,
For she's not a misery—no, she's a curse.

To be hungry, sore throat won't permit you to swallow,
Teeth-drawing—your courage won't dare let you halloo,
Are miseries sure.
Bawling—to a deaf fellow,
Falling—down a dark cellar,

Sleeping—with the night mare,
Weeping—through pure despair.

To break both your shins o'er a three-corner'd scraper,
And to cut up your thumb, stead of cutting the caper,
Are miseries sure ;
But a scolding wife's worse,
For she's not a misery—no, she's a curse.

Loud noise—shouting—huzzaing, &c. Female voices crying “Lodoline for ever !”—Male voices shouting “Lucille.”

Eh ! bless my soul—what a noise !—Oh ! my wife and the mayor returning, with the whole village at their heels—Here, Lucille ! Hilaire ! they are coming, they are coming !

Enter LUCILLE and HILAIRE.

Bear up, girl.—You have many enemies, but you have as many friends.—What a train is here, to be sure ! Old and young, cross and kind, handsome and ugly, gentle and simple, tag rag and bobtail—but that's nothing.

Enter LODOLINE, ANSELM, and male and female Villagers shouting and hallooing “Lucille” and “Lodoline.”

Lod. Now then, Miss Lucille, I hope you'll be convinced the arrow belongs to me ; for there's not a woman in the place but unequivocally decides in my favour—don't you, neighbours ?

1st Vill. Aye, aye, the Emperor send *her* an arrow indeed !

2d Vill. Pert chit ! I wonder at some people's vanity, for my part.

3d Vill. No, no, the arrow is for Dame Lodoline, that's very clear.

Lod. There,—what do you say to that?

Font. What do I say to that? Why, I say that it's flat envy! The old women are envious for their daughters' sake, and the young women for their own sakes; therefore they are very glad to deprive her of the prize who all allow is the prettiest in the whole town, and give it to one who all allow is the ugliest.

Lod. What! I, the ugliest in the whole town, you monster! Oh! I could cry my eyes out.

Font. You wou'dn't be any the handsomer for that.

Lod. Provoking man! But I'll comfort myself with the thought that I've foil'd you in one design at least—The arrow is mine, and I'll keep it.

Font. Well, for my part, if I was inclined to keep other people's property, I'd say as little about it as I could.—The Fates fight against us, Lucille—spite and envy triumph; but never mind, girl, you've at least this consolation,—you may be sure, if you hav'n't got it, you deserve it, and that there's not a *single* man in the place but decides for you in an instant.

Lod. A *single* man there mayn't be, but there's plenty of married ones.

Font. Nay, married or single—What say you, Goodman Claude?

1st Woman. Let him say "Yes," if he dares.

2d Woman. Aye, aye, or let my Blaise differ with me, Egad, I'll lead him a rare life, he shou'dn't hear the last of it for a twelvemonth.

1st Man. (*aside.*) I would decide for Lucille, but you see my wife—

Font. I understand you—but that's nothing. I've almost a fellow-feeling, and I'm afraid there are but too many like you! Poor Lucille! I fear we must give it up for a bad job.

Hil. (advancing.) Shameless effrontery ! Is this to be endured ? Must my dear Lucille be cheated of her rights in this unblushing manner ?

Lod. Eh ! Why, who is this ? Monsieur Hilaire ! Why, I declare I didn't see him — But odso ! Monsieur Hilaire, here is a letter for you ; and now I recollect, it is only to be read in my presence.

Font. Ah ! that letter ! something may come of that letter. — Let it be read directly by all means, my mind forebodes some good :

Ans. Aye, aye, let it be read, Hilaire ; and Heaven send you some good fortune, my boy !

Hil. (opens the letter and reads it) “ Hilaire—
“ Circumstances it is unnecessary to detail have rendered your future fortunes interesting to me. I
“ have therefore selected for the partner of your
“ life the fairest of the fair ones of Chaumont.—If
“ your own heart does not tell you her name, you
“ will discover her by possessing a Diamond Arrow.”

Font. Read on, Chevalier.

Hil. “ But you have, I know, long been attached to each other.”

Lod. Nay, there the Emperor is wrong ; I always liked you very well, Monsieur Hilaire, in a friendly way, but nothing further I protest, as I am an honest woman.

Font. Very strange, this, Mr. Mayor.

Ans. Aye, very strange indeed. But go on.

Hil. “ I have enclosed, as a portion for you, an
“ order on the Mayor of Chaumont for one thousand louis-d'ors—On either party refusing, my will
“ is that it belong to the rejected person.

“ ALEXANDER.”

Ans. There, what have you to say to that, Dame Lodoline ? won't you own now, that you've made a small mistake ?

Lod. No, the Emperor has made a small mistake

in forgetting my husband, though I can't much wonder at it—For my part, I only wonder how such a entity is remembered at all.

Font. Then you still persist in keeping the arrow, in spite of right and reason?

Lod. Yes.

Hil. Then Mr. Mayor shall try what law can do.

Lod. With all my heart. I've got possession, and they say that's nine points of law.

Hil. Obstinate conceited woman! What is to be done? Ha! I have it. Nay, never droop, Lucille.—*(To Lodoline)* It appears, madam, by this letter, that the Emperor has strangely selected you as the partner of my future life. Since you possess the Diamond Arrow, I wish therefore to know if you are prepared to fulfil his intention.

Lod. La! Monsieur Hilaire! You're very good—I should have no objection in life, only I'm unfortunately engaged.

Font. That's flattering enough to me, however—but that's nothing.

Hil. You refuse me then, madam?

Lod. Nay, I don't absolutely refuse you, Monsieur Hilaire.—If you could wait a little while, perhaps—

Hil. I understand you, madam.

Font. And so do I—but that's nothing.

Hil. You don't refuse me, but you can't have me. It is sufficient—I am rejected—the Emperor's portion belongs to me.—Now, madam, I have a proposition to make to you: Since it is the Emperor's order I should marry the possessor of the Diamond Arrow, and since it appears I can't marry you, for the small reason of your being married already; and since our entreaties have fail'd to prevail on you to give up the prize of beauty,—What say you to a bribe? Give up the arrow to Lucille, and the one thousand louis-d'ors are yours.

Lod. That I will; I don't wish to stand in the way of any body's happiness.—Speak to me in a reasonable way, and you may bring me over to any thing.

Font. Yes, I don't know who wou'dn't be brought over to any thing by a thousand reasons, especially when they happen to be golden ones—but that's nothing.

Lod. Give me the order—there is the arrow.

Hil. There is the order, madam,—'tis seal'd, and directed to the Mayor. (*they exchange.*) Now then, dear Lucille, you triumph at last.

Ans. Hold, Hilaire! Rash boy, what have you done? Had you not assigned the portion, Lucille might have been yours; but you know my vow, you are now—

Hil. As poor as ever! Yet I would not disobey the Emperor's command.—Events have turn'd out contrary to his intentions, but I will not repine—I will return to my regiment, and fortune may favour me yet.

Luc. All lost! wicked, cruel Lodoline! Born to crush all my hopes!

Hil. Farewell, Lucille!

Ans. Nay, don't go yet, you shall stop the day with us.

Lod. Now, Mr. Mayor, I will thank you to comply with the Emperor's orders, and give me the thousand louis-d'ors—I sha'n't want for dresses any more now, thank Heaven!

Ans. Well, let me read the order first. (*breaks the seal.*) “To the Mayor of Chaumont—Pay the bearer of the Diamond Arrow sent herewith one thousand louis-d'ors.—ALEXANDER.”—Very well, —Bearer of the Diamond Arrow, stand forth.

Luc. I revive again. I am the bearer of the Diamond Arrow.

Ans. Then you I'll pay, and you only.

Lod. Ha!—trick'd, foil'd! You shall not bear it away thus—Give me the Arrow—'tis mine, and I'll have it.

[*Lodoline endeavours to snatch the Arrow from Lucille—in their struggles they touch a secret spring—a part of it flies open and discovers Lucille's name.*]

Luc. Nay, madam, only with my life will I part with it.—Ha! what is this? A secret spring! Writing!—"For Lucille Anselm!" The arrow, then, is mine beyond dispute, so is the portion.—Hilaire, with that, will be rich beyond my father's wishes, and love and happiness will at length be mine.

Font. Now, wife, what do you say now?

Lod. You're all a pack of savages, and I won't disgrace myself by remaining among you any longer.

[*Exit.*]

Font. My wife gone off in a huff!—but that's nothing.—Now then for fun and jollity!—Hilaire—Lucille—your hands. Mayor, you must let them be united directly, or my wife may still fudge up some wise claim to the bridegroom.

Ans. With all my heart! Heaven bless you, my children! Now you can marry as you should do, I will not for a moment delay your union.—Nay, no words, I see your hearts are too full for speech.—Come, neighbours, before we hasten to church, we'll have a dance and song to crown the Emperor's gift.

FINALE.

Omnes.

All hail to the good and brave!

To the warrior Monarch who loves to see
The faces around him all sparkling with glee,
And deems it his proudest victory

When conquest crowns to save.

THE DIAMOND ARROW.

All hail to the gift he sent !
Long may it shine upon the breast
Where ev'ry virtue loves to rest,
With all that brightest is and best,
The mansion of peace and content.

Away with care and thrift !
May every heart around be glad,
May every lassie gain her lad,
And all who've any pleasure had,
Smile on the Emperor's gift !

[The Curtain falls.]

FRIGHTEN'D TO DEATH!

A

Musical Farce, in Two Acts,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY W. C. OULTON,

AUTHOR OF

*All in Good Humour ; Bothereation, or a Two-Years' Blunder ;
The Sixty-Third Letter ; the Sleep-Walker ; My
Landlady's Gown, &c. &c.*

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED AND SELECTED BY

MR. T. COOKE.

London :

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,
STATIONERS'-COURT, LUDGATE-STREET.

1817.

[Price Two Shillings.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of “*Frighten'd to Death*” thus gratefully acknowledges his obligations to the HON. GEORGE LAMB for several improvements (particularly for the idea of the *Epitaph*)—to MR. RAE, Acting Manager, for his official attention and judicious curtailments—and to ALL the Performers in the Piece for their successful exertions.—This Farce is founded on a juvenile production, which was performed at Signor Gior-dani's English Opera-House, in Dublin, under the title of the “*Haunted Castle*.”

March 6, 1817.

THESE

THE AUTHOR OF "ELEGANT" IN 1795, THIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHANTOM	Mr. HARLEY.
CARLETON	Mr. S. PENLEY.
COLONEL BLUFF	Mr. GATTIE.
SIR JOSHUA GREYBEARD	Mr. MUNDEN.
MUMPS, (his Servant,)	Mr. KNIGHT.
EMILY	Mrs. ORGER.
CORINNA	Miss MANGEON.
PATTY	Mrs. BLAND.

SCENE—*London.*

TIME—*Two successive Nights.*

FRIGHTEN'D TO DEATH!

&c. &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Parlour.

Phantom, Carleton, and Col. Bluff, discovered drinking.

SONG.—*Phantom.*

LET no draught than claret weaker
Chill the hearts at banquets glowing :
Temp'rance choaks the drouhty speaker,
Drinking sets the throttle flowing.

Then, when bumpers warm the throttle,

Sober Wisdom

Ever is dumb,

While we push on

Hot discussion :—

Not a doubt, Sir !

Hear me out, Sir !

I denied it,—

To decide it,

Waiter, bring another bottle !

Mellow lawyers lose their prosing,
 Jolly saints their dull decorum;
 Doctors own the fudge of dosing,
 Save with that which stands before 'em,
 That will cure you, ill, or not ill.

Gout severe, ah?

Drink Madeira.

Fev'rish palate?

Stick to claret.

Buzz you close, Sir,

That's a dose, Sir!

Quick imbibe that,

I prescribe that:

Waiter, bring another bottle!

Fiery soldiers, fencing bladesmen,

Seek in duels satisfaction;

Cheating merchants, dunning tradesmen,

Urge at law their sleepy action;—

If one uses t'other not ill,—

If they ruffle,

Scold or scuffle,—

Ev'ry trial

Makes more dry all,

Choaks their spite all,

And unites all,

Soon agreeing

This decree in,

Waiter, bring another bottle!

Col. B. Now, Mr. Carleton, give us a sentiment.

Phan. Oh, d—n sentiments! Carleton is too sentimental by half. He says, a good story that's not true, is just the same as a lie—and calls drinking three bottles, getting drunk.

Col. B. Impossible! I remember your father, Mr. Carleton, was a gay fellow.

Carl. And so can his son be, occasionally; but, Colonel Bluff, gaiety should be tempered by prudence.

Phan. There's a sentiment for you—He can't speak without one. Prudence! I wonder it was not morality.

Col. B. Ah! he looks as if he never smelt powder—a lady's man, from top to toe.

Phan. No, faith, he's no lady's man—for, though in love, he has not had courage enough to avow his passion, or contrivance to find out the name and residence of his mistress.

Carl. Nay, Phantom—

Phan. Why—you told me so—Aye—and you said that you had so often gazed at the lady in the Temple Gardens, you were able to complete an admirable likeness of her at home.

Col. B. So, Mr. Carleton is an artist, then?

Phan. So devoted to the arts, that he is content with the lady's portrait instead of herself—paint and canvass, instead of flesh and blood.—Here's more brass to you, Carleton! (*Drinking*).

Carl. Here's more polish to your's, Phantom!

Col. B. Well, Mr. Carleton, go to school to Jack Phantom. He is a very honest—roguish—faithful—

lying—son of—Bacchus.—I am giving your true character, Jack.

Phan. Oh, thank you—go on—Yes—out of friendship, Carleton, I'll lead you into a few scrapes—that will cure your modesty; then, out of generosity, I'll leave you to get yourself out of them—and that will teach you impudence.

Col. B. Aye, aye, that will be kind, and in the course of your frolics you may find out where your mistress resides. But, hang it, my time is near; your hand, Jack Phantom, we'll meet to-night.

Phan. Agreed; Carleton shall help us.

Col. B. Farewell, boys! Pity to part—but business must sometimes be attended to. Adieu, Phantom! Good-bye, Mr. Modesty! [*Exit Col. Bluff.*]

Phan. Come, there will be fun to-night. You shall be with us upon the look-out; but, d—n it, take more courage—do you think to obtain a girl's heart by sighing and pining? No, no; diffident lovers are never successful. Do you think your mistress wouldn't like you better if you had a little spirit and fun about you? If I wished to recommend you to her, that is the character I would give you.

Carl. Diffidence is my natural, not my chosen, character. I know some powdered coxcombs, on the first introduction to the fair, will kneel, and vow a thousand lies; but surely no woman of sense can credit rhapsodical protestations, and become the easy dupe of designing audacity.

Phan. Titum ti!—a very pretty sermon—I don't

know whether you would shine most as a judge or an auctioneer.

Carl. Well, well, excuse my absence. I generally meet my fair incognita about this time; perhaps my eyes may some day disclose the feelings of my heart—my tongue never can.—I shall return soon.

[*Exit Carleton.*]

Phan. O good-bye! success to your eyes!—Well, I am a strange sort of impudent lover, the reverse of Carleton. One thing alone prevents the enjoyment of my wish—matrimony—that's a dose for life;—were it only to be swallowed now and then, this (*the wine*) might wash it down; but the label upon marriage physic is "To be taken every hour, morning, noon, and night, till the patient is relieved."

Enter Patty with a note.

Ah, my dear!

Pat. Here's a note, sir, from my mistress.

Phan. A note—from my dear, contracted Emily!—How she loves me!—There's no resisting her—I must marry her; I am deucedly afraid I must, at last;—but she vows not to have me till I reform, and I am ten years too young for that yet—so, blessings on her virtuous determinations! there's no hurry—Ah, my sweet, blooming——

Pat. You forget the note, sir.

Phan. True; what does it say?—(*reads*) "Emily's compliments to Mr. Phantom,"—why not Jack Phantom? she used to call me "dearest Jack"—"re-

“quests to see him this evening—but, as he knows
 “her uncle’s disposition, he must come as usual to
 “the dark parlour : the street-door shall be left open.”
 She writes like Sappho !

Pat. Then you’ll come, sir ?

Phan. Come !—Aye, directly—can I withstand so
 sweet an invitation, when the bearer is so charming,
 so lovely, so——Why shouldn’t we two stay here and
 enjoy ourselves ?

Patty. Sir, I believe you are tipsy ;—but don’t
 forget—you will keep the dark parlour in your head.

Phan. Keep it !—I can’t fail—its mark is written
 indelibly there (*putting his hand on his forehead*)
 by the door-post I ran against last time.—Are there
 no chairs or tables in it ?

Patty. Tables or chairs ! Are you afraid of tables
 and chairs, when Miss Emily is to meet you ?

DUET.

Pat. Can you, tardy lover ! stay,
 When your lady’s flame is fervent ?
 She expects you—then, away,
 To oblige your humble servant.

Phan. Patience, fair !—I’ll go, I vow,
 Soon as I can get my feet on : [*staggering*.
 First, I’ll beg a kiss ; and now,
 With your leave, my pretty sweet one !

Patty. Oh for shame !—pray let me go—
 If you please—what usage this is ?
 Lord ! how can you pull one so ?
 Devil take him, how he kisses !

Phan. Pray, my dear—you will, I know—

I insist—What folly this is!

Then I'll force you to bestow—

Heaven bless her! how she kisses!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Garden.

Enter Corinna, and Emily.

Cor. My dear Coz., your company diverts my melancholy—the fleeting moments steal away when beguiled with your pleasant conversation.

Em. Ah Corinna!—your hours may have volatile wings; but every lingering day brings some addition to my pain. (*Enter Patty to Emily*). Did he say he would come, Patty?

Pat. Yes, Ma'am, he said he would; but he was at a table with wine, and seemed something flustered already.

Em. Alas! his neglect is heart-breaking.

Cor. Nay, Emily—cheer up—your future days may be more bright.

Em. You see how I am—contracted to a man who neglects me—a faithless, cruel man, whose wandering heart can never fix upon one object.

Cor. But you may reclaim him—then the inconstant will return, and make a better husband than you imagine.—You are to see him soon?

Em. He has sent a promise—but promises are soon forgotten amid scenes of dissipation.—Oh, Corinna, what a pity that a youth endued with all the noble

gifts of nature should become the slave of pleasure! With his vices he has virtues to atone, if it were possible to pluck away the weeds.

Cor. Who knows? In a little time you may recover his roving heart?

Em. But pray, Corinna, has not yours been caught?

Cor. Why, there is one who runs strangely in my head—I am afraid you will laugh at my romantic tale—but love is more lasting I think when it comes by surprise. I meet him every day, and then we fondly look at one another, and depart—Ha! ha! ha!

Em. You mean to provide for yourself, my dear?

Cor. Oh, certainly—my father is such an antiquary, that he pays all his attention to his ancestors, and spends his time in recovering decayed manuscripts, or in cleaning his ancient pictures. Were I to trust to *his* care for a good husband, he would doubtless find, if it were possible, some ridiculous virtuoso, older than himself.

Em. Oh, my dear, any one may guess your father's disposition who sees the old-fashion'd mansion he inhabits.

Cor. And this is his favourite abode, because it is gothic, and long built. We have tried several means to persuade him to leave it—told him it was haunted, and that there were strange noises every night—but in vain; he is resolved, I believe, to terminate his days in this wilderness.

Em. Well, Coz., you'll marry the stranger when he asks you?

Cor. O yes; but I fear he has not the courage to put the question.

Pat. Never fear, Ma'am. Do you be prepared with courage to say Yes when he does.

SONG.—*Patty.*

Whenever a lad that's good-humour'd and free
Entreats as a lover to choose him,
I vow in good faith I can't possibly see
What reason I'd have to refuse him.
Instead of consid'ring his suit as amiss,
With smiles I would kindly amuse him;
And, should the dear creature solicit a kiss,
I'd blush—but I cou'd not refuse him.

When, talking of marriage, he utters a vow,
With caution I then would peruse him;
But, if he were constant, I cannot see how
I could have the heart to refuse him.
Why should any lass to comply be afraid,
And run such a hazard to lose him?
She soon may be sorry, and die an old maid,
Who makes it her boast to refuse him.

Enter Mumps with a bundle.

Mum. Miss Corinna, my master requests you will

mend this old white morning wrapper. He is very eager about it, as you know it belonged to his dear, dear, grandfather.

Cor. 'Tis well—I shall obey him (*takes it*). Farewell, Emily! you see my elegant task.

Em. Stay, Corinna; let me be supposed to be working with you. I expect Phantom shortly, and Sir Joshua may otherwise call on me, to assist in dusting aunt Grizzle's cobble-stitch chair-covers, or airing old Jethro Greybeard's scarlet hose.—Mumps, if he ask for me, say I am working with Corinna, and our whole souls are wrapt up in his grandfather's wrapper. [*Exeunt Emily and Corinna.*]

Pat. Yes, Mumps, tell your master we are all working at the gobble-stitch. [*Exit.*]

Mum. (*solus.*) Egad, my time is spent very pleasantly, though devoted to the service of an old curmudgeon, who has the hard frost painted in his withered face. I humour him because it is my duty, and I cheat him because I get something by it!—Hush—here he comes.

Enter Sir Joshua Greybeard.

Sir J. Oh Mumps, Mumps, I've met with a most terrible accident!

Mum. What, my good master?

Sir J. You know the great elbow-chair?

Mum. The old-fashioned one?

Sir J. Yes; it belong'd to my dear, dear uncle, whose picture is over the chimney-piece in the parlour.

Mum. Well, Sir—

Sir J. I was sitting in it, expecting no harm—but while I was industriously cleaning my poor, dear, dead and gone, great, great grandfather's picture—peace to his soul!—I have a great regard for my pedigree—the old and noble family of the Greybeards.

Mum. But the accident, Sir?

Sir J. Oh Mumps, I happen'd in the heat of my exercise to disjoint the chair—down I tumbled, hauling the picture after me—and oh Mumps, some how or other, I unfortunately fractured the nose, and put out my poor, dear, dead and gone, great, great grandfather's eyes.

Mum. But being dead and gone, he can't see the loss of his eyes. Pray, Sir, whose bust has been put in the staircase by your orders?

Sir J. Oh Mumps, 'tis a treasure—the head of the immortal Shakspeare. Oh, 'tis a valuable bust!

Mum. He is a sharpish-looking fellow, sure enough. I never had the honour of seeing Mr. Shakspeare, but I dare say it is very like him. Did you employ the Irish painter you saw to-day, Sir?

Sir J. The fellow was an impostor. He pretended to show me a great many curiosities, and said he would produce a wonder in this very coun-

try—a *rara avis*—a gander in the shape of a man. I was desirous to see this natural curiosity, and gave him money as an earnest for it. But d—n the fellow, he brought me my own picture, a caricature of myself, and asked me if I didn't think it was a great likeness.

Mum. Your picture?

Sir J. Yes, my own picture, for a gander in the shape of a man. Oh Mumps, I hope no harm will happen to Shakspeare.

Mum. Perhaps a ghost may throw him down, for they all swear the house be haunted. Scratchings, knockings, and several other noises, be heard every night.

Sir J. Haunted! Yes, with lovers after the girls. I don't care—I'll not leave my fine spacious old residence—the gothic mansion of the Greybeards! I know my daughter and niece want to see company; and to be gadding up and down this wicked town. They want to be followed by young men. Aye, I guess'd how it would be, when they began to dress according to the indelicate fashions of the day. Go you, Mumps, and look after the girls.

Mum. Look after the girls!—thank ye, Sir—much oblig'd to you, Sir—It's a job I am very clever at, I assure you, Sir.

[*Exit Mumps.*]

Sir J. Ah, the ancient manners for me!

" SONG.

" Oh, happy days of good Queen Bess!

" How modest was the female dress—

" No tucker, nor a sash on!

" The ladies then were clad enough,

" They wore a handkerchief or ruff—

" Oh, sweet becoming fashion!

" The titled lady, neat and prim,

" Exhibited a person slim,

" Exceeding nice and taper;

" For, being very tightly laced,

" She had a beautiful long waist,

" Just like her own thread-paper.

" No vile intruders then approach'd,

" For, when impertinents encroach'd,

" They met a bold resistance;

" The fair ones pass'd through ev'ry throng,

" With fine majestic hoops—so long,

" As kept them at a distance."

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*The front of Sir Joshua Greybeard's House—the
Street Door open.*

Enter Phantom and Carleton.

Phan. Run, Carleton run—the watch are after us.

Car. Where have we got to—Where are we?

Phan. We're here, and the watch are not—that's enough for us.

Car. 'Sdeath, Phantom! this conduct is disgraceful. Where can it end?

Phan. Ten to one, in the round-house.

Car. Is that an adventure for a gentleman? I never yet was involved in any such scrape.

Phan. No; then you soon shall be. I'll hamper you. (*aside*). See, the watch are coming at both ends of the street. In, in, directly to some house. Here's a door open.

Car. Whose is it?

Phan. What matter? go in and ask.

Car. I have no introduction to the house.

Phan. None's wanted; the door's open.

Car. But what will the owner say to us?

Phan. He can but say, "get out," and that's clean contrary to the constable's language in the round-house. In, in, I follow. (*Forces Carleton in, and shuts the door*). Ha! ha! ha! modesty and gentility will be taken up for house-breaking. If I go to the watch-house, I shall meet him there. But let me see—I never thought of this,—It's Sir Joshua Greybeard's house, and the door was open for me to meet Emily—I have shut him in—that would not signify much,—but 'faith, I have shut myself out.—What shall I do?—I must not knock.—Hist! Carleton—Carleton!

Enter Colonel Bluff.

Col. B. Holloa—Jack—Come along, they are in full cry after us—Come along.

Phan. Are they? Then I must go away with you—What a fool! I might have been snug with Emily, and Carleton might have been in the watch-house—Now I—(*A call of Watch! Watch! Stop him! stop him, &c.*)

Phan. S'death! they come! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A dark Parlour.

Enter Carleton.

Carl. Plague on you, Phantom—I shall certainly do some mischief, and then I shall be so confoundedly ashamed—'tis very dark—Where am I going?—I can find no way out—Some one coming—Bless me! they may think I'm a robber, and commit me to jail.

Em. Hist! hist!—

Carl. A woman's voice!—I'm all confused! I dare say if it were light, I should see myself cover'd with blushes.

Em. You are here at last, Sir. You were very shy of venturing into the house!

Carl. Yes, Madam, very naturally so, I presume.

Em. Are you always so backward to approach those you love?

Carl. Backward!—Does she know me?—Can it be my incognita? Her looks have spoken as much as that often. Pray, Madam, did you expect me this evening?

Em. Scarcely, Sir, for I heard you were engaged in drinking!

Carl. How the devil could she know that?—Oh! it must be a trick of Phantom's to introduce me to her;—he must have told her.

—*Em.* I know, Sir, you can easily overlook every other consideration, when engaged in your profligate pursuits.

Carl. My profligate pursuits!—Ah! this is the character for spirit and fun, Phantom promised me.—Really, Madam, this is the first time I was ever so represented. If you will take my own character from myself, let me assure you that among my real friends too great sobriety and diffidence are reckoned my failings.

Em. Diffidence!—ha! ha! ha!—well said—Mr. Modesty!

Carl. Oh! she knows my very nickname.

Em. Your friends are all false as yourself. I know you too well, Sir—you can embellish—you can paint in glowing colours.—

Carl. I can paint—Yes, Madam, I can,—and I see you do know me. But I cannot conceive, how you gained that knowledge?

Em. Oh, Sir! all the world knows you.

Carl. You flatter me—my humble abilities have not as yet been honoured with publicity.

Em. How!—don't you publicly boast of your performances? Don't you glory in every exhibition?

Carl. No, Madam,—I never sent a performance to the exhibition.—Madam, I hope this interview

may produce many more, but at present I really feel so embarrassed, that—

Em. Really, sir, your conduct is, as if you had come in here by chance, without object or invitation.

Carl. Madam, with blushes, I confess that to be the truth.

Em. The truth sir!—unfeeling insult—are you a man?—Is this the way you treat my trusting fondness?—Is not my love open and unreserved enough for you?

Carl. Oh, yes, Madam! that it is with a vengeance!

Em. Sir, nothing can excuse your conduct, but your present state.—You must be tipsy, sir,—I must at length make free with you.

Carl. Make free with *me* madam! Really, the suddenness of this happiness.—I am quite—Diffidence ties my tongue—but if you are not still insensible to that language we have often conversed in—if you would but read my eyes—

Em. What's the use of eyes in the dark?—these jests are unfeeling. But I will not be insulted with impunity. Sir, my god-father, Mr. Littlegood, will see me righted.

Carl. Mr. Littlegood!

Em. Yes, sir, and at present, I cannot see why we prolong this interview.

Carl. Really, nor I, if you can't—madam, am I still to remain in the dark?

Em. Yes, sir, till you think proper to depart,—I am afraid of allowing you a light.

Carl. She wont avow herself (*aside*)—and will you force me to depart so?

Em. To be sure, I shall, sir, and the sooner the better. You can't get out again at the street door; so go down stairs, and pray take care of Shakspeare by the way, for your own sake.

Carl. (*aside*). Plague on the mastiff—I hope he won't bite. Oh, Phantom! Phantom! I wish you had staid at home.

Em. I dare say you do—but when I see you again, I hope, like a true lover, you will avow your passion with sincerity.

Carl. Avow my passion! Would to heaven I could—but I can't for shame, and yet believe me, I am a true lover. Oh, here is the door at last—I'm glad of it,—I hope I may find the street door too. What a lucky escape.

[*Exit groping.*]

Em. (*solus.*) What a noise he makes!—dead drunk! Unfortunate youth! [*a noise within*] Ha! as I live he has thrown down Shakspeare's head. The family are alarmed—what shall I do?

Enter Mumps with candles, trembling.

Mum. I believe the house be haunted in downright earnest—Miss Emily, your cousin wants you.

Em. I shall attend her—by this time he is gone.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir J. (*within.*) Oh, my dear dear Shakspeare's head—my head—my head is broke!

Mum. I dare say Mr. Phantom has been here.

Re-enter Carleton confused.

Carl. Cursed mishap! I fell over an image, and—
Mum. Stand—devil, ghost or spirit!

[*Throws a candlestick at him, and runs off.*]

Enter Sir Joshua Greybeard.

Sir Jos. Who are you? Why come here to do mischief?

Carl. P-p-pray Mr. Littlegood have patience.

Sir J. Littlegood! Littlegood! who the devil's Littlegood, and who are you? What do you mean, Sir?

Carl. Your god-daughter will explain—

Sir J. My god-daughter—I have no god-daughter. Pray, Sir, how dare you break my head a while ago?

Carl. Sir!—I break no heads, I am a gentleman and use sword or pistol.

Sir J. Sword! Pistol! why you rascal—(I beg pardon, Mr. Gentleman) why did you break my renown'd, honourable, aged head.

Carl. Stark mad, as I live! I see, Sir, your head is crack'd.

Sir J. Crack'd with a vengeance! Sir, I know that as well as you.

Carl. I'm sorry you want a head.

Sir J. I do want a head—you broke it, and I hope you'll make me amends.

Carl. I'll get a surgeon Sir, and he shall dress it.

Sir J. Dress it ! What do you mean ?—I defy any one to put the pieces together.

Carl. An empty head indeed.

Sir J. Empty !—yes—hollow, but very thick—it must have had a sad blow—but I hope you'll spare all my other heads—I have got fifty heads—I have got fifty.

Carl. (aside.) Fifty ! a monster !

Sir J. Who are you ?—won't speak—what brought you here ?—won't answer. But here are the girls—perhaps he'll talk to them.

Enter Emily and Corinna.

Child, look at this fellow—did you ever see such brazen audacity in all your life ?

Cor. (aside.) My lover I protest !

Carl. (aside.) Good heaven ! it is my charmer.

Sir J. Ask him why he came here ?

Cor. May I beg to know, Sir, why you came here ?

Sir J. Dumb ! Ask him his name.

Cor. Your name, Sir ?

Sir J. Dumb still ! Speak and tell us whether you're dumb or not.

Carl. (aside.) I never was so ashamed !

Em. Oh, Sir Joshua, this gentleman came on some business to me—he was sent by Mr. Phantom.

Carl. Very true indeed—Mr. Phantom drove me here, and—

Sir J. D——n Mr. Phantom—I forbade him my house—I don't like his frolics—I caught him fencing one day with my ancestors, and the hard-hearted dog ran my dear, dear, uncle John through the guts—body I mean.

Em. But his friend has brought an apology for his past conduct, and it was by mere accident the gentleman threw down the bust of Shakspeare.

Carl. The bust! Oh, is that the head the gentleman alluded to? Give me leave, Sir, to repair the loss. I have an admirable painting of Shakspeare which I will send to you.

Sir J. Will you? Oh, I'm very much obliged to you. I have several ancient pictures, but some of them want repair.

Carl. I'll undertake their improvement, Sir—painting is an art which I delight in—my name is Charles Carleton.

Sir J. Charles Carleton—and a painter! My dear Mr. Carleton you must come to-morrow and spend the whole day with me. Corinna, is not he a very discreet young man?—but hold, I must be convinced (*aside.*) Perhaps you could shew me a specimen of your art.

Carl. I have the portrait of a young lady which I executed from mere recollection, for she never sat for her picture. Madam I commit it to your care.

[*Gives a portrait to Cor.*]

Sir J. Well, Corinna, what do you think of it? Come, give your opinion.

AIR.—*Corinna*.

These looks that others seem to seek,
 And all we should conceal—avow,
 These blushes that suffuse the cheek,
 Are somebody's who feels them now.

Too like these eyes that pleasure warms,
 Too like this mild consenting brow,
 Too like in all those flatter'd charms,
 Too like to her who holds it now.

Em. Look, uncle, at your daughter's picture.

Sir J. An admirable likeness indeed, and all from recollection!

Em. Sir, I suppose you mean to present this picture to my cousin.

Carl. I hope your cousin will not deem me impertinent.

Cor. I cannot, Sir, except you have been guilty of flattery.

Sir J. No, no, you are not flattered.—Mr. Carleton, come with me, and I'll introduce you to all my pedigree: you may render them some essential assistance to-morrow. My poor grandfather had not a grain of powder left in his wig: and there's something the matter with Deborah Spitfire's eyes. Upon my soul, I think she squints—this way, sir.—I dare

say your skill could give them a twist, and set them straight again.

[*Exeunt Sir J. and Carleton.*]

Cor. This indeed, is unexpected—I am glad my father is so attached to him: dear Emily, what are you considering upon?

Em. Phantom has deceived me—I thought there was a difference in the voice, but did not suspect the deception, and the truth is I have mistaken your lover for mine.

Enter Patty.

Pat. Oh, Miss Emily, be not alarmed, Mr. Phantom has fortunately escaped a sudden death.

Em. Ha!

Pat. He has been knocked down in a scuffle, and brought in senseless.—(*a noise within*)—Hark! they are carrying him up stairs—what a wretched situation! He is wholly insensible of his danger and folly.

Em. Oh, dissipated, wild, infatuated youth!—I must go.

Pat. Stay, madam—he is not fit to be seen—you'd hate him as much as ever you loved him; the gentleman who accompanied him in the coach, says, he will call again to know how he is.

Em. Now, Corinna, the long wished-for opportunity to reclaim this inconstant has arrived. You know the scheme which I had some time prepared for him. Perhaps Mr. Carleton will assist us. Get

me your deceased grandfather's morning wrapper which we were mending just now. I shall use those rooms which your father never enters, and probably complete a task which may invite my swain to a virtuous life, and bless me in my fervent wishes.

TRIO.—*Emily, Corinna, and Patty.*

Em. Since rejected by my lover,
Now forsaken beauty aid ;—
Till his heart I may recover,
And he wed a constant maid.

Cor. Take me with you—

Em. ——— Gentle creature.

Cor. I am yours with all my heart.

Pat. As for Patty—

Em. ——— Such good nature !

Pat. She will act a busy part.

CHORUS.

God of Love our wishes favor,
To the constant be a friend !
Smile upon each fond endeavour,
Till the lover's heart shall bend.

[*Exeunt.*

End of Act First.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment with folding-doors in the front—A Table with Lights, and refreshments at the side.

Enter Mumps, followed by Carleton, with an open Letter.

Mum. Hush—this way—softly—(*listening*)—He has been asleep the whole day—and is not yet awake.—*Opens the folding-doors, Phantom discovered asleep in the morning Wrapper, and the Chamber hung with black.*

Mum. There he is, totally insensible of his situation—the scheme is to take no notice of him when he awakes, in order that he may think himself an invisible spirit.

Carl. I understand—The room has a melancholy appearance indeed. But why these refreshments here—cake and wine?

Mum. For fear the poor fellow may be a ghost in downright earnest—but there be no knife—no weapon

in his way. How frighten'd he'll be when he sees the—
Ha!—He stirs—we must be careful—

[closes the doors.]

Carī. There—he'll be sure to find that letter—

[leaves it on the table.]

A noise in the chamber.

Mum. Hark! he be up—he be examining the room
—we must go and apprize Miss Emily. *[Exeunt.]*

Phan. (within) Holloa! Colonel Bluff! Carleton!

Knocks violently—then opens the doors—comes forward and looks about.

(Solus.) Where am I? I thought I was in the round-house—but it looks more like a vault—How my bones ache. What an uncomfortable bed!—Bed!—I shudder at the thought—I examined it—I thought at first it was a chest—it was screwed down—I read my name on a plate—John Phantom—there is no other of that name—aged twenty-two—very exact—died January 5, 1817—I am bewildered—How! in white! Where did I get this dress? Oh! some frolic—perhaps a trick devised by Colonel Bluff. This is a nice apartment—but that—hung with black! I hate the sight of it. Ha!—a letter—it is addressed to Emily—How! Carleton's writing! What is the meaning of all this?

(Reads)

' Madam,

I was exceedingly shocked at the melancholy news of Mr. Phantom's sudden death—sudden death! Poo—I am alive and well—I can't recollect when or how I parted with Colonel Bluff.—

(reads) 'and am very sorry to add, he has died without a will.' Why, am I dead? am I a ghost? am I here, and am I there? (*pointing to the chamber,*) impossible! (reads) 'as you intend to erect a tombstone to his memory, I submit the following epitaph for your perusal, and remain yours—' Nonsense! epitaph! I'm very much obliged to Mr. Carleton for his premature kindness. Epitaph!—but I'll read it.

'Ye Votaries of pleasure, stay,
And ponder o'er a brother's clay;
—clay! I am flesh and blood still! my bones ache and
that's sufficient proof.

'Beneath this stone, John Phantom lies,
A roaring buck—more gay than wise,
A Bacchanalian—ripe for sport,
Which was too suddenly cut short—
He stagger'd—fell—he gasp'd for breath—
And died—unconscious of his death.'

[*throws away the letter.*]

In the name of wonder where am I—and what am I?
Oh, here's Emily and Patty—they will explain. How!
—in mourning! tears! What can be the meaning?

Enter Emily and Patty in deep mourning.

Phan. My dear Emily—Patty.

[*They pass him and take no notice.*]

Em. Heigho!

Pat. Heigho!

Em. Cut off so soon!

Pat. So suddenly!

Phan. Why, Emily—Patty. [*They pass by him.*]

Em. In the prime of youth !

Pat. Ere he repented of his sins !

Em. Certainly Patty, if the dead can be conscious of their crimes, and the dreadful punishments which await them, his soul cannot rest in peace.

Pat. Oh, tis horrid to think on't. But youth will be obstinate and giddy. Had he soberly staid at home, or faithfully observed his appointment with you, madam, he would not have been murdered and sent to the grave, with all his sins upon his head.

Em. Ah ! poor Jack !

Phan. Murdered ! Oh, as I live and breathe—Pooh—I don't live and breathe—I am dead—I was murdered !

Pat. I suppose his restless ghost will appear to some of us.

Phan. I wish I could. [*walking before them.*]

Em. Poor Jack ! I loved him more than he did me—but now I am released from the contract, and may with honour form another attachment.

Phan. Oh this will set me mad—Emily, don't *you* see me ?

Em. Heigho !

Phan. Patty, don't *you* see me ?

Pat. Heigho !

Phan. Zounds !—Oh, bless me ! I'm dead, and must not swear.

Em. Dear Patty, let us mourn over his remains.

They enter the front chamber, Phantom following them.

DUETT—*Emily and Patty.*

Em. Adieu! adieu! my love! my heart!

Poor Jack, poor Jack!

Is torn away!

'Tis cruel death that made us part,

Alack! alack!

And well a day!

Pat. Farewell, farewell, dear soul! dear youth!

Poor Jack, poor Jack

Is snatch'd away,

By cruel death's devouring tooth—

Alack! alack!

And well a day.

Both. I'll weep—I'll weep—all night, all day,

For Jack, for Jack

That's gone away!

This tribute to his memory pay—

Alack! alack!

And well a day!

Phan. Ah, well a day! It is very pitiful!

Enter Mumps, pretending to cry.

Mum. The—the—un—undertaker is below—
waiting to—to—receive your or—or—orders—to—to
bury the body.

Phan. The undertaker!

Em. 'Tis well—he shall be privately buried. I'll

spare no expense for a decent funeral; it is the last proof of affection I can show.

Phan. Poor Emily! I am much obliged to you.

Pat. I shall be careful madam, and see proper justice done to his remains.

Phan. Thank you Patty—I am much obliged to you.

Em. I wish I had called in another physician.

Pat. Oh madam, you had the best advice—Dr. Arsnick, Sir Peter Pill, and Surgeon Lance.

Phan. The doctors have killed me—I see how it is.

Em. Come, Patty—Heigho!

Pat. Heigho!

Em. and Pat. Poor Jack!

Em. He will court me no more.

Pat. And he will never kiss me again. Heigho!

[Exeunt Emily and Patty.]

Phan. Ah, poor Jack!

Mum. Oh, the sweet young man—he will never give me any more money—Oh, oh, oh! Sorrow is dry. Heigho! I must take a glass of wine.

[Sits down at the sideboard, and drinks.]

Phan. Heigho! and so must I. *[Sits and drinks.]*

Mum. I must eat something to prevent the wine getting into my head. *[Eats a cake.]*

Phan. I'll do the same. *(Eats).*

[Both sigh alternately.]

Mum. I can't conceive why Surgeon Lance was so inquisitive about the funeral. I am sorry he knows

the churchyard. I should not wonder if the surgeons were to have him up—oh yes—they'll certainly have his body.

Phan. Have my body!

Mum. Heigho! They're very fond of a young subject.

Phan. A young subject! Have my body! What shall I do? [*Rises.*

Mum. Ah, poor Jack. [*Rises.*

Phan. But Mumps, don't you see me?

Mum. Oh, oh, oh!

Phan. Mumps, don't you hear me? [*Bawling.*

Mum. Oh, oh, oh!

Phan. Then damnation! and vexation! Do you feel me? [*Gives Mumps a blow on the head.*

Mum. Mercy on me! I have got a sudden headache with crying. Hark! I'm called—Oh poor—poor Jack! Oh, oh! [*Exit Mumps.*

Phan. (*Solus*). Yes, yes, I am dead—dead and gone—I can't be seen, heard, felt, or understood! I wish I could appear to some one. I must find a person that will see and question me.—Till then I shall wander up and down an invisible spirit!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Picture Gallery.

Enter Sir Joshua Greybeard and Carleton.

Sir Jos. I protest, Sir, you have made my aunt Crambo quite young again; and my uncle John I see,

has got a new coat. I suppose Mr. Carleton you are descended from a long noble race of painters.

Car. Not that I know of, Sir Joshua. Merit I believe is not hereditary ; and if so, by gradual degrees it dwindles away, and terminates at length in a total eclipse. Your great grandfather was a poet, I understand. I suppose, Sir Joshua, you are one.

Sir Jos. No—plague on't—I never can write poetry—the rhymes confound me so. I can do very well with the first lines, but damn it I can't make them jingle for the soul of me. A total eclipse!

Car. That's what I said, Sir Joshua ; merit ennobles its possessor ; and it little matters, I think, whether his father was a tinker, or his grandfather a cobbler. But that's true—I forgot your great grandfather, Sir Joshua—I'll go now, and endeavour to dress his wig. [*Exit Carleton.*]

Sir Jos. Thank you, Sir. A tinker! A cobbler! Pretty forefathers indeed!..*(Enter Mumps.)* Oh Mumps, is it true what I have heard, that Phantom was killed last night?

Mum. Oh, very true, Sir—poor man! he fell in a scuffle. First, he got a blow here—then, he got a blow there—but the third blow took away his breath. A vein was opened—but it was all over with him. I dare say he will haunt us.

Sir Jos. No, no—I forbade him my house while he was alive. Yes, yes, I got rid of him—and the fellow could not have the impudence to intrude on me, now he is dead.

Mum. Ah, but this is a house for ghosts—every night, Patty says, there be a scratching and a knocking, and—

Enter Phantom dismally.

Sir Jos. Oh Lord! what's that—surely Mr. Phantom who was killed last night!

Phan. Heaven be praised! he sees me. Yes, I am that unfortunate Phantom who was killed.

Sir Jos. Ah, you were a sad fellow—I thought you'd come to an untimely end. Mumps, do'n't you see poor Mr. Phantom?

Mum. Where? Where, Sir?

Sir Jos. There! there, Sir! How dismal he looks!

Mum. I see nothing but the pictures!

Sir Jos. Exactly dress'd like my grandfather—the very morning bannian—perhaps he brings me news from my ancestors. Hem! I'll take courage and speak to it.

DUET.—*Sir Joshua and Phantom.*

Sir Josh.

What are you? Who are you? and whence are you, pray?

Why come you so dismally here?

Arrive you from hell, or from heaven, I say?

That thus upon earth you appear?

Phan.

Behold, from a dreary black mansion I'am here

A restless unfortunate soul !

You only have see me—or offer'd your ear,

Since Destiny forc'd me to stroll.

Sir Josh.

Oh, how's my aunt Crambo, and poor uncle John?

My dear Mr. Ghost, let me know—

Is grandfather, grandmother, or any one

Of all my dear kindred below?

Phan.

I've not had the pleasure, believe me, as yet—

To meet the good people you name—

But, doubtless, like me, they both wander and fret,

Their torments, perhaps, are the same.

Mum. Who the devil be you singing to?

Sir Josh. To Mr. Phantom. I hope he's not such a devil now as he was when he was alive.

Mum. I can see nothing.

Phan. I suppose I can't appear to two people at once.

Sir Josh. Pray, Mr. Ghost, why don't you stay in your grave?

Phan. My crimes! my crimes! Oh I have been a sad dog!

Sir Josh. Oh a terrible rogue—and therefore I forbade you my house—I wish you had still remembered the prohibition.

Phan. I disregarded it when I was alive.

Mum. Pray, master, are you talking to your grandfather hanging up there?

Sir Josh. Blind, deaf fool! I wish you were hanging up there.

Phan. Where is my dear Emily?—I must see her—one interview and then I'll depart in peace.

Sir Josh. You'll find her in the parlour, Mr. Ghost. But, pray, don't frighten my neice—

Phan. Poor girl! I shall do her no harm. Farewell! I shall take myself off—farewell!

[*Exit.*

Sir Josh. Oh farewell! Mr. Phantom is a very good man now he is dead—he'll not be fencing with uncle John again—that's a comfort.

Mum. Why, sure you did not see his ghost!

Sir Josh. As plain as I see you.

Mum. Then I hope you'll leave this haunted house.

Sir Jos. “No, indeed!” The ghost has been very civil, and he may bring me news from my ancestors. I know the people think me a queer fellow—a comical old dog, because I love the dead better than the living

but I protest I lov'd my wife better after she was gone than when she was alive.

Mum. (*aside*) I shall have some fun now—and pretend to see a spirit: (*affects terror*) Oh mercy!

Sir Jos. What! has he returned? I don't see him.

Mum. Stand off—thou pale—thou wan—thou horrid ugly spectre! Oh thou fat man with a large powdered wig.

Sir Jos. It is my dear grandfather—don't drive him away.

Mum. Look at him—see him—behold him!

Sir Jos. Where! where! I can't see him.

Mum. Mark—he says we must leave this house immediately.

Sir Jos. Oh why? Ask my dear grandfather—why.

Mum. Ha! He'll pinch you if you don't obey.

Sir Jos. Pinch me! Inhuman grandfather!

Mum. More—listen—he says your daughter and neice must have husbands of their own choice.

Sir Jos. By all means—

Mum. By all means, Mr. Ghost. But you must never pinch my dear master—You will! but you sha'nt.

Sir Jos. Don't argue with him—my grandfather was very passionate—

Mum. Let me tell you Mr. Ghost—

Sir Jos. Don't war with the dust—do'nt fight with shadows,

Mum. I love my master—I will defend and protect

my master—(*gives Sir Joshua a blow*)—Oh dear! What a box he has given me on the left ear!

Sir Jos. And what a box he has given me on the right ear! Oh unmannerly ghost! I see I must leave this house—but I'll take all my busts—all my statues—all my pictures and books with me.

Mum. (aside) Ha! ha! ha! It will do.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Another Apartment.

A large picture in the middle supported. A painting pot at the side.

Enter Phantom alone:

Heigho! I don't know what to make of my situation! I gave myself a violent pinch awhile ago, and egad I felt it—surely it was not imaginary feeling! I knocked my head against a door, and I think I bear the mark of it. I protest Carleton was making love to Emily—audacious villain—I wish I could kick my impudent rival out of the house. Eh! I'll do some mischief to his handy-work. But Phantom, is this a time for mischief? No matter—I'll see if the dead have any taste for the fine arts.—(*Takes the painting brush, and spoils the picture.*)—Ha! I begin to suspect—Some one's unlocking the door!—(*hides behind the picture.*)

Enter Mumps, who admits Sir Joshua Greybeard, Carleton, Corinna, and Emily.

Sir Jos. You charm me, Corinna, with your news. Oh, Lord! is that my great grandfather's beautiful wig? Why, it's as black as ink!

Cor. I am as much astonished papa, as you!

Mum. I protest some evil spirit has been in the room.

Carl. Yes; an evil spirit indeed! but there has been no size in the paint, and therefore no harm done. I will soon remove the blemish.

Sir Jos. O pray do, Mr. Carleton,

Enter Mumps.

Mum. Sir, the gentleman be come from Doctor Commons with a licence.

Phan. A licence!

Mum. And Colonel Bluff be coming up stairs.

Carl. How unlucky, if he sees Phantom, he'll betray the secret!

Sir Jos. Secret, what secret?

Mum. Honourable Colonel Bluff, sir.

Enter Colonel Bluff.

Col. B. Ah, Carleton, I'm glad to see you. Where's our worthy friend, Jack Phantom?

Phan. (suddenly appearing) Here, here! my dear fellow.

Col. B. He! Jack, how do you do?

Phan. Eh! do you see me?

Col. B. See you! to be sure I do. What means that white thing about you?

Sir Jos. 'Tis my grandfather's wrapper.

Phan. But look at me well—a'nt I dead?

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Phan. Laughing! What is the meaning of all this?
My dear, dear Emily, am I dead or alive?

Em. Dead I hope to vice, but alive to virtue.

Col. B. So, so, 'tis all a trick.

Sir Jos. Heyday—but let me examine him—didn't you tell me you were dead.

Phan. Yes, and now I'll tell you, I am alive and merry. Tol, lol, lol, lol—(*throws away the wrapper*) Sir Joshua Greybeard, I'll haunt your house every night,—Emily has restored me to fresh life. But that's true, the licence—Mumps, what did you say about the licence—do you hear?

Mum. No sir; you know, I have neither sense of hearing, or feeling.

Em. The licence is for this gentleman and Corinna—she is Mr. Carleton's intended.

Car. I hope Mr. Phantom, that before you die, you will fulfil your contract with this lady. And, 'till you do, I am resolved not to touch that picture which you have so disfigured.

Sir Jos. Oh pray Mr. Phantom, for my great grandfather's sake—

Phan. For my own sake, Sir Joshua—and I am very happy that I'm alive to reward my dear Emily; for, I may say with truth, she has made a new man of me.

*Finale.***CHORUS.**

Let us laugh, and dance, and play,
 Join ye lovers in the chorus ;
 Let the old and young be gay,
 As our parents were before us.

Phantom.

Add not critics to my fright—
 Of existence don't deprive me—
 I shall live another night,
 If with plaudits you revive me.

Chorus.

Add not critics to his fright.
 Of existence do'nt deprive him ;
 He will live another night,
 If with plaudits you revive him.

THE END.

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THE
PERSIAN HUNTERS;

OR,

THE ROSE OF GURGISTÀN.

THE
PERSIAN HUNTERS;

OR,
THE ROSE OF GURGISTÀN.

An Opera,
IN THREE ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING, WITH UNANIMOUS APPLAUSE,

AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL,
ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

By THOMAS NOBLE,
AUTHOR OF *BLACKHEATH, LUMENÀ, AND OTHER POEMS.*

The Music, entirely New, Composed by Mr. Horn.

“ Love calls for Love! Not all the pride of beauty,
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of,
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
All these possess'd, are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.”

Young's Revenge.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
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1817.

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TO

MRS. HANWAY,

WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUMAN HEART

IS EMINENTLY DISPLAYED IN THE

MANY ADMIRABLE PRODUCTIONS OF HER PEN, THIS

OPERA,

FOUNDED ON THE STRENGTH OF AFFECTION,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE SINCERITY OF HIS FRIENDSHIP,

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1742.

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PREFACE.

VERY few dramatic authors have thought it either necessary, or prudent, to write prefaces to their productions. Dryden, by the long essays which he prefixed to his plays, taught the prosing critic to condemn, judiciously, the errors into which he was led, sometimes by his negligence, but more frequently, by his vivid imagination. He laid down laws, as suited his purpose, from the works of the ancients, or from the more precise and punctilious legislators of the French school of criticism, but in each succeeding piece he generally violated the literary statutes with which he had prefaced his former productions; so difficult or so useless did he find it to restrain his imagination within those pedantic bonds to which he laboured to prove his adherence, or to testify his respect. I am too

sensible of admiration for his powerful genius, not to be alarmed at my own presumption in following his example, where he has so manifestly injured himself, and where he has found so few imitators ; but as this Opera differs, in many points, from the generally received characteristics of that species of dramatic composition, I am induced to offer a few observations respecting the nature of the English Opera. I do not pretend to undertake the futile task of teaching an audience what they ought to be pleased with ; many abler men than myself have failed in that attempt : the sympathies of the heart and mind are far beyond the rules of criticism.

The modern English Opera is a drama interspersed with songs ; and it differs from that species of dramatic composition, peculiarly denominated, like many of Shakespeare's dramas, *A Play*, in nothing but in the greater number and variety of the *airs*. Now, as music is an impassioned mode of uttering sentiments, it follows, that the fable and characters of an Opera ought to be framed so as to give frequent opportunities for such impassioned utterance. Yet, on

the other hand, if the situations are in themselves of very deep interest, the abrupt transition from declamation to song may disturb the impression which the scene, *of itself*, might be capable of making upon the audience. In the Italian Opera the effect of this change from speaking to singing is avoided by the measured melody of the recitative, which, in the hands of the best composers, rises or sinks easily to meet, and to blend with, the symphony of the *air*, until it is entirely lost in the full, combined tone of lyrical and vocal expression. So fearful, also, were the ancients of the consequences of such transition, that in the Greek tragedies, as we have strong reasons to believe, the speakers were accompanied by a musical modulation, while, in the chorus, the *airs* consisted of simple melodies.* The difficulty of forming a fable, and of chusing characters, suitable to an Opera, is therefore greater than in tragedy or comedy. The assistance to be derived from music, great and powerful as it is, requires situations peculiarly its own. To Tragedy must be left that

* Burney's History of Music.

deep pathos, in which poetry would lose all its energy, were it to trust for aid, not to the powers of speech and action, but to the harmony of the lyre ; and Comedy will assert her right to the terse, characteristic language of conversation, in which humour and satire are more generally effective than in song.

But the modern English Opera has either undervalued these difficulties, or has surmounted them ; and in some of the most successful dramas of this species, music has been introduced in situations where the strength of the impression on the audience seemed to depend on language only. I do not pretend to account for this. If they have pleased the audience, they have attained the object for which they were written. The taste of the public is alone accountable for the error. Should I be accused of having followed so seductive an example, I shall venture to plead guilty ; and, while I acknowledge that I have erred wilfully, rest my defence on my desire to please, which all critics allow to be the first and principal object of a poet.

I had long been desirous of writing an Opera upon what, I imagined, were the natural principles of that department of the drama. I wished, as far as possible, to combine declamation and music in the same piece; and to give each its proper functions. While I was endeavouring to discover the foundation of a plot suitable to my purpose, I happened to read the *Henry and Emma* of PRIOR, in company with some ladies, who, while they admired the beauty of the poetry, and wept at the devoted affection of the lovely heroine, could not forbear declaring, that in a youth, such as Henry is described to be, his manner of trying the extent of the passion of his mistress, is not only cruel, but unnatural: it might suit a man whose ardent expectations had previously encountered that severest of disappointments—the discovery of a want of sympathy with his own ardour in the possessed object of his love:—in short, to express myself in the words of the lady to whom I have the pleasure of inscribing this Opera, it might suit a *Turk*, who, retaining the natural sentiments of the human

heart, would have met frequently with that coldness of the soul, in the objects of his embraces, which, in a generous disposition, nurtures timidity and suspicion. I caught the idea, and blending the subject of that admirable poem with the *Royal Abbas* of COLLINS, or rather the *Nuptiæ Cyri et Aspasiæ* of BARLÆUS, I wrote the following Opera.

A custom is mentioned by some travellers concerning the peasants of Georgia, or Gurgistân, resembling the choosing a May Queen among the maidens of country villages in England; and as it assimilated easily with our received notions of rustic, or pastoral manners, I have made use of it, and derived from it the second title of the drama. The Abkhans are a tribe of pastoral, yet warlike Tartars, who inhabit the Asiatic side of the river Cuban, or Cubana; and the Ossetians compose a fiercer horde, who wander amid the mountains, in the district of the Derbent, towards the Caspian.

To Mr. Arnold, the spirited proprietor of the English Opera House, I cannot sufficiently express my sense of his attention:

much of the dramatic effect which I am proud to say has been acknowledged by the public, is due to his suggestions. The excellence of the music, by Mr. Horn, is above my praise; the best commendation a poet can bestow on a musician, is to say, that he feels that the composer has entered into the spirit of the words; and yet I do not intend an artificial compliment to Mr. Horn, when I say that I feel that *he* has done more. To the exertions of Mr. Bartley, who, on the illness of Mr. H. Johnston, undertook the character of Hatucar at a very short notice, I am greatly indebted: the vigorous - minded Tartar, with vengeance for his country's wrongs as the principle of his action, could scarcely have had a better representative. Nor must I forget the talents of Mrs. Chatterley, who rendered the part of Zelinda all that I could wish it to be. To particularize each individual who deserves my thanks, would carry me too great a length on the present occasion; and therefore, while I content myself with mentioning the tasteful and rich melody of the voice of Mr. Pearman, the powerful tones of Mr. Isaacs, and the clear

extent of voice, and skilful execution of Miss Miriam H. Buggins, I beg the other performers to believe, that I am not the less sensible of my obligations to their talents and exertions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Persians.

Hamet, *Sultan of Tauris*.....Mr. HORN.
Abdallah, *his Confidant*.....Mr. BROADHURST.
Omar, *Capt. of the Persian Forces*, Mr. MEARS.
Hassan, *Chief Huntsman*.....Mr. J. ISAACS.
Amrad, *Second Huntsman*.....Mr. J. JONES.
Selim, *Third Huntsman*.....Mr. RICHARDSON.
Mufti Quizzendi.....Mr. W. S. CHATTERLEY.

Tartars.

Abcassan, *Chieftain of the Abkhans*, Mr. PEARMAN.
Hatucar, *an Abkhan Leader*.....Mr. BARTLEY.
Kalmar, *Chieftain of the Ossetians*, Mr. L. LEE.
Kavistan, *an Abkhan Leader*.....Mr. PARKER.
Berezlen, *a Georgian Peasant*.....Mr. WILKINSON.
Georgian Peasant.....Mr. HUCKEL.

Persians, Tartars, Peasants, &c.

Zelinda, *Sister of Hatucar*.....Mrs. CHATTERLEY.
Benescha, *Wife of Berezlen*.....Miss I. STEVENSON.
Lescha, *Mother of Benescha*.....Mrs. GROVE.
Zodaiya, *the Rose of Gurgistàn*....Miss H. M. BUGGINS.

SCENE---*Amid the Mountains of Georgia.*

N. B.—The lines not spoken in representation are marked with inverted commas; and some songs that were omitted, or were changed for others, are inserted.

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The following is a list of the books
which have been received from the
University of Chicago Library since
the last report was made.

1. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
2. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
3. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
4. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*

5. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
6. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
7. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
8. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*

9. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
10. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
11. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*
12. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*

THE
PERSIAN HUNTERS;
OR THE
ROSE OF GURGISTÀN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A vale amid the mountains of Georgia, exhibiting
a village in the distance.—Persian Hunting
Music.*

*Enter Hassan with the hunting party of the
Sultan.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

HASSAN.

HARK ! the wounded panther roars
Fearful, thro' the shadowy wood :
Hark ! the howling pard deplores
Her gory den and ravish'd brood !

“ Loud the wilds, and cavern’d height

“ Echo to the mingling cries ;—

“ Vultures screaming in their flight,

“ Watch each monster as he dies.”

CHORUS.

Sound the clarion’s lengthen’d peal !

Shake with shouts Mount Derban’s base !

Thund’ring hurl the showery steel !

Triumph in the glorious chase !

Sultan Hamet enters, with Attendants.

HAMET.

DISPERSE : on yonder mountain set the toils,
For there a brood of lions, with their dam,
Were seen to prowl. This very night, by torch
light,

We will ourself surprise the royal beasts,
And win their mountain from them.

MUFTI.

Mighty Sire,
A lovely maiden dwells in yonder village,
So beautiful, that all the rustic swains
(As is the custom far and wide around)
Call her their rose—the *Rose of Gurgistàn* !
And celebrate her in their matin-songs.
Permit the humblest of your slaves to say,
That would you see this maid——

HAMET.

No more ! no more !
I have abjured the sex. The beasts of chase,

SCENE I.] OR THE ROSE OF GURGISTÀN. 3

The fox, the panther, or the wily pard,
Though fierce and cunning, cannot wound my
soul—

Name not a woman to me.

MUFTI.

(*Aside.*) Not a woman! hum! then there's
an end of my office! Your highness was wont
to say, that in a certain kind of chase, after a
certain kind of animal, which I must not name,
there was not a hound of a better nose than
Mufti Quizzendi.

HAMET.

Silence! my heart of Nature's instinct proud,
Hath often beat to love and be belov'd.
Love and belov'd! by what? by female slaves,
Who coldly give their charms to my command;
Submit, but love not!—Hence, I'm weary of
them.

Abdallah enters with Persian Soldiers.

ABDALLAH.

My Liege, I have report, that bands of Tartars
Have overpowered th'escort which you assigned
The fair Zelinda, to Cubana's banks.

HAMET.

Were not my orders strict, she should be
guarded
With numerous troops, and sent with wealth
and pomp,
To him she dared confess to me she lov'd?

ABDALLAH.

Thy orders were obey'd.

HAMET.

Obey these also !

Send Omar forth, with still superior force,
Tell him I promised safety to Zelinda ;—

“ And that Zelinda and his Sovereign's promise
“ Are now the Tartar's prize !—bid him redeem
them.”

ABDALLAH.

Think thy commands fulfill'd.

HAMET.

Wind the loud horn !

Lead to the chase !—this mention of Zelinda
Has struck a pulse that throbs too rapidly.

Lead to the chase ! and give the bugles breath !

The lively tumult of the deep-mouth'd chase
Shall dissipate that still remembered name !

The heart of Hamet must not love unlov'd.

[*Exeunt omnes, with hunting music.*]

SCENE II.

A Georgian Valley, with a Cottage.

Zodaiya and Benescha.

ZODAIYA.

O, my Benescha, how I hate this love
That robs me of a sister. Must thou go?
Leave me, thy fond Zodaiya !—and for what?

Sooth! for a husband! how I hate the name
That robs me of a sister.

BENESCHA.

O, my sister,

Thou'lt hear the name of love and husband yet,
Without such hatred.

ZODAIYA.

Never! where I grew,

There will I grow, there die. "Here I am
rooted.

"What, leave my mother? O, the very thought

"Revolts my best affections. Yonder tree,

"Round which we've play'd from childhood:

"That hill and brook, this very wall, I dote on;

"And but with these to part, would rive my
heart!

"How can'st thou go Benescha?"

BENESCHA.

"Shall I say,

"And wilt thou not reproach me if I say

"I love Bereslen better than all these;—

"More than these scenes of all our childhood
sports,—

"More than my mother—more than thee, Zo-
daiya;—

"Yet, at this parting moment, O, I feel

"I love these scenes, my mother, and thyself,

"More now than ever!"

ZODAIYA.

"Strange! impossible!

“ I cannot comprehend such love as thine,
 “ It seems pure madness.”

AIR.—ZODAIYA.

The myrtle sprig, by Aza set,
 See rooted in its happy vale ;
 It yet doth bloom—’tis verdant yet—
 And yet breathes perfume on the gale.

The myrtle sprig by Aza worn,
 Amid the dance of Georgian maids ;
 Lo ! while its leaves her locks adorn,
 It fades, alas ! how soon it fades !

BENESCHA.

O, my cold sister, thou wilt learn to love,
 As I have learnt. Our swains select thee now
 Their rose, the Rose of Love ; and every morn
 Woo thee with songs. Soon one of these, Zo-
 daiya,
 May, from this vale, transplant thee, willing too,
 Far as yon hills.

ZODAIYA.

Were there among them one,
 The mighty sultan of the eastern world,
 I would not quit this lov’d, this native spot,
 To share his throne.

BENESCHA.

Nay, dear Zodaiya, nay,
 Not quite so fast :—remember the fair maid
 Who followed the mere shadow of a man.

AIR.—BENESCHA:

Once Bildah, the maiden, was young and fair,—
 Sloe black were her eyes, and crow black was her hair,
 But she hated the sight of a man :
 When they came with their speeches and sobs—what not ?
 With sneers she would cry “ be off full trot,”
 And repeat “ trot, trot, trot,” till they ran.

Poor Bildah grew old, and all were gone,—
 Then she cast round her eyes, and she thought she saw one ;
 And says she, “ I’ll keep sight of that swain.”
 She call’d him—he ran : still she call’d—he’d not stay :
 And just as she caught him, he vanish’d away,
 Thus old maids trot, trot, trot, all in vain.

ZODAIYA.

Thanks, thanks, my merry sister, for the hint :
 But, troth, I’ll not pursue or be pursued.

BENESCHA.

“ O no, not by the ghost of a man, I warrant ;
 “ But make no vows against the reality.”
 You’ll change when your time comes, as we all
 do.

ZODAIYA.

Trust me, no man shall make me run from
 home
 As you do now. But see, this husband comes,
 Whom you must follow, trot, trot, trot,
 Where’er he’s pleas’d to lead.

BENESCHA.

Thank my good stars, he’s worth the chase.

Enter Lescha and Berezlen.

LESCHA.

O you cruel son-in-law! wouldst take my poor girl already from her home?

BEREZLEN.

Home, indeed, good mother, she's not at home yet.

ZODAIYA.

O why will ye not both remain with us?

BEREZLEN.

Because the good Georgian proverb says, "Home, home, married man, and drive thy wife before thee, or else go to grass with thy herd."

BENESCHA.

Why, Berezlen, I suspect thou art above half jealous already.

BEREZLEN.

O no—not jealous: nothing more than a little matrimonial prudence. And are there not Persians of the Court hunting here from morning until night?

BENESCHA.

But these Persians are hunting wild beasts, and——

BEREZLEN.

And!—and therefore home, home, my dear Benescha. There's nothing more like a wild beast than a wife from her home.

ZODAIYA.

Then what must her husband be like who is from home with her?

BEREZLEN.

With her, indeed, may be good ; but at home with her is better—in truth, in point of similitude, a husband away from home, even with his wife, is not very much unlike an ass, which is the first of the matrimonial transformations towards the deer-state of a husband. But come, come, Benescha : come, come, love—kiss your mother and sister, and say good bye.

QUARTETTE.

BEREZLEN.

Shake hands, good bye.

BENESCHA.

————— Farewell, good mother.

ZODAIYA AND BENESCHA.

Must sisters part from one another ?

BEREZLEN.

Shake hands—good bye—why all this pother ?

ZODAIYA AND BENESCHA.

Farewell, dear sister of my earliest life.

ZODAIYA.

Still be a sister though thou art a wife.

BENESCHA.

I'm still a sister though I am a wife.

LESCHA.

Farewell, my child, thy mother parts with you.

BEREZLEN.

Mother, thy child must be a mother too.

Shake hands, good bye.

BENESCHA.

————— Farewell !

ZODAIYA.

————— Adieu !

SCENE III. *A Desert.*

ZELINDA.

- " I hear a sound like distant clarions—hark !
 " It winds amid the rocks, and all is silent.
 " A barren waste extends its horrors round me.
 " Here I must soon expire with feverish thirst
 " And sickening hunger.—Ah ! I long to hear
 " A human voice—but in those tones of war
 " I hear and shudder at th' approach of man !
 " Full is my mind with images of slaughter !
 " My Persian guards expiring, and my flight
 " Before the Tartars—then Cubana's scenes—
 " My love—my brother too ! Are ye both dead ?
 " Love still sustain me with the ideal forms
 " Of brave Hatucar and of lov'd Abcassan.
 " Hark ! I hear footsteps ; let me seek conceal-
 " ment.
 " Sustain me, love ! sustain me through this de-
 " sert.
 " Be thou food to me : be refreshing dew
 " To my parch'd lips, balm to my fainting spirit,
 " Breath to my breast, and hope to my sad heart !
 " Sustain me, love ! [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*An extensive Ravine amid the Mountains : a camp
of scattered Tents.*

Tartars.—Abcassan and Kalmar.

ABCASSAN.

Strike all the tents. Kalmar with thy
Ussetians,

Wind round the northern mountains : we who
bear

Cubana's horrors stamp'd upon our souls,
Will with the eye of vengeance watch these
Persians.

KALMAR.

Dost thou mistrust us then, Abcassan?—

Know

If we have not thy wrongs, we have thy
hopes—

“Nay more, the hope of plunder, scorn'd by
thee.

“Our fierce Ussetians are like rav'nous wolves—

“They seek their food in blood.”

(*A bugle horn without.*)

KATUCAR.

Kavistan's signal.

It speaks distress and haste.

ABCASSAN.

Reply to it.

KALMAR.

Kavistan's here.

Kavistan and Tartars enter.

ABCASSAN.

What hast thou seen, Kavistan?

KAVISTAN.

A Persian band, well arm'd, invests yon hill.
They saw us and pursued us.

ABCASSAN.

Let them come.

Within this close defile we may withstand
 Force thrice our own. Kalmar defend the
 heights;
 And you, Kavistan, in this hollow dell, stand
 firm.

Martial Music. Kalmar with troops depart.

Hatucar enters from a tent pensively.

ABCASSAN.

Hatucar! thou art sad! thy troubled soul,
 With gloomy pleasure haunts Cubana's banks;
 And ruminates on what we Abkhans were,
 Ere the fierce Persians rush'd upon our plains.

HATUCAR.

I am not sad!—By heav'ns! our late revenge
 Gladdens my breast. My sister, child, and
 father,
 Smile on us thankful for the Persian deaths
 With which, a few nights since, we strew'd the
 waste.

'Twas a rich banquet for our just revenge!

ABCASSAN.

I heard thee shout thy child's name and thy
 fathers—
 And when I cried 'Zelinda,'—saw thee raise
 Thy sword, that dropt with slaughter, and
 exclaim,
 'This weeps for her—weeps tears of Persian
 gore.'

HATUCAR.

Such ever be the tears Hatucar sheds!
Yet other tears hath Persia drawn from us?
Have I not for my princely father wept?
And gush'd not sorrow's streams from these
full eyes,
Mixt with deep curses on the Persian name,
What time a hireling slave purloined my
daughter
For the vile pleasures of some Persian harem?
Oh! when shall we have vengeance! perfect
vengeance!

ABCASSAN.

E'en now my brother. Tauris' Sultan here
Sports 'mid these hills.

HATUCAR.

Hunts he the lion here?
By heaven! this lion-hunter is my chase!
I'll rouse him from his lair,

ABCASSAN.

What time the moon
Shall leave these hills in darkness, I've resolv'd
To speed, by secret paths, upon their camp,

HATUCAR.

Hasten the time! Hatucar's sword's athirst!
And his hand burns to slake itself in vengeance.

ABCASSAN.

Let recollection fill the interval.
Thou knowest the verse, Hatucar, sung by
Kafan,

When his sons perish'd? I then sat beside
 The aged bard: his dim and wearied eyes
 Turn'd from the scene of slaughter, and he
 gaz'd
 Silent awhile upon Cubana's stream,
 Then, smiting his sad breast, sang mournfully.

AIR.

ABCASSAN.

Flow, flow, Cubana! flow thou sacred stream!
 In depth of silence through thy forests flow:
 Again the morn and evening beam
 May unpolluted on thee gleam,
 But where shall roll away *our* memory of woe?

Flow, sacred flood! flow silent to the main!
 Vocal no more to Kafan's tuneful breath!
 Old Kafan sits amid the slain—
 And calls his sons—but calls in vain!—
 What flood can wash away the mem'ry of their death?

*Bugle sounded. Enter Tartars bringing in
 Zelinda.*

TARTAR SOLDIER.

Where yon black rocks o'erhang the vale
 beneath,
 We found this maid: weary she seem'd and faint,
 And on the ridge sat mournfully reclin'd.
 We questioned her, but tears were her replies.

ZELINDA.

What voice is that? Ah! me, my giddy brain!
 O! could I hear those accents yet again,

I would believe Abcassan stood among you,
And I would call on him, and die content!

ABCASSAN,

Starting forward to support her.

'Tis my Zelinda!—my Zelinda! Love!
Thy own Abcassan holds thee to his heart:
Open thy eyes and bless him with their gaze.

HATUCAR.

God of my fathers, now indeed I thank thee!—
Abcassan, let me share in this embrace.
My sister,—my loved sister,—my Zelinda!

ZELINDA, *recovering.*

Where am I?—Ah, Abcassan and my brother!
Are ye not spirits?—died ye not that night,
When hurried o'er Cubana's gleamy waves,
I heard you shout along the flaming vale,—
And your last groans seem'd lingering on my
ear?

—Blest heav'n! ye live!—my brother and my
love!—

—Ye live!—these arms embrace you!—yes, ye
live!—

ABCASSAN.

We live for you.—We live for our Zelinda!
The hope of vengeance for thy loss sustain'd
Our wretched days, and made us bear to live.

HATUCAR.

Vengeance hath been my sister, child, and sire!
Spoil'd of our flocks the spirit of just vengeance
Summon'd these troops around us. In our aid

The brave Ussetians join their mountain bands :
 Far are we dreaded :—Zuenga's echoing banks
 Have utter'd back thy name, and Eriván
 Trembles thro' all her turrets, when that sound
 Rises beside her lakes. Long had we doom'd
 Tauris itself a sacrifice to thee ;
 When lo ! its Sultan leaves its mighty towers,
 And, self-devoted, sports amid our haunts,
 A free oblation for thy safe return.

ZELINDA.

O, let thy vengeance rest :—spare generous
 Hamet :—
 Hamet hath spar'd thy sister.

HATUCAR.

Spared her !—how ?
 What when his fierce marauders swept our plains
 With sanguine blast, and from our bosoms tore
 Thee and thy fair companions as his slaves ?

ZELINDA.

Hear me, my brother,—Hamet never knew
 The miseries we have suffer'd :—in his soul
 Benevolence majestic sits enthroned,
 Proud, justly proud, of its extensive power.

ABCASSAN.

What can Zelinda plead the cause of Hamet ?

ZELINDA.

O my Abcassan, do not frown upon me.
 What tho' I was torn from thee, and with slaves
 Condemn'd to the Seraglio of the Sultan,
 Yet Hamet's heart disdains such base affection.

I told him whom I lov'd, and how I lov'd :—
 He wept my sorrows :—sent me richly forth,—
 In state attended to my native vales.
 But while a few days since we pass'd these
 mountains
 A Tartar band surprized us, and dispersed
 My courtly guards : “ I saw some fall beside me
 “ And scarce myself escap'd their barbarous
 hands.”

HATUCAR.

Thanks to the Gods,
 We are in part revenged !—It was ourselves
 That spread destruction 'mid your splendid
 troops,
 And sav'd our vales from such insulting pomp !
 Was't not enough to tear thee from our arms,—
 To dye our fields with blood, and fire our roofs.
 But must the sated monster throw thy shame
 Thus back, to blot thy desolated tribe ;
 O wherefore stay'd my sword ere yet I knew
 'Mid the base herd that fled before my arm,
 Was my polluted sister ?

ZELINDA.

Strike—O strike !
 Wrong not—but strike, this unpolluted breast !
 Aid him Abcassan !—this unsullied heart
 Hath, my Abcassan, struggled to retain
 Its fainting life for thee !—fatigue and thirst,
 And sick'ning hunger have in vain assail'd it :—
 It hath surmounted all for thee, Abcassan !—
 E'en for thy sword !—

“ AIR.

“ For thee, for thee, this heart hath borne

“ Fatigue and agony !

“ 'Twould cease to beat, by misery torn,

“ But that it beat for thee !

“ 'Twas love, 'twas love, that could afford

“ Strength for such agony !

“ Strike it—'twill throb to meet thy sword,

“ And beat its last for thee !”

ABCASSAN.

Repose it on my bosom !

Abcassan's heart thus welcomes its Zelinda !

This sword, unsheath'd t' avenge her, shall protect her,—

And this fond breast again be all her own.

ZELINDA.

—Then is Zelinda blest :—and she will calm
Thy troubled spirit to domestic peace.

Then shalt thou quit thy sword, and bid the
vales,

Our native vallies, where Cubana flows,
Smile yet again !

HATUCAR.

Never !—Death rests amid them !

And there the fattened herb grows deep in gore !

Let him be cursed who there shall drive his
flock

Or pasture there his herd, until I cast

This sated sword amid Cubana's stream,—

And, while my father's spirit hovers o'er me,

Dying, exclaim, ' now vengeance is complete.'

[*Exeunt omnes,*]

SCENE V.

The outside of Lescha's Cottage.

Enter Lescha, Zodaiya following.

LESCHA.

Aye, aye, I'am an old woman—an old woman—but were the young women like me, there would be more life in the world, I'd warrant. Why, Zodaiya, thou comest creeping and creeping, with thy head hanging down, as though thou wert counting thy steps? What has detained thee behind in the valley?

ZODAIYA, (*sighing.*)

A man, a wounded man—

LESCHA.

A man—what had'st thou to do with a man?

ZODAIYA.

Oh, he was wounded—weary—without aid—
He spake of griefs: I would have pitied him,
But that a manly grace, amid his sorrow,
Demanded more than pity.

LESCHA.

How thou dost tremble, girl!

ZODAIYA.

I know not why I tremble, yet, just so
Shook my whole frame, while round his bleeding arm
I bound my scarf: just so my whole frame shook,
When, as I raised my eyes, and met his glance,

Beaming with noble, gen'rous, thankfulness,
My little service seem'd so much o'erpaid,
I stood his debtor, waiting to do more!

LESCHA.

Thou'rt mad, Zodaiya ;—what, bind thy scarf
about the arm of a strange man?

ZODAIYA.

Could I refuse? His looks, my dearest mother,
Seem'd to entreat, command, and recompense,
All in one glance.

LESCHA.

The girl's bewitch'd! looks and glances, indeed! why, if the robbers can look and glance away scarfs, 'tis time, as my good looking son-in-law, Bereslen, says, to look to our homes!—Come in, come in, Zodaiya.

[*Lescha leads Zodaiya into the Cottage.*]

Enter Hamet, without his turban, his arm bound with a scarf,—with him Hassan and two or three Hunters.

HAMET.

'Twas Love himself contriv'd this happy chance,
To shew the *man*, and not the *sultan*, to her!—
Hassan, while I, in full pursuit, these crags
Descending, far outstript you all, I fell;
And in the fall, I slightly pierced my arm,
And lost my turban. Leave me here, awhile—

Command Abdallah, in my tent to wait me.

[*Exeunt Hassan and Hunters.*

This maid, this rustic maid, must love me!—
pomp, away!

Pride, pow'r, and splendour, terrify affection.

Strip me of all my regal terrors, Love!

Enthroned, enthrone me in this maiden's heart!—

I'll do thee homage, Love, for such an empire!

Zodaiya enters from the Cottage.

By heav'ns she's here. Forgive me, lovely
maiden,

I could not quit these vales, wretch as I am,

Till I beheld thy home!

ZODAIYA.

I'm glad thou'rt here!

How have I thought, painfully thought, on thee!

Thy wound, thy weary steps 'mid rugged rocks!

What thirst, what hunger, and what thousand
dangers

My thoughts have dwelt on!—I rejoice thou'rt
here!

HAMET.

Have I such painful interest in thy thoughts?

ZODAIYA.

'Tis pleasure, mixt with pain, to think of thee!

Just now I saw some men who spake with thee:

Thou'dst told me thou wert outlaw'd, and I
trembled:—

Were those men thy pursuers?

HAMET.

Yes, they were,
But knew me not : yet others are at hand.

ZODAIYA.

Then come within : there's safety for thee here.
I have prepar'd dates for thee, and fresh fruits,
Nay, more, my mother doth consent to shelter
thee.

At dark, I'll load thy srip, and dress thy wound,
Pray for thy *safety*, and I'll weep for *thee* !—
Ah ! thy wound bleeds afresh !

[*Zodaiya binds the scarf again.*]

O ! might I ever
Attend upon thee—heal thy sorrows—thus,
[*Kisses his arm softly.*]
Thus, with the balm of tenderness !—Ah, me !
What have I done ! he saw not ; yet he trem-
bles.

DUET.—HAMET AND ZODAIYA.

HAMET.

The silent kiss, that's given by stealth,
Unforc'd by power, unbought by wealth—
In the sad moment of distress,
How such a *silent* kiss must bless !

ZODAIYA.

The *silent* kiss, by stealth declares
A woman's hopes, a woman's cares :
Without a sound it breathes, it sighs—
And utters all the tongue denies.

BOTH.

Is there, within the breast, a spring
That vibrates, amid grief, with bliss?
Ah! what can touch it's trem'lous string?
The soft, the *silent*, stolen kiss!

SCENE VI.

The Persian Hunting Encampment.

Amrad, Selim, and other Huntsmen.

AMRAD.

There are, I say, two very good reasons for our Sultan's not hunting to-night. The first is, that he has wounded his arm accidentally with his hunting spear; and the second is, that a pair of sparkling eyes have wounded his heart.

SELIM.

I thought he had forsworn all woman-kind.

AMRAD.

Yes, but you know very little of mankind if you thought he would never find a reason to break such forswearing.

AIR.

By the blue eyes of Zofima hourly I swore—
Eyes that beam'd with the azure of heaven!
And I then adored, as our sages adore,
When the blue sky gives sign they're forgiven.
But the horn in the morn,
Ere the meshes are torn,

Startles less the proud stags as they waken ;—
 Than sprang I, with a sigh,
 From love's meshes to fly,
 Swearing never again to be taken.

But Lalella appear'd, with her eyes of bright jet,
 Like the flame by the night's shadow bounded :
 By the lustre attracted, I mark'd not the net,
 Till I started, like stags when surrounded.
 But the morn wakes the morn,
 And the stags the nets scorn,
 So I'll soon burst my bonds, tho' with sorrow,
 Still to stray, break away,
 And to laughing Love say,
 Love, again you may catch me to-morrow.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamet and Abdallah.

ABDALLAH.

I do beseech your Highness to forego
 Th' intent you mention'd. Think that you
 expose
 The happiness of Tauris in your life.

HAMET.

Can Tauris see her Sultan's weary life,
 Lengthen'd in cares and never bless'd by love ?

ABDALLAH.

For Hamet's pleasure let the earth be search'd,
 And beauty—

HAMET.

Hence!—thou knowest nought of love.
 “ This evening as I pass'd the vale alone,

"Unturban'd, and the splendour of my vest
 "Conceal'd beneath my hunting cloak, I met
 "A rustic maiden, fairer than the bloom
 "Of earliest spring. I begg'd her gentle aid,
 "For, in the fervour of the chase, I'd struck
 "My spear-head 'gainst my arm :—the wound
 was slight
 "But bled profuse: she bound it with her
 scarf;—
 "And from a spring, beside her home, she fetch'd
 "Cool water, wash'd the wound, and gave me
 drink.
 "This she perform'd with so much loveliness,
 "I curst my stars I was not born a peasant."

ABDALLAH.

Is not all Georgia your's, my Sovereign Liege?

HAMET.

Its lands, its woods, its rivers, all are mine,—
 Its people too :—but who commands the soul?
 Hamet would be a conqueror of more power
 Than Timur when he laid all Asia waste!
 The heart must be my conquest!

ABDALLAH.

 O, my Prince,
 Thy reign extends o'er all thy subjects' hearts.

HAMET.

Yes,—as a Prince :—I must be lov'd as man!
 Abdallah, hear me boast. This lovely maid,
 (As when some province owns a generous victor,
 And bends with fearful joy to new allegiance,)

Seem'd to regard me as her bosom's lord.
 I told of woes; she wept:—of wrongs; she
 shudder'd:—

Her opening soul seem'd hinged upon my words.
 I named myself anoutcast, and a wanderer;
 Then she, with tears, besought me to repose,
 And seek concealment in her mother's cottage.

ABDALLAH.

How oft doth treason bate its snare with
 love!

HAMET.

Treason!—come treason in so fair a form,—
 Such tears of pity, and such tender smiles—
 Bind thus my wounds and kiss them as by
 stealth—

Glance, unawares, such looks of love upon me,—
 Treason, come thus!—and thou, within my
 breast

Shalt unsuspected plunge thy poison'd steel,
 And I will fall delighted in thy arms!

ABDALLAH.

I dare not further offer to my Sovereign
 Objections to his will:—the rude disguise
 And its accoutrements are all prepared.

HAMET.

Before the dawn be with them in my tent:
 Have ready there a small selected troop;
 The purpose I'll disclose at morn to-morrow.
 In my disguise my name shall be Almudah.
 Remember,—and before the sun be with me.

ABDALLAH.

I will betimes attend your Sovereign pleasure.

[*Exit Abdallah.*]

HAMET. (*solus.*)

Yes! she must love me as she would her equal.
Nay more,—as she might love a wretch whom
fate

Hath fix'd in adverse straights,—homeless and
hopeless,—

With nought to plead against a wrongful world,
But his own wrongs and conscious honesty.

Such must she love me, and must prove her
love:—

Must share my fancied miseries unabashed,
Nor know by them she rises to my throne.

“ AIR.

“ Not he, that o'er the vanquish'd world,

“ While prostrate nations yield,

“ Beholds his banners wide unfurl'd,

“ Proudly o'er ev'ry field :

“ Not he, such real transport proves,

“ As he, whom woman owns she loves.

“ Give me the maid, ye powers above—

“ In pleasure or distress,

“ Whose melting lip, and eye of love,

“ My perfect realm confess,

“ And who mid joy and sorrow proves,

“ That me, and me alone, she loves.”

Enter Hassan, Hunters, &c.

HASSAN.

My Liege, as some of us pursued the chase,
We met with scouts from Omar : they report
That chieftain hath descried the Tartar band
Encamp'd amid the mountains, t'wards the west,
And there intends to-morrow to attack them.

HAMET.

'Tis well :—he knows his duty. Should he
bring
The fair Zelinda, see she be respected. (*to attendants.*)

Hassan, how found you sport when I had left
you?

HASSAN.

My Liege, we tracked a lion to his cave,
Deep, in the hollow valley, 'mid the rocks,
And there we slew him.

DUET.—HASSAN AND HAMET.

Deep in a hollow echoing glen,
We heard the tawny savage roar ;
And, where black pines conceal'd his den,
His steps had mark'd the sands with gore.

He views us—his gaunt mane he rears,
His glaring eyes dart sanguine fires ;
Wildly he howls ! leaps on our spears,
Groans, writhes upon our spears, expires.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The exterior of a Georgian Cottage. Time, just before sun-rise.

CHORUS OF GEORGIAN PEASANTS.

SWAINS of Gurgistàn, arise!

Slumbers Love?

Morning tints the glimmering skies,

And the Ring-dove as he flies,

Cooes aloud amid the grove,

Slumbers Love?

No—not Love!—he knows no rest,

Wakeful Love?

Ere the Dove had left its nest,

Wakeful Love, with hope imprest,

Sang Zodaiya thro' the grove,

Wakeful Love!

Hamet enters, during the last stanza, in the disguise of an armed rustic.

HAMET.

What mean ye, shepherds, that ye thus disturb
The drowsy morning?

1st PEASANT.

Thou'rt indeed a stranger !

What, know'st thou not the custom that we keep
Thro' Gurgistàn ?

HAMET.

I am a stranger, friend,

“ A stranger, too, to such rude melody,

“ That wakes the early lark, and chides the
cock,

“ Which yet hath crow'd not.”

“ 1st PEASANT.

“ Thou wouldst chide us too.”

“ HAMET.

“ Not so, good friends,” but travellers may
enquire

Of customs new to them without rebuke.

1st PEASANT.

We have no secret mystery in this.—

A sport of ancient usage.—We, each year,
Choose of our maidens one we style ‘ *our Rose*.’

Each morn we woo her thus, 'till she present

A rose to one of us. He has her love :—

The rest, tho' not unenvying, yield the prize.

HAMET.

Who is the damsel that ye now address ?

1st PEASANT.

Zodaiya, Lescha's daughter, fairer far
Than all the far-famed beauties of our land.

HAMET.

And she remains obdurate ?

1st PEASANT.

O! most cold!

HAMET.

I learnt some stanzas of a Persian bard,
Of wond'rous influence o'er a maiden's heart:
Say, shall I teach them to you?

1st PEASANT.

'Pray you do.

I've oft been told how charming are the songs
Of Persian minstrels.

HAMET.

Mark then this!—attend.

SONG.—HAMET.

Beauty, hear the voice of love!

Sighs and soft entreaties hear!

Love, when cherish'd, is a dove:

What from doves can beauty fear?

Beauty, fear neglected love!

Selma slighted love distress:

Love became a snake, and wove

Silently within her breast.

Oft she sigh'd 'Neglected Love!

Rest, thou rankling serpent, rest:—

O that while thou wast a Dove,

I had ta'en thee to my breast!

(Zodaiya appears at the window with a Rose in her hand.)

1st PEASANT.

Thy stanzas, friend, are powerful indeed,
For see, Zodaiya!

HAMET.

Wait awhile; she'll speak
To some among you.

1st PEASANT.

Should she speak to me,
How will I bless the stanzas of thy bard.

HAMET.

Peace, fool, she sings.

ZODAIYA, (*sings, presenting the Rose to Hamet.*)

Stranger, wanderer, speed thy way,
And where'er thy footsteps stray,
Wear this Rose!
When its blushing leaves shall fade,
Still upon thy bosom laid,
Fondly cherish'd, tho' decay'd,
Wear this Rose!

(*Hamet converses with Zodaiya at the window,
while the Peasants retire, expressing disappoint-
ment by their gestures.*)

HAMET.

Yes, ever will I wear it. Even now
'Tis rooted in my heart, and there shall bloom,
While I have life-warmth there! O let me
breathe
The fragrance that this lovely rose
Hath shed upon my soul, in sighs
Of love and rapture, nearer thee, Zodaiya.
The safety of a moment now is left me—
That moment would out-value a whole age,
If I might enter here.

ZODAIYA,

Enter the cottage, Stranger.—From these
eyes,
That swell with tears at thought of thy depar-
ture,

Some drops, like dew, might fall upon that rose,
Freshen its bloom, and aid thee to preserve it.

(*Hamet clasps his hands, with expression of delight,
and enters the Cottage.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Tartar Camp.

Kalmar and some Tartars of his own band.

KALMAR.

We, my brave friends, share not in the dis-
sensions

That rend these Abkhans. Let them go. We'll
reap

These barren rocks alone, with swords for sickles,
And plunder for our harvest. Let them go.

By heaven! a woman hath subdued their chief-
tain.

Hatucar is the only *man* among them.

Woman, my friends, should animate our hearts,
Not wither thus the soul of enterprize!

AIR.—KALMAR.

Woman's our prize, our joy, our pride!
 Wealthy's the sword that wins that blessing!
 Fair captive's tears by warriors dried,
 Change into smiles the brave caressing.
 Ruddy with wine,
 Our goblets shine,
 Love's ruby lip to drink inviting—
 Laughter and play,
 Songs sweet and gay,
 Jocundly close the warriors day—
 Woman requiting,
 Woman inciting,
 With joys of Love to toils of Fighting!

Love, the light joy of ev'ry heart,
 Wings warriors' souls, to glory tending;
 As the light feather wings the dart,
 Guides its high flight in fight ascending.
 Never we yield,
 In tent or field:
 Tears nor soft sighs our valour blighting!
 Fair one, we say—
 Smile and be gay,
 Kisses repay the warrior's day;
 Woman inciting,
 Woman requiting,
 With joys of love, the toils of fighting.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hatucar and Zelinda.

HATUCAR.

Cease thy entreaties; he's no more my friend!

ZELINDA.

Ah! am I not thy sister? and Abcassan—

HATUCAR.

Hence to Abcassan ! I detest his name !
 He hath betrayed his trust, foregone the vengeance
 Which such a night presented, and deceived
 Our brave confed'rates, the Ossetian bands :
 For that we have deprived him of command ;
 Seiz'd him—confined him,—and his faithless
 heart
 Shall make atonement for his treachery.

ZELINDA.

Slay me ! but save Abcassan ! It was I
 Subdued his vengeance with the tears of love.
(Shouts without. Enter Kalmar with Ossetians.)

KALMAR.

Again we are deceived : thy Abkhan tribe
 Now shout ' Abcassan '—Give us back Ab-
 cassin !

HATUCAR.

The dastard wretches know not what they do.
 I'll speak to them.

ZELINDA.

O give them back Abcassan !
 He is belov'd by all who love their country.

HATUCAR.

(Pausing) Stay—thus—it shall be so.—Now
 Kalmar, hear me !
 We, the poor remnant of the Abkhan tribe,
 Shepherds, took arms t' avenge our country's
 wrongs.

My sire was murdered, and my infant daughter,
Born at her mother's death, was stolen from me,
Both by these Persians! *His* gore-clotted
locks,

And *her* bright eyes, beaming with all her mother,

Are ever present to me! Kalmar, *they*
Shall be *my* pledge, for they demand my vengeance.

We chose Abcassan for our chief, and joined
Thy warlike numbers. See *Abcassan's* pledge,
Hatucar's sister : to your charge I give her.

Take *her* as hostage of *Abcassan's* faith!

Guard her with care!

ZELINDA.

What dost thou mean, Hatucar?

HATUCAR.

To keep Abcassan faithful to his friends.

Receive thy hostage, Kalmar.

KALMAR.

I accept her.

Fear not, fair Lady, we, though rude and fierce,
Are firm in honour.—(*To the Guard*) To the tent
conduct her.

ZELINDA.

Hatucar—brother! in the name of her

Who gave us both existence, I implore,

Thus on my knees, that thou would'st set me free!

O, in her name, restore me to Abcassan!

" HATUCAR.

" Hence, hence—away with her !

" ZELINDA.

" What sister, kneeling to a brother !—thus

" Imploring mercy in the awful name

" Of mother—of *their* mother—would not see

" That brother's angry eye, at that appeal

" Relent, and beam compassion ! At that name—

" The name of mother !—e'en the desp'rate wretch,

" Who owns no rites, and mocks the threats of

" Heaven,

" Trembles, and won to softness, drops his sword.

" Then spare me, spare me ! In our mother's name

" Spare me, Hatucar !"

HATUCAR.

Away,—'twas by our mother's sacred bones,

Long since sepulchr'd in our native plains,

I swore t'avenge *my country*. In her name

I pledge thee now, that we'll not quit our
swords,

Till e'en the very flow'rets of her grave,

Trampled by Persian feet, shall have their ven-
geance.

Thus pledged, Abcassan's meaner love of thee

Is surety for our cause. Away, 'tis he,

And not thy mother, moves thy abject soul !

Away !

[*Exit Hatucar, and exit Zelinda.*
led by Kalmar and Guards.

SCENE III.

*A romantic scene amid the Georgian mountains.*BEREZLEN *alone.*

Benescha, Benescha!—she can't be far off. Kept her safe before me all the way : wouldn't let her look behind, nor to this side, nor to that side, but only just straight forward, as a wife ought to do—never let her slip out of my sight, till I just stopped at the bottom of this hill to look at some horned cattle. Benescha! Benescha! plague! there's more in looking after a wife than I thought for. Benescha, Benescha! Now would I go home quietly without her, were it not for the jeers of my neighbours, who would worry me to death with the song of Boobistàn.

AIR.

Boobistàn, he would have a wife,

So with cash, and a mule he rode about ;
And he swore in the search he'd pass his life,
But a wife he'd not return without.

Near Tefflis' walls he met with a dame,

And he cried, ' My love, pray do not flout,
' I've a bag of good money, and far I came,
' And a wife I'll not return without.'

' Is your mule sure-footed, your money good ?'

Said she, and she look'd at both with doubt.

' You may try them'—he cry'd—' if you're now
in the mood,

' For a wife I'll not return without.'

On the mule she leapt—the cash she took,
 And riding away, cry'd ' Farewell, lout !
 ' I'm the wife of a Tartar beyond the brook,
 ' And you're a wife, mule, and cash without.'

" This was catching a Tartar with a vengeance
 Benescha ! Benescha !"

[*Exit Berezlen.*

(*Benescha enters running.*)

BENESCHA.

Ha, ha, ha, have I given my circumspect husband the slip !—' Go on'—' Go before'—' There's no need of looking behind'—cries he :—so homeward he drives me with my face set one way, like an old horse with blinkers. I just peeped round, and saw him looking at some horned cattle in the vale, and so off I ran, and I'll teize him I warrant him. But, hist ! I hear him coming ;—now will I walk on with my nose as steadily directed one way, as the snout of a hungry mule towards a whisp of hay—hist—hist. (*aloud*)—Well, I'm sure I've been obedient a long time, Berezlen : may I look about me ?—lord, Berezlen can't you speak ?—you ar'nt sulky, are you ?

(*While Benescha is speaking, the Mufti enters close behind her.*)

MUFTI.

By the holy prophet, what a lovely damsel ! she walks as demurely as a penitent pilgrim in

sight of Mecca! I wish she'd look round!—
hem—hem—hem!

BENESCHA.

Why, Berezlen, you cry hem, and hem, as
gruffly as tho' you were angry.—I'm sure I've
been more obedient than a blind camel,—for I
with a good pair of eyes, have used them as
you order'd me.

MUFTI.

A good pair of eyes! ay, I'll warrant them
basilisks. This is the young wife of some
jealous old cur, who won't let her have the
use of her own eyes. How glad she'll be to
look round, and see me instead of him.

BENESCHA.

Well, Berezlen, you are very provoking;—
you might speak to a body,—(*aside*) deuce
take me if I walk in this formal manner much
longer, tho' it were to please twenty husbands.

DUET.—BENESCHA AND MUFTI.

Husbands surely think to flout us,

We have eyes as well as they;

Aye, bright eyes to look about us,

Not straight forwards one dull way.

Glancing, sparkling, winking, peeping,

This, and that, and t'other way;

My poor eyes will soon be weeping,

If such whims they must obey.

MUFTI (*sings.*)

Pray sweet damsel, look behind thee!

Turn those lovely eyes this way.

(*Benescha, looking round frighten'd,*)

SCENE III.] OR THE ROSE OF GURGISTÀN. 41

Lord, the sight's enough to blind me !
Who art thou behind me pray ?

MUFTI.

O what eyes ! how fair each feature !
On my heart-strings how they play !

BENESCHA.

Ogling, goggling, staring creature !
How you fright me !—get away !

(She runs out, Mufti follows her.)

Enter Berezlen.

BEREZLEN.

I heard Benescha's voice this way. There she is sure enough, and with a Persian Mufti!—what a strange animal ! By St. George of Gurgistàn, I'll interrupt his reverence!—*(Bugle sounded)*—Stop, stop—there are numbers of Persian hunters coming to assist him!—*(Bugle sounds)*—ah, that horn again—now, if my cap were off, would every wind that blows sound just such a note upon my forehead. There, there—they are carrying her away, and some are looking after me—egad, I'd better sculk—better lose one's wife, than lose one's life.

(Bugle sounds, and Berezlen runs off.)

SCENE IV.

The interior of Lescha's cottage.

Hamet and Zodaiya.

“ DUET.

“ 'Tis not to love if joy alone

“ Our throbbing bosoms share :

" Love must partake each pensive moan,
" Of sorrow ! of despair !

" Yet what's the sorrow or despair
" That lovers' bosoms know ?
" Love hath a joy for mutual care,
" A balm for mutual woe !"

HAMET.

Yet why, Zodaiya, dost thou hear a wretch,
Who teaches thee to love his miseries.
Love him no more !

ZODAIYA.

Love thee no more, Almudah !
The love I bear thee is myself, my life,—
And not to love seems something more than
death !

HAMET.

Then what will be my absence ?

ZODAIYA.

What thy absence ?
I had forgot that thou *couldst* go from hence :
I felt as tho' we both were rooted here,
Never to part.

HAMET.

Alas, must I recal
The certainty that we must part for ever ?
Ah ! am I not an outcast ?

ZODAIYA.

O, within
This humble cottage let your wanderings end !
It is Zodaiya's home.

HAMET.

And shall my sorrows
Enter thy dwelling! my unsettled steps
Are followed by a ruthless, hireling band,
Who would destroy thy home with fire and
sword:

I must within this hour depart from thee.

ZODAIYA.

“ No! not from me!—no, wheresoe’er thou
goest—

“ Whate’er thy sufferings, let Zodaiya bear

“ Her happy portion of thy wretchedness!”

O, ’twill be happiness, where’er thou roam’st
To sooth thy cares:—and I will seek fresh
streams

Gather sweet melting fruit to cool thy lips,—
Strew leaves and flowrets for thy nightly couch,
And sit beside thee, watchful.

HAMET.

Lovely maid!

’Tis bliss to hear the thus devise fond cares,
Thou never can’st fulfil:—Thy tender frame
Would sink beneath the weariness of flight:

“ Wild beasts and robbers ’mid the pathless
woods,

“ And o’er the rugged rocks, will mark our
steps,”

And make the night-time, and the tedious day,
Perpetual terror.

ZODAIYA.

Love will give me strength :—

If not, permit me 'till my strength shall fail,
 To go with thee ! “ And, when at last I faint,
 “ And with my languid pace impede thy flight,
 “ Leave me to die upon some lofty hill,
 “ Whence my last gaze may follow thee afar,
 “ Less'ning by distance, till the mist of death
 “ Dim my strain'd eyes, and shut thee out for
 ever.

“—But, my Almudah ! Love will give me
 strength.”

“ AIR.

“ As when from Er'van's sedgy lake
 “ Two mated cranes arise ;
 “ Mid northern storms their flight they take,
 “ Exiled to polar skies :
 “ Loud flap their pinions on the wind,
 “ Ruffl'd by beating rains :—
 “ Oft droops the feebler bird behind,
 “ But love her wing sustains :
 “ So, mated to thy exiled course,
 “ In peril and in woe,—
 “ Fainting, I'll call on love for force,
 “ And love shall force bestow !”

Enter Lescha.

LESCHA.

Mercy upon us ! mercy upon us ! there are
 arm'd men in the valley enquiring for my cot-
 tage. O ! Lord, what can they want with my
 cottage ?

HAMET.

They want not thee! my blood the murd'ers
want!

I will go forth.

ZODAIYA.

O! forbear, forbear!

If thou must perish, perish in these arms,
And let me perish with thee!

HAMET (*musings*.)

There's one way

By which my wretched life may be preserv'd:
But, O! it chills my soul to think on it.

ZODAIYA.

Say can Zodaiya aid thee? can her death
Preserve thy life?

HAMET.

Worse than thy death! much worse:
I dare not name!

ZODAIYA.

Speak, Almudah, speak!

Mistrust not my affection:—if there's ought
Of torture, or of misery can save thee,
Name it,—I'll bear it cheerfully for thee!

(*Trumpet without.*)—They come — alas! they
come!

LESCHA.

O that Berezen were here to defend me!

HAMET.

Good mother, from above observe these men.

LESCHA.

Observe them, quotha! may'nt they observe me too! I'll go hide myself, for I've more reasons than you're aware of, to dread the sight of armed men. (*aside.*) [Exit.

ZODAIYA.

Ere 'tis too late for safety, my Almudah,
Teach me the means to save thee.

HAMET.

Hear me, then :—
'Tis thought I have a partner in my flight—
A lovely woman.

ZODAIYA.

Ah! a woman with thee!
Let me, Almudah, rest upon thy arm.
A sudden faintness, which will soon be past,
Oppresses me.

HAMET.

Rest on my bosom, Love!
I'll say no more.—I feel thou canst not save me.

ZODAIYA.

Yes, I will save thee! even for her arms,
For whose dear sake thou hast denied my pray'r
To go with thee.

HAMET.

There is no other fair
That holds an empire in my heart but thou.
'Tis said, but 'tis said falsely, that a maid,
By name Ismena, lovely as the dawn,
Flies with me from a tyrant's amorous arms.

She's of thy height, and were thy fairer face
Hid by thy veil, I should almost believe
Ismena stood before me. Ah, they come!

(Trumpet without)

ZODAIYA.

They come!—there's now no time for vain delay!
I love thee—O Almudah, how I love thee!
Go—fly—preserve thyself—preserve Ismena!
O no—deny it not—'tis plain thou lov'st her!
Go—print this kiss—*(she hastily kisses his hand,*
and veils herself) upon Ismena's lip,
And say in that Zodaiya's heart resign'd
Thee to her arms—herself to willing death!—

Abdallah and Persian Soldiers enter.

ZODAIYA *(rushing towards them.)*

Proceed no further—I am she you seek—
I am—O my full heart—I am Ismena!

ABDALLAH.

Seize ye this woman, Soldiers—bear her hence,
Not rudely, but as men, with gentleness.

[Exeunt Abdallah and Soldiers, with Zodaiya.]

HAMET,

(Coming forwards from the back of the Stage,
to which he had retired)

This is a cruel triumph!—yes, she loves me—
Even to death devotes herself for me!
Art thou not satisfied, thou tyrant heart,
With such a sacrifice?—One trial more,
And all my soul shall yield to thee, Zodaiya!

Then will I joyous bid this lovely, lowly rose
Adorn the throne of Tauris.

(Taking the Rose from his Bosom.)

“ AIR.

“ Rose of affection, flow’r divine !

“ My soul to thee I consecrate !

“ For Love’s divinity is thine,

“ Tears of delight shall gem thy shrine,

“ Rapture thy rights shall celebrate.

“ Virgins that soft desires confess,

“ Blushing, shall imitate thy bloom ;

“ And when they sigh with tenderness,

“ Owning what bliss it is to bless,

“ Their sighs shall breathe of thy perfume.

“ Nymphs that adore the tinted skies,

“ With arms devout shall thee enfold ;

“ The Houri, too, whose azure eyes

“ Brighten our prophet’s paradise,

“ Shall crown with thee their hair of gold.”

* *Instead of this Song the following was introduced.*

Thou art mine, Rose of Love, thou art mine,

In my heart thou art planted for ever ;

There the best of affections shall round thee entwine,

As the elm is embrac’d in th’ embrace of the vine,

Which is never relinquish’d—no, never.

Rose of Love ! Rose of Love ! thou art mine.

Thou art planted here ne’er to decay,

From my heart naught thy beauties can sever ;

And should tears, like bright dew drops, at dawn of the day,

Empearl thy sweet bloom, I will kiss them away,

For thou ne’er shalt know sorrow, no, never.

Rose of Love ! Rose of Love ! thou art mine.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

The Tartar Camp.

Hatucar and Kalmar.

HATUCAR.

Kalmar, canst thou mistrust our Abkhans yet,
With such a surety?

KALMAR.

Thee we ne'er mistrusted :
But now "we hear" thy Abkhans shout "Ab-
cassan !"

Abcassan, lead us to Cubana's banks.

HATUCAR.

Mistrust not one of us. Guard thou my sister.
Abcassan is belov'd, but in Zelinda
Thou hast an hostage that ensures him ours.
He comes.

(Enter Abcassan with Abkhans.)

HATUCAR.

Abcassan is again my friend.
"Thus I embrace thee in our country's name."

ABCASSAN.

Hence—thou art he that wrong'd thy coun-
try's chief!
Ye men of Abkha, seize upon the traitor !

HATUCAR.

Refrain, proud chief, nor stamp Zelinda's fate
With death inevitable.—

ABCASSAN.

Ah! Zelinda!

Thou art Zelinda's brother.

HATUCAR.

I claim no kindred more with her or thee :
These brave Ossetians hold her as thy pledge :—
We know thee brave—we will again obey thee—
“ Fight by thy side and fall in heaps around
thee.”

But if thou darest forego thy country's ven-
geance,
Zelinda dies!

ABCASSAN.

Monster! inhuman monster!
What vengeance graft'st thou on thy sister's life?
Abkha recalls me to Cubana's shores :—

ABKHANS (*shouting.*)

Abcassan, lead us to Cubana's banks!

HATUCAR.

Return—and with you bear a lovely corse!
Lay it with those whose blood manures your
fields:—
Lay it beside my father's, and proclaim
It is his daughter, sacrificed to Abkha,
By his son's hand!

ABCASSAN.

Guards, seize the impious monster!

HATUCAR.

I yield me willingly :—I yield unarm'd—
For thus to Kalmar I resign my sword.

SCENE V.] OR THE ROSE OF GURGISTÀN. 51

Kalmar, thou know'st the office of this steel.

(gives the sword to Kalmar.)

KALMAR.

The bosom of Zelinda!

ABCASSAN *(to the Abkhans.)*

O, my friends!

Redeem yourselves and rescue my Zelinda!

Enter Kavistan.

KAVISTAN.

Cease, Chieftains,—cease this strife!—we are surprised!

A Persian squadron hath possess'd our out-posts.

ABCASSAN.

Let Persia come!—as well may Persian foes
Ravish our joys, as kindred hands despoil us!
I will not stir till ye restore Zelinda!

HATUCAR,

*Breaking from the Abkhans and taking his sword
from Kalmar.*

Unhand me, dastards!—give me back my sword!

Ye men of Abkha, do ye hear your chief?
He will not stir against your Persian foes
Without *his* love!—O, where are those *you* lov'd!
Their blood hath stain'd Cubana, or their charms
Adorn some Persian harem;—O for shame!
The murderers are again among your tents,—
And ye, like lifeless victims, round your chief
Stand silent, while, instead of 'arms and ven-
geance,'

He cries, ' Zelinda !—O restore Zelinda !'
 Who shall restore my father and my child ?—
 Who shall to *you* restore your wives and children ?

Some Abkhans.

We'll follow thee, Hatucar ! lead us on !

Other Abkhans.

Abcassan ! lead us where thou wilt, Abcassan !

ABCASSAN.

Abkhans, behold your chief ! cease, cease
 your strife !

I lead you on to perish at your head.

HATUCAR.

Abcassan is again my friend, my chief !
 The brother of my bosom in its vengeance !

[*Exeunt.*

(*Trumpets and martial music.*)

SCENE VI.

*Another part of the Tartar camp, near the tent of
 Kalmar. Trumpets and shouts at a distance.*

Ossetian Guards, Zelinda, and Attendants.

1st GUARD.

They are engaged :—where yonder jutting
 — height
 Shadows the sandy vale, I see them meet.

ZELINDA.

Permit me, guards, to stand without the tent.

2ND GUARD.

Stand where you will.—I would that our good
spears
Had better tasks than thus to guard a woman.

ZELINDA (*coming from the tent.*)

I thank ye!—Let my eyes indulge their
gaze—
Could they but trace Abcassan mid the gloom!—
Ah me! what cloud arises in the vale!
Amid its black tumultuous bulk appear
Horses and men confused. See the quick gleam
Of rapid steel shot sudden thro' the mist!
See ye yon glitt'ring crest? Hear ye that shout?
'Tis he—'tis he!—I catch his distant voice:—
He shouts again!—'tis he—it is Abcassan!
Now!—all is silent!—dreadful is the pause!
No more I see Abcassan:—hark! again
Triumphant shouts:—my sight has lost Ab-
cassan!

“ AIR.

“ From my tear-streaming sight, my Abcassan hath vanish'd!

“ Lost, lost is his voice to my listening ear!

“ Hope! deserter of love! from my heart be thou banish'd,

“ That throne of affection surrenders to fear!

“ Abcassan! Abcassan!—thy name then ascended!

“ Now thy name dies away in that wide-spreading cry.

“ Heart!—throne of my love!—thou'rt no longer defended!

“ And hope, the deserter, hath left me to die!”

Trumpets. Enter Kavistan with Abkhans in retreat.

KAVISTAN.

Haste—occupy that height!—defend the camp!
The Persians are behind you,—and your Chief,
Abcassan, mid a multitude of foes,
Hath fall'n, men of Abkha.

ZELINDA.

Ah! Abcassan fall'n!
That shout—that shout of triumph!—O support me!

(She rushes out.)

KAVISTAN.

Still are there hopes, my friends!—for I beheld
Hatucar and brave Kalmar, side by side,
With dreadful onset rush upon the foe,
Who there before them fled. “If ye are firm
“We are already more than half victorious.”

CHORUS.

We mourn not for Abcassan slain,
He fell contending with our foe:
The valiant grieve, but tears disdain,
In blood they bid their sorrows flow.
Strike fiercely—to the foe exclaim
Mourn Persians! mourn Abcassan's name!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Mountainous Scenery—same as in the first scene
of the first act.*

Hassan, Amrad, and other Huntsmen.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

The horn of the chase and the clarion of war,
'Mid these echoes re-echo each other afar.

Hark! the horn's winding sound
Swells and rolls round and round,
And the quiv'ring savage starts up with a bound.

" Hark the clarion's dread blast

" Like a thunder-peal past!

" Shouts and groans are its chorus in deserts so vast!

" From echo to echo, the mingling tones rattle—

" This the joys of the chase— (*horns sound*) —that the tri-
" umphs of battle. (*Trumpets.*)

HASSAN.

Shall we return? Ye are not weary, friends?
While sanguinary war, and treacherous pleasure,
Consume ambitious and luxurious men,
We, hunters, only, live; our gen'rous sport,

In which bright steel, with no dishonest thirst,
 Revels in other blood than that of man,—
 Crowns us with health, and sends us our repose
 So sound and soft, that the rude bed of heath,
 Sky-canopied, outvalues the rich couch
 Which galls th' unwearied limbs that woo its
 down.

HUNTSMAN (*entering.*)

Hassan, as I

Kept watch upon the nets, I saw a woman
 Rush from the Tartar camp:
 She hastened towards the spot where late we
 view'd
 The conflict of those Tartars with our Persians.

HASSAN.

A woman saidst thou, from the Tartar camp?
 Perhaps the very fair they lately seized,
 When sent with escort, by the sultan's orders.
 Let's to that field of slaughter—though I hate
 To gaze upon the abuse of such good weapons,
 When man hunts man—yet hath the field of
 gore,

Groaning with victims, many a claim upon us;
 And most, when woman, wild, disconsolate,
 Roams, trembling, 'mid the gasping and the dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Tartar Camp.

(*Enter Abcassan wounded, Kavistan, and some Abkhans.*)

ABCASSAN.

Hast thou, Kavistan, sav'd my life for this?
She is not here! Zelinda is not here?

KAVISTAN.

We left her near the tent of Kalmar, faint—
And calling on your name!

ABCASSAN.

Not now she calls :—this silence of the camp
Is far more dreadful than the noise of death!

AIR.—(ABCASSAN)

While threat'ning sounds roll round afar,
Mocking wild echo's faltering breath;
Amid the scatter'd rage of war,
Zelinda treads the field of death!
With a low groan I hear her cry,
 'Dreads love the kiss of gasping breath?
 I ask Abcassan's latest sigh,
 His last embrace,—th' embrace of death!
With hurried step and frenzied air,
She roams, perhaps, the corse-strewn heath.
Or, the fix'd image of despair,
Stands gazing round the field of death.
And still continues her sad cry,
 'Dreads love the kiss of gasping breath?
 I ask Abcassan's latest sigh,
 His last embrace,—th' embrace of death!

Enter more Abkhans.

1st. ABKHAN.

The foe pursues; we fly, but fly in vain:

“Or, rallied by despair, in separate heaps,

“Strew, wide the country round.”

KAVISTAN.

Where is Hatucar?

Where Kalmar and his brave Ossetian horde?

1st. ABKHAN SOLDIER.

They, like two lions, whom inveterate hounds
Fiercely invest, retreat reluctant:—frequent
turn

And mark their flight with their pursuers' blood.

“O'er hills and plains they lead the weary foe,

“Who would desist, but, if he stops to breathe,

“They wheel round on him.”

ABCASSAN.

Hearst thou this, Kavistan?

And shall we here drop lifeless?—Still this arm

Can wield its faulchion:

Zelinda is not here!—Hatucar dies

In fullness of revenge.

Enter other Abkhans.

2d. ABKHAN.

A Persian troop hath seized the fair Zelinda.

They to their hunting camp convey the prize.

ABCASSAN.

What didst thou say?—‘Zelinda?’—haste—
lead on!

“My sinews are new braced, and my full heart

“ Swells with fresh hope.”

Their hunting camp !—’tis weak—
Defenceless !—its whole force pursues Hatucar ?

“ My friends we’re but a handful, but we’re
brave !”

KAVISTAN.

Where’er thou lead’st the way we’ll follow thee.

ABCASSAN.

Then to the Persian camp !—and should some-
times

This gasping bosom breathe Zelinda’s name,
And join it with ‘ our country ’—shout ye still
Amid the ravage of their splendid tents,
‘ Abkha, in all its vengeance, still survives !’

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Inside of Lescha’s Cottage.

Berezlen and Lescha.

BEREZLEN.

Why, now, that’s bad, mother-in-law, that
was, for you have lost Zodaiya, just as I have
lost my wife.

LESCHA.

O, my poor Benescha ! What shall I do ?
this is a judgment on me ! now I know what it
is to lose a daughter ! O, what a wretch I have
been ! I’ll go to the Persian camp. I’ll go to

the sultan. I'll confess. O, my poor Benescha, what will become of you?

BEREZLEN.

Rather, my good mother, exclaim, O, my poor son-in-law, what might have become of you?

LESCHA.

I care not what had become of you.

BEREZLEN.

You don't?—Why then I must return home—and without a wife too!—How my neighbours will jeer me!—I set out on a bad errand, and there's an end of it. What if I were to persuade old Lescha to go with me. She'd serve to take off the edge of the joke: and should they laugh at her age, the answer's plain—'I like an old woman.'—

"AIR.

" I like an old woman that's hearty and tough,

" With a colour that's proof to the wind and the weather ;

" One whom age warrants made of stout well-season'd stuff,

" And the springs in her joints put completely together.

" With nerves well strung,

" And a tongue well hung :

" Who all the day

" Rattles and scolds her cares away.

" Clothed or bare,

" Foul or fair,

" Smile or frown,

" Up or down,

" Give me an old woman for wear and for tear.

" You may sing of the rose and of youth if inclined,

" Yet frost or caprice will soon shew you your folly ;

" But a buxom old girl you'll an evergreen find,

" And her emblem's the sharp shining leaf of the holly.

" Smooth to the brave,

" Sharp to the knave ;

" Yet green and gay,

" A bough-pot for a winter-day :

" Clothed or bare,

" Foul or fair,

" Smile or frown,

" Up or down,

" Give me an old woman for wear and for tear."

LESCHA.

Mercy on us !—here are the Persians coming again :—and his reverence the Mufti with them:

BEREZLEN.

Persians, mother !—why then they must be in pursuit of me !—" Now will they seize me, poor horned animal that I am, and stew me to make beef tea as a restorative for his highness the Mufti's constitution. O Benescha, Benescha—what vile uses may not a husband come to !"—I'll be off, however—there—out of this window.

(Berezlen escapes by the window.)

Enter Mufti and Attendants.

MUFTI *(respectfully.)*

Madam, is you name Lescha?—are you the mother of Zodaiya?

LESCHA.

The mother of Zodaïya !—Lord, your reverence, I am a poor humble creature and the mother of Benescha.

MUFTI.

Don't be alarm'd :—Benescha is a merry little lass, and does you credit :—but we'll talk of Benescha by and by.—Now, permit me to say, that as the mother of Zodaïya, you are likely to come to great honour as the mother of an illustrious Princess.

LESCHA.

O your reverence knows all :—I confess :—Zodaïya is a princess.

MUFTI.

No, not just yet : but when a sultan is in love, the thing is as good as done, and therefore permit me to obey the commands I have received, to conduct you to Zodaïya.

LESCHA.

O forgive me—your reverence knows that I am not the mother of Zodaïya :—I will confess all.

MUFTI.

Confess—forgive—not Zodaïya's mother !—ah ! perhaps an explanation may hang to this, that may be useful in my affairs with Benescha. My good lady, if you have any thing to confess, ease your conscience at once :—come this way ; and believe me, that whatever may be your

SCENE III.] OR THE ROSE OF GURGISTÀN. 63

crimes, an old woman, with a handsome daughter or two, can, at any time, find the blind side of such a judge as Mufti Quizzendi.

SONG.—MUFTI.

Before Mufti Misti, who had but one eye,

All in vain an old woman for pardon was pleading;

So she thought, could she get on his blind side so sly,

She might slyly escape out of court, he not heeding.

Slowly she stept,

Warily crept :

Stretch'd out her crutch,

Hobbled to get from justice' clutch :

But the judge,

Saw her budge,

With mouth wide,

Fiercely cried,

Dost thou think thou old jade, to get round my blind side?

The old woman a daughter had, bright as a rose,—

At that moment his rev'rence glanced on *her* his peeper :

And his little sharp eye shone beside his red nose,

Fixt, as if in its sight, it for ever would keep her.

Fondly he wink'd,

Nodded and blink'd :

Meantime the dame

Hobbled away, tho' old and lame.

And the judge

Saw her budge,

But he sigh'd

As he cried,

This old woman's daughter's found out my blind side.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Persian Camp. [Enter Hamet.]

HAMET.

She loves me—'tis enough—my heart disdains
All further test. I would not subjugate,
But make assured alliance with her soul.
Abdallah, has the mufti sought old Lescha?
Abdallah entering on the opposite side.

ABDALLAH.

My Liege, the woman who was thought the
mother
Of this fair maiden, hath reveal'd a tale,
Which speaks Zodaiya of a higher birth.

HAMET.

Of higher birth!
Command the Mufti to attend me.—(*to an at-
tendant.*)

(*To Abdallah.*)

Meantime, to sooth th' impatience of my heart,
Sing me the Persian air of Zulea's love
To Hafez, our fond poet.

ABDALLAH.

Ever, my liege, I willingly obey you—
Most willingly, when you command the song
My soul delights in.

AIR.—ABDALLAH.

Within a bower, where almonds bloom'd,
Hafez his soul, in sighs consumed,—

Ah, how he lov'd !

A silent splendour beam'd on high,—
The moon reign'd empress of the sky ;
The air was still, the birds were mute,
While Hafez' sigh, and Hafez' lute,

Told how he lov'd !

He sang of one with eyes of blue,
With roseate cheek, and lip of dew !

Ah ! how he lov'd !

And at each cadence of his lay,
As the notes died in sighs away,
A voice, like echo's faintest strain,
Responsive, seem'd to sigh again,—

Thou, too, art lov'd !

How quick his soul that soft voice knew !
Through his whole frame, what tremors flew !

Ah ! how he lov'd !

And was it hope, or was it fear,
That glisten'd in his starting tear,—
Or joy, in show'rs of tears exprest,
When Zulea sigh'd upon his breast—

Thou, too, art lov'd !

HAMET.

Hush ! hush !—Zodaiya comes—she thinks me
captive.

Fasten these chains upon me, and let some
Appear to guard me.

Enter Zodaiya, with attendants.

ZODAIYA (*not seeing Hamet.*)

Seiz'd ! was Almudah seiz'd ?
O, cruel heav'n ! I thought Almudah happy !
Was he alone when taken ?

ABDALLAH.

Then alone :
But we've been told a woman fled from him.

ZODAIYA.

Ah ! could she love, and yet desert Almudah.
Then is he mine indeed ! (*perceiving Hamet.*)

O, my Almudah !
Thy chains, thy dungeon, and thyself, are mine.
Let thy Ismena share thy lighter hours :—
“ Give me thy griefs ! that I may soothe those
griefs
“ With sighs of Love !”

AIR.—ZODAIYA.

Grief ! give me grief ! let weaker bosoms borrow,
From joy, their feeble blaze—
My love, with its own rays,
Shall beam Hope's rainbow on thy clouds of sorrow.
‘ Hark ! with a voice, that energy bestows,
‘ *Affection* calls me to sustain thy woes—
‘ Love, love (that voice exclaims) o'er grief should rise,
‘ Bright as the sun amid the stormy skies :
‘ With thundering peals fates' threatening clouds are roll'd,
‘ But Love darts forth, and every cloud is gold !’

* *This Song was originally written as follows :*

AIR.—ZODAIYA.

“ Give, give me thy griefs !—weaker bosoms than mine,
 “ From thy sunshine of smiles may their waning-light borrow !
 “ Let my Love’s constant rays (ah ! unborrow’d from thine)
 “ Beam the rainbow of hope on the clouds of thy sorrow !
 “ As the lamp, in the banquet, consumes as it gleams,
 “ Other love will decay while thy joy ’tis adorning ;—
 “ But my love’s like the sun, that above the storm beams,
 “ And brightens the dark-broken clouds of the morning !”

HAMET—(*aside to Abdallah.*)

————— Can I bear this,
 And not discover who I am, Abdallah !—
 Rapture restrain’d, is torture !
 Listen, my words shall breathe of tender joy !—
 I have deceiv’d thee :—listen, my Zodaiya—

ZODAIYA.

Deceive my soul no more with flatt’ring hope.
 I’ve taught my heart, Almudah, calm affection,
 That silently may weep, but dare not wish.
 And, lo, Ismena comes, a captive too !
 Let me depart—speak comfort to Ismena !

[*Exit.*

As Zodaiya goes out, Zelinda enters on the other side, with Persian Hunters.

HAMET (*throwing off his disguise.*)

Remain, remain, Zodaiya ! turn and know
 Thyself the empress of a sovereign’s heart !

Free me, Abdallah, free me from these chains—
I will unveil my soul from all disguise !

*(As Abdallah unfastens the chains, Zelinda
approaches and kneels.)*

ZELINDA.

O Seignior !—Sultan !—Hamet !—
Zelinda, wild with anguish, kneels before thee !

HAMET.

Zelinda here !

ZELINDA.

Where is my promised safety—
Where my Abcassan ? O my brain ! it burns—
O let me seek him yet among the slain !

HAMET.

What means Zelinda !

“ AIR.

“ Dim are these eyes, and sick this brain,
“ For as I gaz'd yon sanguine plain,
“ I saw him fall amid the slain,
“ Him this heart lov'd !

“ Let me still wander o'er that place,
“ His corse among those corses trace,
“ That these faint arms may there embrace
“ Him this heart lov'd.

“ As seeks the dove, with wayward flight,
“ Her mate belov'd, till close of night,
“ I'll seek till death shall close my sight,
“ Him this heart loved.”

(Trumpets—tumult without—enter Persian Officer)

OFFICER.

A straggling band of Tartars hath presum'd
T' attack the camp!—their chieftain shouts
‘Zelinda.’

Behind his party rush, and cry ‘Abcassan.’

ZELINDA.

Abcassan!—my Abcassan!

HAMET.

Guard this woman.

Give me my sabre:—I myself will meet
These bold intruders.

ZELINDA.

Send me forth, O Seignior!

Abcassan will, at sight of me, submit.

HAMET.

The arm of Hamet doth not need such aid.
When he submits assist him with thy tears.

AIR.

Beauty may triumph in my breast,
And my soul bow with awe impress'd,
But now the sound of arms
My bounding heart alarms,
The clarion's dreadful peal,
The clash of jarring steel,
Shrieks of the base who fly,
Groans of the brave who die,
Mid the tumultuous cries,
That sweep along the skies,

From the mid-fight ascending
Where host with host are blending,
Yet when upon the victor field,
The foeman of my sword shall yield,
If lovely woman ask his life,
That moment ends the strife,
Her arm his breast-plate, and her heart his shield.

SCENE VI.

A Valley with a Tartar Monument.

*Enter Hatucar, Tartar chief, soldiers, &c. with
Berezlen as guide.*

(Trumpets at distance.)

HATUCAR.

I'll trust this slave no longer.—Hark! behind
The troops of Persia rush again upon us.
Take off his head, the villain hath betray'd us.

BEREZLEN.

In truth that's but a bad way to mend even a
bad guide.

HATUCAR.

What doth he murmur?

BEREZLEN.

Now do keep your sword a little lower. We
are just arrived at the place I told you of, inha-
bited by some of your countrymen: they know
me well, for I've had dealings with them; and if
you will suffer this good-looking head of mine
to remain where it is, they may chance to know
me again, very much to your satisfaction.

HATUCAR.

This fugitive hath just awaken'd hopes,
Which shed a sudden brightness upon life.
If he deceive me he shall lose his head.

BEREZLEN.

Your sword seems in a terrible hurry to take forfeit before it is forfeited. If you will only stop till you have read the inscription on that pile of stones, I think your sword may permit my head and shoulders to continue on a neighbourly footing.

HATUCAR (*perceiving the monument.*)

Ah! 'tis a guide from heaven! (*reads*)

- ' To those who perished on Cubana's shore,
- ' To names rever'd, though Abkha is no more,
- ' We, a sad remnant of the Abkha tribe,
- ' This poor memorial solemnly inscribe !'

On every stone a well known name appears!
How dreadful 'tis to see this host of friends,
Starting from all these tablets and at once
Piercing my soul, with one astounding cry—
' We are no more!'

What mean these tears? Hatucar hath not wept
His own afflictions, or his country's wrongs:
This unexpected tribute to the dead,
Strikes on his heart, and makes him less than
woman.

(*Kalmar, Officers, Tartars enter hastily.*)

KALMAR.

To arms! to arms! the Persian troops appear,
To arms, Hatucar!

HATUCAR.

Doth destruction thus
Pursue my steps so closely? even now!—
'Tis well!—"Here will I stand devoted at this
Shrine."

*Trumpets—tumult—enter Omar with Persian
troops.*

OMAR.

Yonder's the Chieftain we so long pursued!
Surround him soldiers!

HATUCAR. (*starting forwards.*)

Fall, ye miscreants fall!

The ghosts of those who stain'd Cubana's vale,
Are hovering here, and shriek aloud for vengeance!

OMAR.

Yield thee!

HATUCAR.

I can no more—my faltering sinews droop,
A dead'ning faintness hangs upon my arm.
O sword, another blow; I cannot raise it.

*(Hatucar drops the sword—and clasps the
Monument.)*

Be merciful, ye foes, and slay me here!

OMAR.

Seize him, but hurt him not.

(Some Soldiers advance to seize him.)

HATUCAR.

Here let me die!

Delay the blow no longer, for I hear
Voices of friends that welcome me to death!

(Persian soldiers carry him off.)

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE THE LAST.

*The front of the Persian Pavilion.**Zelinda. Abcassan in chains. Soldiers.*

ZELINDA.

In chains ! a captive ! set him free, ye slaves,—
 What have I not the sultan's royal word,
 Abcassan shall be free !

SOLDIER.

Our orders are to guard our pris'ner strictly.
 The Sultan fought him singly, and forbade
 The intervention of the thronging soldiers ;
 But when he had disarm'd him he exclaim'd,
 ' Seize on this rebel, Soldiers ! put chains on him,
 ' Guard him with care, he is your Sultan's captive !'

ZELINDA.

'Tis false ! The Sultan never could say so !
 Release him, slaves !—I—I will answer for ye !
 Can Hamet break the word he gave Zelinda ?

ABCASSAN.

Hath she such pow'r to make him keep his word ;
 And doth she think Abcassan—fall'n Abcassan—
 Will owe his life or freedom, to the pow'r
 Zelinda hath obtain'd o'er Hamet's heart ?
 On, Soldiers, on !

ZELINDA.

Cruel Abcassan ! stay—nay, thou shalt hear me :
 As I am certain in my love to thee,
 So am I confident in Hamet's honour !
 These slaves mistake their duty,—

ABDASSAN.

They know and do their duty. I'm a captive—
Fall'n low beneath this generous Hamet's pow'r:
And as these chains are proofs how much he
dreads me,

They honour me—I ask no other favour
And least, a favour won from him by thee!

[*Exit, attended by Guards.*]

ZELINDA (*to a Mute.*)

Conduct me to the Sultan, slave!—If he
(Yet sure he cannot!) trifles with his word!
If he (he cannot!) glories in the woes
Of his defeated rival—I'll despise
This mighty Sultan, and with fearless words,
Pour the full measure of my scorn upon him!

(*As she is going, a slave delivers her a paper, Zelinda takes it and reads.*)

From Hamet! what is this?

' Hamet requires Zelinda's confidence :
' For reasons that hereafter shall be known,
' The Sultan, to a fair one, named Zodaiya,
' Hath given the order to release the captive.'
Why not to me? But ah! behold she's here—

Enter Abdallah and Zodaiya.

ABDALLAH.

'Tis thought thou'rt not Ismena: if thou'rt not,
This order frees the captive and thyself:
If thou indeed art she, thou must remain,

Until the Sultan comes to do thee honour—
 Perhaps to raise thee to his bed and throne!
 Meantime thou may'st to her present this order
 Whom thou didst call Ismena : she is here—

[*Exit Abdallah.*]

ZODAIYA.

What's this—an order for Almudah's freedom—
 Why what's to me the Sultan and his splendour?
 The captive now is mine!

ZELINDA (*advancing.*)

I pray with haste
 Give me the order—let me set him free!
 Yet stay—(*aside*) o'ercome with jealousies and
 shame,
 He may reject his freedom from my hand:—
 (*To her*) I pray thee take this order to his guards.

ZODAIYA.

Thou art o'er-generous, or thou lov'st him not!
 But can'st thou think, I'd yield this boon to thee;
 No, take the Sultan's meaner gift, his throne—
 Zodaiya is content to share the woes
 Of her enfranchised captive.

ZELINDA.

What dost thou say? ah! dost thou love him?

ZODAIYA.

Love! heav'ns, what love can be compared with
 mine?

ZELINDA.

What love the captive!

ZODAIYA.

I'd not boast to thee
Nor can I further speak how much I love him—
My tears speak for me!

ZELINDA.

Give me, slave, the order
Which by thy hands to me the Sultan sent.

ZODAIYA.

No, I resign the Sultan's throne to thee,
But not the griefs and wand'rings of my captive,
Now mine, mine wholly.

[*Exit Zodaiya.*]

ZELINDA.

What doth this mean? doth Hamet trifle with me?
Can he, the gen'rous Hamet, whose high spirit
Taught e'en my soul to own my country's foe,
Deserving my esteem—Can Hamet thus
Make mockery of affection. I will seek him—
Upbraid him with th' abuse of sov'reign power
That tortures thus a woman's bleeding heart.

Enter Hamet, as Sultan, from the Pavilion.

HAMET.

I've doubly triumph'd—in her grief and joy—
First, when she would have sacrificed for me
Herself, her life! and now when she reclaims me.
Ah! Zelinda—

ZELINDA.

Signior!

HAMET.

Why that look?

That haughty look—that tyranny of beauty—
Which makes e'en monarchs tremble?

ZELINDA.

What can Hamet

Stoop from his height of power, to make affection
His cruel sport? Tyrants have racks and chains,
And bind and torture what they can, our limbs;
But the mean wretch, that never gain'd a heart,
He—only he—makes love his low derision.

HAMET.

This is my day of triumph, fair Zelinda—
And love, his conquest now completed, sits
Thron'd in my heart, and smiles at thy reproach.

Enter Abcassan as just released from chains.

HAMET. (*perceiving Abcassan.*

And, every triumph of my love, Zelinda,
Expands my bosom's sympathies.—Forgive
The temporary pang: by that I won
My last best victory:—thus I requite thee.

(*pointing to Abcassan.*

ZELINDA.

Then, thou art mine, Abcassan!—Why that frown?
O bend thy knee and not thy brow—receive
The bonds of love that Hamet throws upon us,
And hail him as the liege lord of our bliss.

HAMET.

Tartar, thou art free: Zelinda hath obtain'd

More than your pardon. You are brave, you love :
 Valour and true affection ever claim
 Beneficence from Hamet.

ABCASSAN.

I shall thank thee
 When Abkha smiles again !

HAMET. (*speaking to one in the tent.*)

Bring forth that woman :
 I would confront her here with thee, Abcassan.
 She speaks to me of Abkha and Hatucar,
 But stay awhile, who's here, what news of Omar ?
 (*As Lescha is brought from the tent, trumpets sound,*
and enter Messenger.)

MESSENGER.

Omar returns, my liege. In a wild glen,
 He found a remnant of the Abkhan tribe :
 Their chieftains are his prisoners.

HAMET.

See him here,
 Ere thou canst well deliver thy report.
 (*Enter Omar with Hatucar, Kalmar, Abkhan*
Officers and Soldiers, &c.)

OMAR.

Seignior, successful are thy arms : thy slave
 Lays at thy feet these offerings of his sword.

HAMET.

I would be merciful ; but 'tis too much
 Thus to convert our pleasures into war.

HATUCAR.

I was a prince of Abkha : faithful ever

To Persia's lord. But those whom he appoints
To levy tribute in subjected states
So distant from his throne, with sanguine grasp,
Seize not our wealth alone, but from our hearts
Rend, merciless, the objects of our love.

HAMET.

Art thou Hatucar of the Abkhan tribe?
Know'st thou that woman? Lescha, stand thou forth.

HATUCAR.

A vision! shade! a dream, a distant image
Floats round my brain—those features—yes—I
know them;

'Tis Lescha!—say, thou wretched woman, say
Where is my daughter? where is my Zodaiya?

LESCHA.

I have confess'd my crimes—I kneel for mercy!
A fellow slave seduced me to purloin
Your lovely child to sell her to the Persians.
The villain left me, and I've rear'd Zodaiya,
With my own daughter in a neighbouring cottage!

HATUCAR.

Produce my child, thou wretched slave—my child!

LESCHA.

Alas, not many hours since, some armed men
Enter'd our cot, and carried off Zodaiya.

HATUCAR.

Slave, thou at length hast sold her—

HAMET.

Stay thy rage:
She is above all purchase. Yet her love

She hath bestow'd upon a wandering outcast ;
And to preserve his life she hath surrender'd
Herself into the hands of those we sent
To track the fugitive.

HATUCAR.

O grief—fresh grief !
That wretched miscreant hath debased her mind.
Yet as she is restore her to my arms.
My daughter—my Zodaiya !—

HAMET.

She remains
As pure of soul as when a babe thou lost her.
I've seen her, and I love her. If thou canst
Persuade her to forsake that outcast wretch,
And grace the throne of Hamet, thou art free,
Thy people pardon'd, and from tribute clear.

HATUCAR.

Permit me, mighty Sultan, to embrace her.
She cannot be so sunk, but she'll prefer
Her father's freedom to such abject love.

HAMET.

I will retire:—she shall be brought to you,
[Exit with attendants.]

HATUCAR.

Heav'ns ! what events have crowded on this
day !
My future prospect, with a gleam of sunshine,
Gives promise of a daughter to my arms,
And liberty to Abkha.—

ABCASSAN AND ZELINDA.

Hatucar! brother! hail!

HATUCAR.

Ah! Zelinda!

And thou, Abcassan! I embrace ye both.

ABCASSAN.

Why art thou sad, Hatucar?

HATUCAR.

Are we not captives? Is th' embrace of captives

Ought but redoubl'd chains?

Enter Abdallah, conducting Zodaiya.

ABDALLAH.

Behold thy daughter—she hath been inform'd
Of these discoveries, and she knows the terms
On which she may, to instant freedom, raise
Her country, and her father!

HATUCAR.

My Zodaiya!

She is indeed my daughter! every look,
Full of her mother, speaks a thousand proofs!
Her face is evidence from heav'n itself!
And fond affection, from the grave, exclaims,
It is my second self,—it is thy daughter!

ZODAIYA (*clasping his hand.*)

Art thou indeed my father? O deny it!
What do I not resign, if I look up
And call thee father! O! forbear,—forbear,—
I cannot be thy daughter! Lescha, speak,—

Name me some other father, vile and mean,
Unlike this noble chief, whose piercing eyes
Dart thro' my soul, and claim it all his own.
Is he my father?

LESCHA.

Forgive my crime! He is indeed your father!

ZODAIYA.

Then I'm resign'd!—Father, receive thy child!
I'm thine. I'm wholly thine!

HATUCAR (*embracing her.*)

My lovely daughter!

Yet think, my child, thy arms embrace a captive!

Look round—thy father's friends—thy countrymen—

Are captives too!—thy country too enslav'd!

Zodaiya thou ——

ZODAIYA.

I know it all, my father!

Yet—O, support me, while I say, 'be free!'

(*She sinks on Hatucar's arms.*)

Enter Hamet, in disguise, as Almudah.

ZODAIYA.

O come not here! Almudah, do not rend
This bosom from its duty!

HAMET.

Lovely maid,
The sultan hath attended to my wrongs:

Aequitted me, restor'd me to full freedom ;
Nay more, permits me to entreat that thou
Wilt share my freedom.

ZODAIYA.

Is then my father free?

HAMET.

Thy father! who is my Zodaiya's father?

ZODAIYA.

A captive here, in bonds, to whom I may,
With loss of thee, give liberty, Almudah!
The sultan hath demanded *me* his ransom.

HAMET.

Cruel demand! thou wilt not—can'st not
yield
To such a seeming duty!

ZODAIYA.

Ah! not yield!

What, not redeem my father?

HAMET.

Gracious heav'n!

I thought myself belov'd—and for this Rose
Resign'd Ismena. Hence, thou gaudy flower!

(Taking the rose from his breast.)

Thou art the lovely emblem of deceit!

Yet, can I not part from thee :—on my breast,
Still breathe thy odours, and deceive my soul!

(replacing the rose.)

Let me be still an outcast—a vile slave—

Or rather die!—for without thee, Zodaiya,

Life, or in chains or freedom, is but torment!—
Thus let me die!

(taking a poniard.)

ZODAIYA.

And I will die with thee!

I cannot give myself alive to thee,
And leave these unredeem'd :—but I can die!—
And thou, who claim'st me for thy daughter,
turn—

O, turn away thy eyes. Was I not lost?
I've been already wept ;—think me still lost
O, that without a daughter, thou had'st found
The means of freedom !—Ah ! I can no more—
Almudah—here—the poniard ———

(snatching at the poniard.)

HATUCAR.

O! my daughter!

HAMET *(throwing away the poniard, and discovering himself.)*

Live, my Zodaiya ! live, sweet Rose of Love !
Adorn the throne of Hamet ! not Almudah,
A wandering outcast, now presumes to bend
The high direction of thy virtuous soul ;
But he, who hails thee empress, now declares
Not the pure gems that star his eastern crown,
Equal his Rose ! his Rose of Gurgistàn.

ZODAIYA.

What means this change ! Almudah ! Hamet !
Support me, O my father,—O support me !

HAMET (*embracing her.*)

Rest on my bosom, Love, and thence pronounce

Thy father, and thy country free, Zodaiya !
The mercy of my throne shall speak thro' thee,
And wide around the breathing of thy lips,
Shall bless my people.

(*Shouts of Hamet and Zodaiya.*)

FINALE.

CHORUS OF PERSIANS.

Music cease thy warlike measures,
Breathe of raptures, breathe of pleasures !
Persia's Sultan will approve,
The praises of his Rose of Love !

" DUET.—ABCASSAN AND ZELINDA.

" On Cubana's breezy shore,
" Let our woes be heard no more ;—
" There, each vale, and ev'ry grove,
" Shall resound ' the Rose of Love !"

" CHORUS.

" Persia's Sultan will approve,
" The praises of his Rose of Love !

" DUET.—HAMET AND ZODAIYA.

" Wide around this regal wreath,
" Persia shall of pleasure breathe ;
" There hath tried affection wove,
" Her best flow'r, the Rose of Love !

" CHORUS.

" Music, then, in lightest measures,
" Breath of raptures—breathe of pleasures—
" Persia's Sultan will approve,
" The praises of his Rose of Love."

THE END.

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MY SPOUSE AND I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Paddock's Farm House on one Side, with a Pigstye ; opposite Side an Alehouse, Sign The Barley Mow, written under it, " Pay to-day, trust to-morrow ;" in the Distance, Fields, and a Windmill going.

Enter Peasants from different Entrances going to Labour.

CHORUS.

Well met, well met, good neighbours all,
To our daily toil away ;
Ever ready at the call
Of those for toil who pay.

The sun now smiles o'er dale and hill,
And labour rouses rustic life ;
Click clack goes old Hopper's mill,
And click clack goes old Hopper's wife.

TRIO.

Merrily whirls the sounding flail,
Till pleas'd we see departing day ;
And then we quaff old Scorem's ale.
And then——

SCOREM (*entering from the ale-house.*)
—— Why then I make you pay.

CHORUS.

The sun now smiles o'er dale and hill,
And labour rouses rustic life ;
Click clack goes old Hopper's mill,
And click clack goes old Hopper's wife.

DAME PADDOCK (*entering from the farm house.*)

And Hopper's wife be i' the right;
If lazy hinds like you appear,
The corn will ne'er be cut to-night—

PADDOCK (*entering from the field.*)

Not if you keep 'em loitering here.
The sun has beam'd an hour or more:
To work, and prate when labour's o'er.

CHORUS.

Master and Dame, we'll haste away,
And labour kindly all the day;
And when our toil is o'er regale
And drink your health in Scorem's ale.

[*Exeunt all but Paddock and Scorem.*]

Scorem. Are you for a drop of my best home brewed this morning, master Paddock?

Paddock. They who do drink in a morning, neighbour Scorem, do generally get the head-ach by noon, and the heart-ach by night; and they be two troublesome companions. A clear head be the next thing to a clear conscience.

Scorem. (*Ironically.*) And you have both, they say.

Paddock. Why as to that, my conscience, thank heaven, be like my crop, pretty fairish; and *Though my head be thick*, as I say to my Spouse, *There be nothing in that*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Scorem. Your spouse is a very sensible woman; but, by the bye, the whole village is curious to know who that stripling is you have lately hired; who, with his pretty looks and smart clothes has turned the heads of half the girls in the place.

Paddock. Poor lad, he do seem to have known better days; he came to us a child of misfortune, and he be no christian who do refuse to receive the wandering stranger.

Scorem. True, master Paddock, and though I keep an alehouse, and some people are wicked enough to say I chalk double, my door is open to every stranger.

Enter FRISK shabbily genteel.

Frisk. I'm glad to hear it. I am a stranger, and want to walk in.

Scorem. Welcome, sir, to the Barley Mow, that's the house; there's the sign—and under it, "Pay to-day—trust to-morrow." (*Aside.*) A broad hint; he seems as poor as Job.

Frisk. Trust to-morrow? couldn't you make it to-day? there's an inconvenience in waiting.

[*Discovering to the audience that his pockets are empty.*

Scorem. That's my reason for not trusting.

Frisk. Didn't you say your door was open to the stranger?

Scorem. Aye, that could pay his reckoning—coming, coming!

[*Runs in to the Barley Mow, and closes the door in Frisk's face.*

Frisk. (*To Paddock.*) A pretty fellow to insult a gentleman in distress. I'll expose him in the County Chronicle as a warning to hungry travellers, whose stomachs and purses are in unison. I'll give him his true character; you can give me a hint, and I'll make bad worse by improving on it.

Paddock. Why, as to that, I mun beg to be excused; he who do pick a hole in his neighbour's coat deserves to live in a house without a neighbourhood.

Frisk. Give me your hand, I should like to be better acquainted with you. Feeling in a flail, and sentiment in a smock frock! Your haystack is no relation to the Barley Mow—why you'd make a famous character in a novel.

Paddock. A novel! What may that be, sir?

Frisk. Don't you know what a novel is? one village in the kingdom without a circulating library—then there are hopes. A novel is a book, whose title is *new*, and contents generally *old*—the hero, a queer good for nothing, well meaning, comical fellow, though tolerably engaging like me; the heroine, a pretty, languishing, silly girl, like most of her female readers; her guardian, a crusty, hard-hearted, pay to-day and

trust to-morrow, like that fellow. (*Pointing to the alehouse.*) Her aunt, an antiquated, teasing, obstinate quizz, like that. [*Pointing to Dame Paddock who enters.*]

Dame Pad. Quizz, what dost mean? and why dost stand talking with that Jack-a-dandy, Paddock, when there be so much to do in the field?

Paddock. Dame, dame, doantee be cantankerous—this gentleman——

Dame Pad. Gentleman, quotha? ha, ha, ha! If thee want'st a hand in the field, I dare say the *gentleman* will be very glad to make himself useful. Ha, ha, ha!

Paddock. Nay, nay, how canst thou expect a gentleman to make himself useful?

Dame Pad. Well, well, I can't stay talking nonsense; thee ought to make haste to the reapers, and if thee hast any thing to say to the *gentleman*, bid him call another time. [*Going.*]

Frisk. The nearer dinner time the better.

Paddock. That be just the time I were thinking, (*aside, and earnestly to Dame Paddock.*) Wife, wife, he do want a dinner.

Dame Pad. (*Returning.*) What! want a dinner? pray sir, walk in; and do'ee take a luncheon to stay thee till dinner be ready; and Paddock, do'ee draw a jug o' the best, that the gentleman may give his opinion of my brewing: luncheon shall be ready directly, sir. Make haste, Paddock, make haste. [*Goes into the house.*]

Paddock. I wool, dame; and it shall be a jug o' the best. (*Aside.*) I wish neighbour Scorem knew what pleasure there be in sometimes drawing ale for nothing. [*Goes in.*]

Frisk. Here's primitive hospitality! A novel writer would describe it somehow thus: "Arrived half famished, with a full heart and empty pocket, at a picturesque farm house, beautifully o'erspread with woodbines." (*Looking at it.*) I see nothing but stinging nettles; and how shall I get over that pig sty? Turn it into a dog kennel, and introduce a beautiful apostrophe to the virtues of honest Tray. "Honest Tray, partaking of the character of his master, the very picture of patriarchal hospitality, welcomed by his caresses the hapless wanderer. When

the farmer's wife, a pretty, modest looking woman, with half a dozen curly-pated cherubs about her, came out; and addressing him in the soft accents of unsophisticated humanity, said —

Enter ROGER.

Roger. What d'ye do here, you vagabond? after the pigs and poultry, I suppose.

Frisk. My dear fellow, you mistake your man.

Roger. No, I doant; it's easy to see what you be, mon, a common *vagram*, but if you don't go off my measter's premises, I'll make you.

Frisk. My good sir, I give you credit —

Roger. That's more than you'll get yourself.

Frisk. A word with you; you belong to that house?

Roger. What if I do?

Frisk. I dine there to day.

Roger. Had'nt you better stay till you're axed?

Frisk. That ceremony's past. Jug of the best; fine luncheon: Don't you hear the eggs and bacon frying, you rogue you? I am off—and let me give you a little parting advice. If you wish to support the character of an Englishman, whenever you meet a hungry stranger, always address him with —

Paddock. (*Entering.*) The luncheon be ready, sir.

Frisk. (*To Roger.*) Did'nt I tell you so? (*to Paddock.*) Thankye, thankye; I'll do it justice! and as eating heartily is the best way of returning a hearty welcome, you shall find me as grateful as appetite can make me. [*Goes in.*]

Paddock. Why, Roger, have you been saying any thing rude to that young man? he be a gentleman in distress, I dare say; though a queer plain spoken chap as I ever seed: but *Plain and above-board be best*, as I say to my Spouse; and *Rough and ugly munnat be despised*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Roger. I were protecting your property: I thought un a poacher; however, as matters have turned out, I'll go ax un pardon; for when a man finds he's wrong, let un own it like a man, I say. [*Goes into the house.*]

Paddock. Well, I be happy I chanced to light upon that poor hungry gentleman; it do make one eat one's dinner so heartily when the cheerful face of a poor guest be the sauce to it. There be many sweet and cheering enjoyments, but while they please for a time only, the smile of gratitude gives to him who raises it, pleasure for ever. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Paddock's House. Table and Chair.

Enter DAME PADDOCK and JANET.

Dame Pad. I declare, Janet, you are always idle, and mind nothing but singing nonsensical love ballads

Janet. It is no use, mistress, scolding and scolding till a poor girl doesn't know what hur is about; look you.

Dame Pad. Heyday! Since this lad Harry came, your poor Welch head runs so upon him, that you have proved false hearted to poor Ned, our shepherd; fie! fie! Janet.

Janet. Oh yes, it is fery proper, fie, fieing indeed, but hur can't help having affections and partialities for Harry, any more than Ned can help loving hursel; and so they may pripple and may prapple about false-heartedness, but, after all, as the ballad goes, till prudence says *yes*. A poor girl should always say *no*.

SONG.

Love, little blind urchin, went strolling one day,
And madrigals chaunted so pretty;
While ballads he sold as he went on his way,
With Valentine verses so witty;
Love's burthen was "Maids, ne'er away your hearts throw;
Till Prudence prompts *yes*, always answer, O *no*."

Love, little false urchin, advice didn't spare,
 Yet his arrows at random he shot 'em ;
 And a dart aim'd at Prudence, who chanc'd to be there,
 But thus wounded, their hearts she forgot 'em.
 Left by Prudence the maids turn'd out silly, and so
 They often said *yes*, when they should have said *no*.

[*Exit.*

Dame Pad. Poor simple wench. * Heyday ! here comes Harry from the market town already. On my word he has made rare haste. He certainly is a pretty lad, and I don't wonder that all the girls be in love with him.

Enter HARRIET (in Boy's Clothes) with a Basket on her shoulder which she throws on the table and seems out of breath.

Dame Pad. Back already ? thee must have flown.

Har. On the wings of gratitude then ; it would be wonderful if my heels were heavy when your kindness has made my heart so light !

Dame Pad. Well, well, sit thee down and rest abit : thy limbs were not made for labour I warrant ; but come, now here are no listners, tell me, what is it that makes thee go moping about so, and then so merry by turns ?

Har. Why really I am unhappy (*in a careless way.*)

Dame Pad. Then you have always a very pleasant way of showing it.

Har. Why, dear me, would you have me make every body miserable because I am so ? I always put the best side outwards ; and when I am sad, rattle away to conceal the fulness of my heart through the emptiness of my head. (*Aside.*) I'll tell her I'm a woman at once, that I may have somebody to put confidence in. Ah ! my dear, dear Mrs. Paddock, I have such a story to tell you : I may trust you, (*Archly*) I think you wont betray me.

Dame Pad. Betray thee ? me betray thee ?

Har. Dont look grave now, as if you was angry ;

and you know I love you too well to make you angry.
(*Chuckling her coaxingly under the Chin*)

Dame Pad. Bless me, what's the matter with the boy?

Har. Now I'll fasten the door that no one may intrude. (*Runs to the door.*)

Dame Pad. Heyday, what does he mean! (*Alarmed*) Harry; why, why!

Har. (*Archly.*) You're not afraid of me, are you? ha, ha, ha!

Dame Pad. I protest I don't know what to make of you: but unlock the door, or I won't listen to a word. Suppose my good man—suppose—bless me—I'm all in a flurry.

Har. A flurry? ha! ha! ha! (*Unlocks the door.*) There, now your alarm's over, I hope! and now for my story: do you know, for all my swaggering, I'm afraid of every body; and though you think me all simplicity, I, I deceived you.

Dame Pad. Deceived me! (*with anger*) the little villain! that was the very thing I was afraid of.

Har. Now do look grave again; but truth must out now, and you won't be angry when you know the cause. I am not what I seem.

Dame Pad. That's plain enough: thee art too well spoken for a common body.

Har. You misconceive me; I am, I am—

Dame Pad. What the geminis art thee? art a vagrant?

Har. No.

Dame Pad. A deserter?

Har. No, No.

Dame Pad. Art thee good for any thing?

Har. Oh! no, no!

Dame Pad. In short, art thee an honest man?

Har. No.

Dame Pad. No?

Har. I am—a woman!

Dame Pad. A woman! mercy on us; thee hasn't been telling thy story to my husband, hast thee?

Har. No, no; and if I had you wouldn't fear a poor silly girl.

Dame Pad. Ha ! ha ! ha ! But come, tell thy story.

Har. Left a poor orphan, and persecuted by the dishonourable addresses of a rich guardian ; I left London in this dress : and when the little money I had was expended, reached this spot : you know the rest—your generosity—

Dame Pad. (*Wiping her eyes.*) Psha ! Generosity ! say no more about it ; but—ha ! ha ! ha ! I can't help laughing how thee wilt disappoint all the village lasses, who be light-headed and heavy hearted about thee.

Paddock. (*Without.*) Dame !

Dame Pad. My good man do call ; I'll come to thee again, but I were all in a twitteration ; for the door locked by a smart lad were enough to alarm a likely body, as I am, ha, ha, ha ! [*Exit laughing.*]

Har. Now, in case of discovery, I am certain of protection here : perhaps my persecutor may follow me no longer ; what happiness can he hope for ? I never will be his, and should he again get me in his power, the breaking my heart would foil all his hopes. Pleasure is his pursuit, a phantom for ever eluding its follower, and which, when secured, ceases to exist.

BALLAD.—HARRY.

A little boy espied
 A butterfly one day ;
 To catch the prize he tried ;
 The insect got away.
 From flower to flower it flew
 The hunter to elude ;
 He more impatient grew
 The longer he pursued.
 Pursuing pleasure if you try,
 'Tis to chase the butterfly.

The little eager boy
 The trifer followed up,
 Who buried, to his joy,
 Within a tulip's cup.

The boy with all his power
To seize the tulip flew,
His ardour crush'd the flower,
And kill'd the insect too.

Securing pleasure if you try,
'Tis to kill the butterfly. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Another Room.

FRISK and PADDOCK discovered eating, &c.

Frisk. Your health, Master Paddock; you see I'm quite free and easy.

Paddock. Well, that be what I like, (*looking toward the window*) I declare there's my landlord, 'Squire Wilton, from Lunnun. Well, we mun be civil to un; though he be trying to break my lease, and turn me out of doors, 'cause I don't let his hares and pheasants eat all my corn. The cause be to be tried to-day, and no doubt he be come on purpose about it. However, *Never show your teeth till you can bite*; as I say to my Spouse; *And one mun sometimes hold a candle to the devil*; as my Spouse do say to I. (*Goes out.*)

Frisk. (*Drinking.*) Your health in your absence, my honest fellow; never was better ale, nor warmer welcome. But didn't he say 'Squire Wilton? Ho! ho! I'd rather not meet him; though he don't know me—and in fact, I only know him by name.

Re-enter PADDOCK bowing, ushering in WILTON.
DAME PADDOCK entering at another Door.

Wilton. Well, Paddock—

Paddock. The rent be ready, sir; I'll fetch un directly.

Wilton. No such haste ; my steward will settle that ; I merely call'd with a how d'ye do, having come down on a shooting excursion.

Frisk. Good opportunity, sir ; fine weather ; harvest nearly in, plenty of game, and ——

Wilton. (*Haughtily.*) Sir ?

Frisk. (*Aside.*) Booby in buckskin ; must quiz him.

Dame Paddock. Will your honour please to take a snack this morning ?

Frisk. Good incentive to appetite here, sir ; charming chops ; capital cutlets ; beautiful bacon ; and admirable ale.

Wilton. Sir ! (*sternly*) as I have no knowledge of you——

Frisk. That impediment shall be removed immediately, sir ; I am Frank Frisk, at your service ; a rattle-brained run-away fellow ; not quite so forlorn as I look, nor so empty as you may suppose.

Paddock. (*Aside to Frisk.*) Dang it now, sir, don't make so free with his honour ; he may think it not pretty behaved, under favour.

Frisk. My good Paddock, you have entertained me too nobly for me to affront your friends. (*To Wilton.*) Beg pardon, sir ; hope my nonsense will make no difference between you and your worthy tenant. I'm a good shot, and shall be proud to accompany you, in capacity of a *trudge*, if *most* agreeable—start covey—pop partridge—hamper hare—beat bush—bag game—shoot flying—or any other possible accommodation in my power.

Wilton. I have my people to attend me, sir—(*to Paddock aside*) Show that man the door, Paddock.

Paddock. Why I be main proud to see your honour to be sure ; because it be a bit of a condescension ; and I hope the gentleman will beg pardon, or so ; but as I have axed un to my house, it be not good manners to turn un out.

Wilton. Very well, sir, his friendship is probably of more consequence than mine.

Dame Pad. (*Aside to Paddock.*) Friendship ? Hey ! What ? Pay rent—ask no favour ; if thee turn'st out a poor man to please a rich one, thee hast none of the blood of the Paddocks in thee, that's all.

[*Exit angrily—making a half curtsy to WILTON.*

Wilton. (Haughtily.) Good day, Mr. Paddock, the goodness of your lease is to be tried to-day, and I shall remember this. *[Exit WILTON.]*

Paddock. Your servant, sir—rent be ready when steward do call, sir. *(Calling after him.)* Master Frisk, thee be'st a comical gentleman, but I do think thee an honest one, and while thee stayest in this village, Paddock's door be always open to thee; but it be'nt wise to affront squire; for, it be *Dangerous meddling wi' edge tools*, as I say to my Spouse; and *There's no making honey from a crab apple*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Frisk. My dear friend, I have made a breach here, which may operate to your disadvantage; I'll follow, and when I've made it up, I'll look in again.

Paddock. At dinner time, and welcome.

Frisk. Thank ye, thank ye. *[Exit FRISK.]*

Paddock. Squire may be angry; but my lease be firm and good for all his law, and I do pay my rent to the day; so while I do treat un with proper civility, that for his anger. *(Snapping his fingers.)* He be I know but a half witted one, and *Empty vessels make the greatest sound*—as I say to my Spouse; and, *A fool's bolt be soon shot*—as my Spouse do say to I.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Fields.*

Enter WILTON with a Gun, and DICK in a Livery, but with something in his Dress denoting the Sailor.

Wilton. Well, Dick, did you see any birds?

Dick. Not a sail, your worship.

Wilton. Leave off your salt water slang, sir.

Dick. Won't ship another sea, your worship.

Wilton. Pshaw; Look out, look out!

Dick. Crowd sail directly, your worship.

[Exit DICK.]

Wilton. I'm heartily tired of this fellow; I wish I had'nt taken him; but 'tis only till his brother recovers. Hey! Dido! Dido; *(Whistles.)* Where has

the dog got to? I miss'd her in the last field. I hope she'll not be snapp'd up. I wouldn't lose her for a hundred.

SONG.—WILTON.

When the grey morning breaks
 O'er the dew-powder'd soil;
 When his way the hind takes,
 Light of heart, to his toil;
 I rise, ere the sun
 Darts his beams, health to court;
 Call my dog, load my gun,
 And away to the sport.
 Creep slow through the stubble, the covey are met;
 Toho! Dido!—good dog—she has 'em—they're set—
 I mark 'em—they rise—bang! one's fated to die,
 I bag it, and onward trot Dido and I.

Thus brace after brace,
 For my aim's pretty true,
 I bag in a space
 That few sportsmen can do.
 With appetite keen
 To my box then I go,
 While the charms of the scene
 Set my heart in a glow.
 But hold—in the stubble—hey—Dido stops short—
 Toho! Dido—good dog—she points to the sport—
 I mark 'em—they rise—bang! another must die—
 I bag it, and homeward trot Dido and I.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Not a sail in the offing, your worship.

Enter HARRIET, *looking another way.*

Wilton. (*To Henry.*) Hark ye, my lad, have you seen any birds?

Har. Yes, sir, I saw. (*Aside.*) Heavens! my persecutor! [Runs off.]

Wilton. Dick, did you see that face?

Dick. Tacked too soon, your honour.

Wilton. Pshaw! run after that lad directly; and find out where he lives—run—

Dick. Ten knots an hour, your honour.

[*DICK runs off.*]

Wilton. I am egregiously deceived, or that is Harriet Greville in disguise; I cannot mistake a face that has made such an impression on my heart: and running away the moment I spoke confirms my suspicion. But how got she here?

Enter SCOREM.—FRISK enters behind, and listens.

Scorem. Happy to see your honour in these parts.

Wilton. Thank ye. Pray, who is that lad that passed you just now?

Scorem. A wanderer who came to the village, and was taken in by Paddock; and I dare say he'll take him in in return: for my part, I don't know what use he can be to him; he seems more like a girl than a boy. But Paddock is but a poor foolish fellow.

Wilton. Yes, he insulted me this morning: but he shall repent it before I leave the country.

Frisk. (Aside.) Indeed!

Scorem. (Aside.) Ho! Ho! The wind sits in that quarter, does it? I'm sure he ought to pay every respect to your honour, when his farm is so much under let, and a long lease too.

Wilton. His lease, I hope, will be set aside to-day; however, if not, I will never give him another.

Scorem. (Aside.) A lucky moment! now for a clincher.

Frisk. (Aside.) If you don't get a clincher some day; somebody won't get his due, that's all.

Scorem. 'Tis no business of mine to be sure; but I would give one third more rent for the farm, and if I could assist your honour in gaining your cause and getting rid of the lease—

Wilton. If you can, you shall have the new one.

Scorem. A bargain : I've seen his lease. He engages to keep on the farm never less than one hundred sheep at a time.

Wilton. Well ?

Scorem. Now to my knowledge, for the last twelve months, there haven't been more than fifty on it.

Wilton. Indeed ! That will make the lease void and gain the cause ; prove it, and the new lease shall be yours. Meet me at the Manor House this evening.

Scorem. I will, your honour. I'll prove it I'll take my own oath.

Wilton. Will you, my honest fellow ?

Scorem. Yes, to any thing.

Frisk. (Aside.) I don't doubt it.

Scorem. I won't fail, your honour ; *(aside)* I've nail'd it. [Exit.

Frisk. (Aside.) Yes ; but the clincher's to come yet ; and I must have a hand in that.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Couldn't get the weather-gage of him, your honour ; so hauled in, tacked about, and——

Wilton. Follow me.

[Exit Wilton.

Dick. Another squall—he grows so cranky and yawish, there's no bearing him ; however, I'm rated for the present cruise, but when we return to port, I'll strike the yellow admiral's flag here, *(pointing to the cuffs of his coat, which are yellow,)* and sail under the true blue again.

Frisk. (Coming forward.) Why, Dick !

Dick. Bless me, your honour, how glad I am to hail you once more : only cruise here a few glasses, and I'll heave in your wake again. But Bosen has piped, and I must obey orders. [Exit Dick.

Frisk. Meeting Dick's apropos. He must assist me to foil this publican : so, as he is to return, I'll sit down here, and ruminate like a half starved Peripatetic. [Sits down half concealed by a bush.

Enter JANET.

Janet. Oh, dearest me! it is creat criefs and distresses, look you, that this Harry was ever come to the place: he has made sad work with hur poor heart.

Enter NED, whistling, twirling a stick, and appearing not to see JANET.

Janet. (Aside.) Well, I'm sure—what disdains and indifferencies! But though hur doesn't care for him; hur will make him feel for his want of manners; look you. Ned!

Ned. (Sulkily, and only half-turning.) Well?

Janet. Hur is going to the fair next week.

Ned. May be so.

Janet. And who d'ye think is going with hur?

Ned. I don't care.

Janet. Harry.

Ned. What's it to I? what dost tease I for?

[*Going, &c.*

[*As Ned goes, he meets Harriet, who has a cane, and pushes against him rudely.*

Har. Very civil, Mr. Ned; the road's wide enough.

Ned. I shall walk upon what part of it I please, Mr. Harry—(*flourishing his stick.*)

Har. And so shall I, Mr. Ned; (*flourishing her cane.*)

Ned. Broo! (*going to her in a threatening manner.*)

Har. And broo! again! if you go to that.

Janet. (To Ned.) You're a good-for-nothing ill-manner'dly fellow. Look you.

Ned. And you are a good-for-nothing girl, look you. (*Mocking her,*) I care as little for thee, as for he; and if he gives me any of his airs, I'll—(*flourishing his stick.*)

Janet. Do touch him: and hur will claw your knave's sconce well, so hur will.

Har. Pray good folks, don't quarrel on my ac-

count. You may flounce, sir, and look bluff, and fancy I'm not as much of a man as yourself, sir; but I'd have you to know, sir, that I've vanquish'd a better man than you before now, sir.

Janet. Ned, why don't hur go to hur work, and not affront hur betters, look you?

Ned. My betters indeed—a poor—vagrant, for aught I know—I've a great mind to—(*going towards Harriet.*)

Janet. Aye, touch him if you dare! (*getting between them.*)

Har. (Aside.) Let her keep to that, and I may bluster in safety. I'm half afraid already—you'd better be quiet, sir.

Ned. Aye, you may swagger, but you don't rob me of my sweetheart so easily.

Har. Me rob you of your sweetheart? Bless the boy! I've no inclination to rob you of your sweetheart; and indeed if I had, I could hardly suppose that she, who had been false to another, would be true to me.

Janet. It is ferry fitting and proper, look you, hur should be affronted, and set at nought, for putting hurself in the power of nobody knows who, and nobody cares who neither, (*agitated,*) and if hur was Ned, hur would break hur coxcomb's head, so hur would.

Ned. And if you tell me, I'll do it in a minute.

(*Ned advances angrily towards Harriet.*)

Janet. (Alarmed for Harriet.) If you lay a finger on him, hur will never forgive you; look you.

TRIO.—HARRIET, NED, JANET.

Har. Pray, don't quarrel for me.

Ned. Give up all thinking of she,
Or worse for you it shall be,
And I'll do it, tho' Janet it lose me.

[*Holding up his stick.*]

Jane. Keep hur distance from Harry.

Ned. His point he shan't carry.

Har. Good day—(*going*)

Janet. Pray now, tarry

To spite him ;

Har. ——— Nay, prythee excuse me.

[*She pulls Harriet back.*]

Janet. (*to Ned*) You are a coxcomb ! a knave !

Ned. (*to Janet*) None of your airs I'll have ;

I don't care for you that.

[*Snapping his fingers.*]

Har. What are you both at ?

I'll ne'er rival you tho' you abuse me. (*to Ned.*)

Ned. I don't care if you do.

And pray who are you ?

If you cross me again——

Janet. If he does, sir, what then ?

Ned. Let him stay and you'll see.

Janet. Oh, never mind he—(*to Harriet*)

Stay and brave him ;

Har. ——— Nay, prythee excuse me.

Har. Now, Janet, consider ; with Ned you are joking ;
To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.

Janet. Hur don't care for Ned, and sure Harry is joking ;
To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.

Ned. A false-hearted girl ! but I won't stand *his* joking ;
To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.

[*Exeunt Janet after Harriet, Ned opposite side.*]

Frisk. (*Coming forward.*) A pretty picture of rural simplicity.

Enter DICK.

So, Dick, you're returned.

Dick. Yes, I've slipped cable—and so your honour is cruising under false colours ?

Frisk. Don't you blab, Dick ; but you seem under false colours too.

Dick. After a long voyage, I'd a mind to have a bit of a land cruise, by way of change : so my brother Jack, who was the squire's foremast-man, being on the doctor's list, I volunteer'd into the service for him ; and here I am, cox'en of the Cockatoo cruiser.

Frisk. Commanded by Captain Strutt. Now, Dick, you can do me a service.

Dick. Can I? Was'nt I your honour's foster brother? and won't I go through fire, wind, and water, for you?

Frisk. You're an honest fellow, Dick; and now for the service I want performed. Scorem, of the Barley Mow, an empty, hollow-hearted tap-tub, is going to rob a worthy farmer here of his lease; your master is his landlord, and you must manage—

Dick. To rake Scorem, and bring the farmer out of the enemy's wake.

Frisk. But here they come, and with them a lad; no, he has turned down the other path.

Dick. (*Looking out.*) That's the lad whose latitude my master ordered me to find; the squire thinks he's a girl that he is in chase of: and so, mayhap, you can lend me a hand to put Squire abaft the binnacle too.

Frisk. A Girl! So, so: an adventure!

[*They retire.*]

Enter PADDOCK and SCOREM.

Scorem. Why, really friend Paddock, the squire's a queer fellow; and I wouldn't give into his vagaries: what have you to fear?

Frisk. (*Coming forward.*) A snake in the grass.

Scorem. What do you mean?

Frisk. To scotch the snake.

Paddock. (*to Frisk.*) Why, you be rather too hasty and interfering like! it don't become thee, under favour.

Frisk. It's a way I have whenever I meet either a fool or a knave.

Scorem. One of which I suppose I am?

Frisk. No: not *one!* both.

Scorem. You are an impertinent fellow! Come along, neighbour Paddock.

Frisk. Friend Paddock, he's a black sheep; you haven't one like him among all the *fifty* you keep on your farm.

Scorem. (*Aside.*) Fifty! he knows more than he should. I'll go to the manor house directly. Well, Paddock, if you mean to stop, I must go.

[*As Scorem goes off, Paddock is following; Frisk stops him.*]

Frisk. Beware of that fellow ; he's as false as his own measure. He's after mischief.

Paddock. You be an odd kind of gentleman—Neighbour Scorem—

Frisk. Is like his chalk, double. But where's the lad ?

Dick. He pushed off the moment he saw you.

Paddock. Aye, that be a fine lad ; and have gone through a power of misfortunes : and *she* told my dame—

Frisk. *She !*

Paddock. (*Confused.*) Odd rot'un, did I say she ?

Frisk. Come, come—it is a girl ; and a plan is on foot to do both you and her mischief. Old Barley Mow is at the bottom : but he shall have his score properly paid off.

Enter NED.

Ned. Dinner be ready, master.

Paddock. Well, I'll just tell the reapers to strike, and then join you. [*Exit PADDOCK.*]

Frisk. Then we'll digest our business and the beef-steaks, at the same time.

Enter REAPERS from the Field, who join in the Finale.

FINALE.

We'll hold a cabinet council
O'er a beef-steak and brown ale ;
And that's a foundation for argument
Too substantial to fail.

A bumper we'll fill to the honest man,
We'll toast him again and again ;
And Confusion we'll drink to ev'ry rogue's plan,
And pledge it like able men.

With a hob-nob, and a merry go round,
And we'll pull in ere reason fail ;
For the stoutest man in the kingdom found
Must knock under to humming ale.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paddock's Parlour.

PADDOCK, DAME PADDOCK, FRISK, and HARRY.

Paddock. BUT art sure (*to Frisk*) thee art right? It be bad to take away a man's good name.

Dame Pad. Good name, quotha? Scorem's good name be like his good ale; bad is the best on't.

Frisk. That he *said* so, I have two good witnesses, my ears; that he'll *do* so, I've a certain proof in *his* heart; and that he'll be foiled, I've a pretty good presentiment in my own: so cast off care, get in your corn, and I promise you the jolliest harvest-home you have had since you was a farmer.

Paddock. Thee speak'st as thee wishest; thy heart be good, as I say to my Spouse, but thy head goes a wool-gathering, as my Spouse do say to I.

Frisk. It will produce a Golden Fleece, then.

Paddock. I wish it may prove so; however t'cause ben't tried yet, law's unsartain, and I always think the two tails of a counsellor's wig be like Plaintiff and Defendant, their only *dependance* be t' lawyer's head.

[*Exit.*]

Dame Pad. He do seem rather narvousome; and if his kind heart do sink, mine will be too sorrowful to keep it up. (*Exit crying.*)

Frisk. (*Aside.*) This Wilton little dreams of the rod I have in pickle for him. I wonder I haven't heard from lawyer Pros: sure he never received the letter I sent him. (*Seeing Harriet disconsolate.*) Why, Harry!

Har. Ah! Mr. Frisk, they have been my support, my preservers, and are the only friends I have.

Frisk. Come, come, don't be so unjust as to leave me out of the number: but I know all about it, don't blush now.

Har. Sir! (*Confused.*)

Frisk. Madam.

Har. What do you mean?

Frisk. Mean? as if you couldn't guess. I wouldn't be thought impertinent, but do you think your disguise could deceive me?

Har. (*Affecting pique.*) Disguise, sir? I don't understand you. Though you may look upon me as a mere boy, I may convince you I am as much of a man as many——

Frisk. Who wear a woman's heart under a man's habit. It is useless to trifle, Wilton suspects you, and has laid a plan to get you into his power.

Har. Heaven shield me from that power! but, but—(*Conceals her face with agitation.*)

Frisk. Come, come, why in tears? you see I was in the secret, and——

Har. 'Twas unmanly, sir, to take me by surprise.

Frisk. By surprise, my dear girl? I know your sex, I honour all your sex, and I'll fight for you all: so don't fear to put confidence in me, I will protect you.

Har. (*Recovering her spirits.*) Why you look like a champion; but not being possessed of your wonderful penetration, I am really at a loss to know how you can protect me.

Frisk. By my head and my hands, plan with one, and fight with the other; but is this same buckram squire the man who occasioned your flight and disguise?

Har. He is; and on whose account I must again fly.

Frisk. Not while Frank Frisk stays in the village; I shall leave it myself soon, and then we will go together.

Har. Sir! upon my word you don't want for confidence, but I hope you will do me the honour to consult me upon the occasion.

Frisk. Oh, my dear, we'll have the parson's permission: for the moment I knew you I determined to offer you my heart.

Har. Inscribed like a Tunbridge Toy; "*A Trifle of Esteem.*"

Frisk. Pretty encouragement! yet might I but presume.

Har. Might you but presume? what have you been doing all this time? but were I inclined to return this *extraordinary compliment* to my understanding, there is an insurmountable objection; you forget, sir, I am poor.

Frisk. So 'am I; and we shall match the better. Love and poverty, they say, don't agree; but the love that flies out of the window at the sight of poverty, deserves to have the door shut in his face; so if you can accept the heart of a poor eccentric fellow, who is, I hope, more fool than knave, there is my hand; if you reject it, there's a pond in the yard, and a pear-tree in the garden, and if I am fished for in one, or pluck'd like a burgamy from the other, whose fault will it be?

Har. (*Half ironically.*) If your case is so desperate it will require some consideration, and perhaps it is fortunate I *am* poor; or really rather than break your heart, I might, perhaps, be induced to pay—what am I saying? Good bye—I must leave the place; and if we should never meet again—

Frisk. Remember if you leave this place without me you'll break my heart, and (*to an attorney's Clerk who enters as Harriet goes off on the opposite side*) I've a great mind to break your head.

Clerk. Then I should lay you by the heels. Is your name Paddock?

Enter PADDOCK.

Paddock. That be my name.

Clerk. (*Giving a paper.*) There.

Paddock. Well, sir, what be this?

Clerk. A common subpoena *duces tecum*.

Paddock. Deuce take 'em, common enough mayhap; but it be all Greek gibberish to I.

Clerk. 'Tis a notice to you to produce your lease in court, at the trial of the action of Thrustout on the demise of Wilton, *versus* Holdfast; unless you wisely prefer letting judgment go by default. The deed won't hold water!

Paddock. Hold water? Won't it hold the land for I?

Clerk. 'Tis good for nothing.——

Paddock. Why it be a shameful thing then : and what be I to do about it, sir ?

Clerk. We are plaintiff's attorney and can't advise.

Frisk. Now I can.

Clerk. Well then, what would you advise ?

Frisk. You to get out of this place, or I'll serve a writ of ejectment upon you. (*Lifting up his foot.*)

Clerk. Sir, I'll clear the court without executing any further writ of enquiry. [*Exit CLERK.*]

Paddock. Why now you will be hasty, sir : the young man were but doing his duty, and *he* couldn't help it.

Frisk. No more could I : my spleen rose, and my foot often rises with it ; but let us take a turn round the field together, and consider what is to be done ; I'm a bit of a lawyer myself, and you'll have my advice without a fee, and if it misleads you, its no more than the advice you pay for often does. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Retired Landscape.

Enter WILTON and DICK.

Wilton. Now, Dick, you must get in conversation with this Harry, and decoy him to the back of the Manor-House, where Scorem will be waiting disguised like a black——

Dick. And your honour would make a black of me, too ?

Wilton. What, sir ?

Dick. Why, look ye, sir, I an't used to the smuggling sarvice ; in all proper duty till the cruise is over I'll obey, but I'll never disgrace the blue jacket I once wore by piracy.

Wilton. You shall repent this.

Dick. I should repent t'other I believe ; and if we can't mess together without squalls, I'm ready to strike the flag, unrig and take my discharge.

Wilton. Go back to the Manor-House and wait my pleasure.

Dick. With all hearts; steady in the rigging, staunch at my gun; but always steer clear of a lee shore, your honour. [*Exit DICK.*]

Wilton. This rascal will betray me, so I'll ship him off, to use his own phrase: the girl I'll have, and I am doubly determined to punish Paddock for protecting her. The cause relative to Paddock's lease comes on to-day, Scorem's evidence ensures me success; then I'll turn Paddock out directly, and give the lease to him, because he's just such a convenient fellow as I want; and faith I must lose no time while the power is in my hands; for young Worthy, whom I never saw, prosecutes his cause against me so vigorously, to recover this ample estate, which has been so many years in our family; that, such is the uncertainty of the law, I may not long be master of it. Yet Quibble's last letter assures me I'm safe, and—do my eyes deceive me? No—here comes Harriet—lucky opportunity!

[*Retires.*]

Enter HARRIET thoughtfully, with a Bundle.

Har. Yes; I'm resolved, this night it shall be done: I must bid Frank adieu for ever—for an hour in this place is an age of terror, lest Wilton should secure me.

Wilton. (*Seizing her.*) Wilton has secured you: (*she screams*) and now, madam, with me you return.

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, persecute me no longer; I never will be yours. [*Enter FRISK.*]

Wilton. You know me too well to suppose this nonsense will avail.

Frisk. Then, perhaps, *this* will! (*shewing his cane.*) —(*To Harriet.*) Return to Paddock's, and leave him to me. [*Exit Harriet.*]

Wilton. Rascal! what do you mean?

Frisk. Excuse my rudeness; but I've a strange complaint in this arm; a kind of something that always puts it in motion whenever I see a scoundrel ill treat a woman.

Wilton. This shall cost you dear.

[*Going off the way Harriet went.*

Frisk. (*Stopping him, and pointing to the other side.*)
No, your road lies *that way*; the air of *that field* isn't
good for your health. (*Pointing the opposite way.*)

Wilton. Let me pass.

Frisk. Now be advised.

Wilton. Death and fury, sir! if you was a gentleman
I should know how to talk to you.

Frisk. No you wouldn't; it would require a gentleman
to do that—in one word, go *that way*, or—I
feel it coming—(*shaking the cane.*)

Wilton. You shall answer for this, sir.

[*Exit WILTON.*

Frisk. (*Calling after him.*) I shall always be ready.
This was a lucky rencontre, but I must watch him,
that he may not go round and meet her again.

[*Exit after WILTON.*

Enter NED.

Ned. Hey-day! I met my rival Harry running as if
he were bewitched; he seemed unhappy—I'm sorry
for that, though he have stolen Janet's heart from me;
for now I ha' recovered my own, and he may take her
and welcome. I ha' done with the sex, for since she
be false-hearted, I don't think there be a true one
amongst 'em. I shall never forget when I brought
her a ribbon from the fair.

SONG.—NED.

I went to the fair with a heart all so merry,
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee;
And I bought a gay ribbon, as red as a cherry,
For the girl I lov'd best, and who vow'd to love me.
I return'd from the fair, gaily whistling and singing,
My true lover's knot I in triumph was bringing—
O, it wasn't for me that I heard the bells ringing;
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down, dee.

I found she was false, tho' she promis'd me fairly,
 Sing hey down, ho down, derry down, dee;
 And women, I trow, are like weathercocks; rarely
 They're fix'd to one point, so coquettish they be.
 My true lover's knot I away were now flinging,
 I've done with the sex, will live single, and singing—
 O, it wasn't for me, &c.

[Exit NED.]

SCENE III.

PADDOCK'S *Parlour*.

Enter DAME PADDOCK.

Dame Pad. O dear heart! my poor man be gone to the 'sides about the lease; if he loses the cause it will go nigh to break his heart. (*Enter Janet.*) Janet, girl, why what brings thee?

Janet. To ask and entreat, look you, that you will speak a goot word for hur to Harry; and tell him it is crate shames and scandals to plague a poor girl, who has partialities and affections for him, look you.

SONG.—JANET.

Ah, well-a-day!
 Now may hur say,
 Hur for a husband must tarry:
 Hur's young and thought pretty,
 O, 'tis a pity
 That Ned hur e'er promis'd to marry.
 In vain he comes after hur wooing,
 In vain hurself Harry pursuing:
 'Tis wailing and woe!
 Hur must sigh, Heigho!
 And love, spite of Ned, cruel Harry.

Why did he come?
 Sweet was hur home;
 Care hur had never to parry:
 Now all's melancholy,
 Grieving and folly,
 Ah! sure to the grave 'twill hur carry.

Of hur cruelty Ned is complaining,
 Hurself suffers Harry's disdaining;
 'Tis wailing and woe,
 Hur must sigh, Heigho!
 And love, spite of Ned, cruel Harry.

Enter NED.

Ned. Love Harry? Then more shame for you, after all the promises you made to me; but I've done with you.

Dame Pad. Two fools! (*to Janet*) but if thee be'st so changeable he'll have no bargain of thee I warrant.

[*Janet and Ned go up the stage—Harriet runs in with the bundle, and drops on a chair, observing none but Dame Paddock.*

Har. O, Dame, I have had such an escape! Wilton, notwithstanding my disguise, has discovered that I am the woman he persecutes.

Janet. Oh, bless hur conscience! hur is a woman.

Dame Pad. There; now the secret be out; but if either of you blab, I'll never forgive you.

Ned. Never fear me, mistress. (*Aside.*) Now I shall be even with Miss Janet.

Har. (*Recovering.*) Disguise is in vain now; all, all will be known. Save me from Wilton! exposed as I have been, I shall in this form become a laughing-stock; in that bundle is the last female dress I ever wore; I will resume it, and wait the event with resignation.

Dame Pad. Come, come, keep up thy spirits; never mind him; bless'ee, at thy age, if the best he that ever wore a head had been troublesome to me, he'd have met with his match, I warrant me.

[*Exit HARRIET attended by DAME PADDOCK.*

Janet. Well, it is full of wonders and marvels, look you.

[*To Ned who is going off.*

Ned. Oh, you want to follow me now?

DUET.—NED and JANET.

Ned. My heart is as free
 As a bird on a tree,
 Your days of vagary you've had 'em :
 A nice thing you've made
 Of your *parjury* trade ;
 Pack off to some other, good madam,
 Pray do.

Janet. 'Tis fitting to jeer,
 And to flounce and to sneer,
 But hur sex were all cruel from Adam :
 But hur won't take it so,
 And I'd have hur to know,
 Mister Sir, hur was never a madam,
 No, no.

Ned. You know it was base,
 But I pity your case ;
 How the folks will be all of them joking ;
 And then by the way,
 Such spiteful things say—
 Poor Janet, its very provoking !
 Poor girl !

Janet. Hur's monstrous wise,
 But hur'll tear out hur eyes !
 Hur's come to pass very pretty ;
 Pray go, and who cares,
 Hur an't at hur last pray'rs.

Ned. Poor Janet, your trouble I pity !
 I do.

Janet. Aye, insult hur now do with your pity,
 Pray do.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

A Village.

Enter FRISK reading a Letter.

Frisk. Brave news! and Lawyer *Pros* will be here this day; what between law and love I'm prettily perplexed; the terms are almost synonymous, and in either case when it comes to an *attachment*, there's an end to the liberty of the subject.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Const. In the King's name, stand!

Frisk. I prefer walking.

Const. You mun walk wi' I then; you are my prisoner, for *salt and batter* on the 'squire's honour.

Frisk. Now don't be importunate, or I may be troublesome.

Const. But you shall go. (*Collars him.*)

Enter DICK, dressed as a Sailor; with a Stick.

Dick. Belay! haul off your grappling irons, and heave a head!

Const. What do you bring a *rescute*?

Dick. No—I bring a stick.

Const. Do you know that I represent the King?

Frisk. Then he's as ill represented as some of his people.

Enter PROSS, booted and spurred. FRISK puts his finger on his own mouth, to indicate secrecy.

Pross. Ah! my worthy friend, glad to meet with you; have scoured the whole place for you; in a great hurry to be off again; so come along.

Const. No—he mun; go along!

Pross. Why, what's the matter?

Frisk. A trifle: a gentleman was impertinent, and I was impatient; he wanted a congè, and I offer'd him a cane; that's all. [*Dick whispers to Frisk.*]

Pross. I'll undertake for him.

Const. Why, what be an undertaker to do in this business?

Pross. An undertaker fellow? I'm Peter Pross, attorney at law, and I'll answer for his appearance.

Const. No, he mun appear to answer for himself.

Frisk. You astonish me, Dick! Then there's no time to lose: (*to Constable.*) My good fellow, I'll go with you where you please; but first go with me. You, Dick, keep aloof a bit; you'll know your cue. [*Exeunt all but Dick.*]

Dick. Aye, aye, your honour! never miss signal. (*Looking at his dress.*) Now I feel as I used to do: I've parted company with the 'squire; and this rigging makes me look something like again: why, in his livery, I was like a British bottom with French colours. He thought to frighten me, by talking of a discharge; but he'd got hold of the wrong man. A true seaman is never frighten'd at a squall; and if he is set adrift, why he works his way as well as he can.

SONG.—DICK.

We tars have a maxim, your honour's, d'ye see,

To live in the same way we fight;

We never give in, and when running a lee,

We pipe hands the vessel to right.

It may do for a lubber to snivel and that,

If by chance on shoal he be cast;

But a tar among breakers, or thrown on a flat,

Puys away, tug and tug to the last.

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, fol de rol.

This life, as we're told, is a kind of a cruise,
 In which storms and calms take their turn;
 If 'tis storm why we bustle, if calm then we booze,
 All *taught* from the stem to the stern;
 Our captain, who in our own lingo would speak,
 Would say, to the cable stick fast,
 And whether the anchor be cast, or a-peak,
 Pull away, tug and tug to the last.
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, fol de rol.
 [Exit.]

SCENE V.

PADDOCK'S Parlour.

PADDOCK and DAME PADDOCK discovered; PADDOCK, as if just come home, puts down his whip, takes off his great coat, and hangs up his hat.

Paddock. Yes, Dame, it be all over sure enough: 'squire ha' gotten the day; and Scorem, for his villany, will get the lease.

Dame Pad. Well, well, keep up thy spirits; we have a little left, and we can still work. I feel most for the poor girl who is up stairs, crying; and do look like an angel in her own clothes. [A knock at the door.]

Paddock. Come in.

Enter the ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

Paddock. O, you be here already, be you? but *Ill weeds come quick*, as I say to my Spouse; and *There be no shaking off troublesome companions*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Clerk. You must all turn out! the landlord and the new tenant are coming.

Dame Pad. Hey, what! Scorem? If a comes near me—

Paddock. Nay, nay, dame; don't lose thy temper, and be a fool, because he be a knave: we mun turn out, what then? John Paddock may hold up his head where they will be ashamed to show their faces. Come, wife, come! why do'ee be foolish and cry for?

have a good heart, and bear it like I ; (*half crying*) heigho ! If I did keep but fifty sheep, t'farm be as good again as when I took it : but this be law.

Clerk. Yes ! the very letter of the law.

Paddock. Then it be *black letter*, and Justice couldn't read it.

Enter WILTON.

Wilton. Mr. Paddock, you guess the nature of my visit here ?

Paddock. Yes, yes ! you ha' done your worst, and I am ready to turn out as soon as the law requires. For "*The weakest goes to the wall*," as I say to my Spouse ; and "*Needs must, when the devil drives*," as my Spouse says to I.

Enter HARRIET in female dress.

Wilton. (*Aside ; seeing her.*) She's here ! and no longer in disguise.

[*Attempts to seize Harriet, Paddock catches up his whip, and stands between them.*]

Paddock. Stand off ! stand off ! She be under my protection.

[*Scorem disarms Paddock.*]

Dame Pad. (*To Scorem, and catching up the poker.*) Ah ! do'ee touch him, do'ee. [*Wilton seizes Harriet.*]

Har. Will nothing but my destruction, and that of these worthy people, to whom I owe my life, content you ?

Wilton. I seek your happiness, and to give you an opportunity of returning their kindness ; *there is a new lease, with blanks for the tenant's name ; consent to return to town with me, and I will insert Paddock's, and leave him in possession of the farm.*

Paddock. Doantee consider us—pray doantee, miss ; we should never thrive in the farm.

Dame Pad. Doantee, miss, pray ; I'll go down on my knees to thee—

Har. I will never insult my protectors by sup-

posing they would profit by my dishonour. I am of age, sir; your power over me ceases, and I defy it.

Wilton. Then you have decided their fate. Give me the lease. (*Signs it.*) Now insert Scorem's name. (*To the Clerk who writes.*) And now, sir, (*to Paddock*) you quit the premises.

Paddock. Mun we be thrust out like vagabonds?

Enter FRISK.

Frisk. Never while Frank Frisk is near to protect you.

Paddock. What canst thee do, foolish man? our cup of affliction be full.

Frisk. Then we'll make his *honour* drink it. Harriet in tears? Hark ye, sir, (*to Wilton*) how have you dared to insult that incomparable girl?

Wilton. I expected you was in custody, sir.

Frisk. Yes, and here's my bail.

Enter PROS.

Wilton. Pros the attorney!

Pros. Yes, Peter Pros; old Quibble, as I told you he would, deceived you—'tis all up—decree pronounced against you.

Wilmot. What, sir?

Pros. (*Takes out a newspaper and reads.*) "*Worthy versus Wilton.*" "The long depending cause relative to the valuable estate of Golden Acres is at last decided in favour of the plaintiff Worthy; and all the leases given by the defendant *Wilton* are void, who has likewise to pay up a long list of arrears, &c. &c. &c."

Pros. Here, sir, is the legal instrument, (*shewing a parchment,*) by virtue of which we act.

Wilton. Confound you all! [*Exit.*]

Paddock. (*To Scorem who has the lease in his hand.*) Your lease, master Scorem, be not a long one.

Dame Pad. Mayhap he'd like to have it renewed. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter DICK.

Dick. So his honour has bilg'd at last.

[*FRISK and HARRIET talk apart.*

Paddock. (*To Pros.*) And pray, who be landlord now, sir?

Pros. Francis Worthy, esquire, and there he is.

[*Pointing to FRISK. All amazed but DICK.*

Dick. Yes, yes, the false colours are hauled down, and the true blue hoisted.

Paddock. Be that Mr. Worthy? I do humbly beg your honour's pardon for all the freedoms we have taken with one another, but we were all in the dark; and *Ignorance be excusable*, as I say to my Spouse; and *A fool's tongue do run before his wit*, as my Spouse do say to *I*.

Frisk. Freedoms? Why you made me free of the dining parlour, when old *Trust to-morrow* shut the door in my face.

Scorem. I'm sure if I'd known who your honour was—

Frisk. You would have told me of the clause in the lease; you're a black sheep, and I mean to shear you.

Scorem. Your honour won't turn me out?

Frisk. But my honour will, I assure you.

Scorem. Then *that* (*snapping his fingers*) for your honour; stand out of the way. (*Pushes against the Clerk, who follows him out.*)

Frisk. Now, friend Paddock, rest happy under your old roof; your rent shall be reduced; Ned and Janet shall have the Barley Mow; and Dick shall be brought into safe moorings in town. And now, Harriet, may *I* hope?

Dame Pad. Do'ee, Miss, bless'ee do'ee.

Har. (*To Frisk.*) As you certainly are entitled to some consideration— (*starting and looking behind her, and affecting fright,*) bless me! I thought Wilton was there! So, to make myself secure, and (*to Frisk*) to save you from the pond or the pear-tree, I fancy I must e'en consent— (*gives her hand.*)

Frisk. Say you so? then all shall be Jubilee.

Paddock. And I wish you may be as happy as *my Spouse and I.*

FINALE.

Frisk. Guilt detected, worth rewarded,
Still a care obscures our view.
(*To Audience.*) May approval be accorded?
Sovereign lords, we bow to you.

Har. What fears annoy
The farmer's boy!
Ah, kindly smile them all away.

Paddock. Your smiles when won,
Shall be our sun,
And we'll while sun shines make our hay.

Dick. A sailor rough, on ocean bred,
Would favour *ax*, but knows not how.

Ned. And pray, your worships, honour Ned
With favours at the Barley Mow.

CHORUS.

Guilt detected, &c.

THE END.

THE
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A GRAND MELO-DRAMA,

INTERSPERSED WITH
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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

A slight French Drama intitled, "*La Vallee du Torrent*," furnished the general outline of this trifle. The management of the story, however, differs, and the incident of the Sword (on which the catastrophe is now made to hinge) is altogether an introduction.

The attributes of the *legitimate* Drama, include very superior efforts of composition; but the Melo-Drama, nearly as trivial as the Pantomime, demands of its humbler votary, no more than the excitement of curiosity. The "*Broken Sword*," will probably be found to have fulfilled this limited object.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>The Baron</i>	Mr. BARRYMORE,
<i>Capt. Savior</i>	Mr. FAWCETT,
<i>Claudio</i>	Mr. ABBOTT,
<i>Colonel Rigolio</i>	Mr. TERRY,
<i>Pablo</i>	Mr. SIMMONS,
<i>Estevan</i>	Mr. FARLEY,
<i>Myrtillo (a Dumb Orphan)</i> ...	Miss LUPPINO,
<i>Rosara (Daughter to the Baron)</i>	Miss S. BOOTH,
<i>Stella</i>	Miss CAREW,
<i>Beatrice</i>	Miss M'ALPINE,
<i>Jacintha</i>	Miss MORTRAM,

Goatherdesses—Mesdames Bradwell, Mori, Plourdeau,
Newton, &c.

SCENE—*The Valley of the Pyrenees, between the Spanish and
French Frontiers of Catalonia and Roussillon.*

THE

BROKEN SWORD.

A C T I.

SCENE—*The Pyrenees at day-break—the Cabin of a Goatherdess towards the front, on one side Estevan discovered on a Crag alone—his figure worn and emaciated, is wrapped in a ragged Mantle—he approaches with a timid, doubtful step—Music ceases as he approaches the threshold.*

Estev. **I**T is her cabin—yes, the cabin of my kinf-woman; her heart was ever kind, and she will surely shelter me! No one observes me—now dare I venture—(*He advances to knock, and suddenly recoils with a start of terror*)—Ha! who calls me?—Is't the pursuit?—(*Looks wildly round*)—No, no, no! 'Twas but the eagle's scream.—(*He strikes cautiously against the door.*)—Stella? Stella!—

(*Stella appears at a Casement above.*

Stel. Who calls so early? Is't Beatrice? Ha! a man—and a stranger!—Who is at my door?

Estev. A wretch—a way-worn fainting wretch!—if you have charity, receive and shelter him.

Stel. Enough! unhappy one! be comforted.—
(*Closes the Casement.*)

Estev. A blessing on the mercy which preserves me! another hour of struggle, and these limbs had sunk beneath their wretched burden.

STELLA Enters from the Cabin.

Stel. Now, my good friend, what service can I shew you?

Estev. Grant me but a little food; let me rest till evening on your mat, and you will save a fellow creature's life.

Stel. Cheerfully, and with the heart's kind welcome; lean on this arm, poor wanderer, and enter.

Estev. Ah, my good and generous Stella!

Stel. My name! you know me then.

Estev. So, once did Stella know a happy and respected kinsman, called Estevan de Burgos.

Stel. My cousin, and my kindest friend in childhood?—Ah!—Yes!—I knew and loved him dearly!—he was Valet to the Count Luneda, and left his country many years since to follow his master into Mexico.—Do you bring news of him?

Estev. Stella! look on these haggard features well.

Stel. Ah! is't possible?—O, yes—I see—I recollect—but sure so terrible a change——

Estev. Misery and despair have wrought it—for four dreadful days the wolf has shared his hiding place with me in watchfulness and famine. Stella! behold this chain!—(*Opens the Mantle and displays an Iron Collar upon his Neck*)

Stel. Merciful heavens!—the iron collar! the habit of——

Estev. A galley slave! Aye, Stella, I have been accused of fearful deeds—tried, convicted, sentenced to the toiling oar for life—but I was innocent, on my soul innocent!—Four nights since, I burst my chains, and escaped from my prison at Rosas,—the Pyrenees have veiled me in their pathless mazes from pursuit.—I toiled to pass the Spanish frontier, but fatigue and famine overweighed my strength; just as my steps had failed, your cabin, Stella, your well known cabin——

Stel. Ah! be it your beacon of hope, your citadel of safety.

(Voices at a distance.

Estev. (in violent emotion.)—Ha! voices—footsteps!—I am pursued—I am lost!—*(Falls exhausted on the ground; Stella runs affrighted to the foot of the cross, then returns re-assured.)*

Stel. No, no, you are safe, believe me! they who approach, are only the Goatherdesses from the valley—they are my companions and my friends.—Rouse thee, cousin!—be cautious and fear not.—*(Several Goatherdesses descend the Craggs, and advance gaily to Stella.)*

Beat Come, Stella, forward with us, to the bridge of St. Paulo; the sun is rising, and we shall scarcely reach it before the young Cavalier passes.—Who is this stranger?

Stel. 'Tis a poor travelling man—half perishing, I fear from want.—*(Aside to Estevan.)*—Rely upon my caution!——

Jacin. A traveller in distress!—Ah! let us all assist him!—*(Some of the Girls encircle Estevan, and support him—others run into the Cabin, and return with a Bench and Table, which they cover with Fruits, Bowls of Milk, &c.)*

Estev. Thanks, my kind and charitable Mistresses! the blessings of the wretched be upon your way!

Stel. Ours is not a distant one, only to the bridge which crosses the torrent at the end of our valley.—The son of our good Seigneur returns home this morning, from the wars, and we are assembled to meet him at the bridge and strew flowers; but my companions shall proceed without me.

Estev. Nay, not so, I must beseech you!—(*Aside to her.*)—If you remain, it may excite suspicion.

Stel. (*Acquiescing by a look.*)—Well then, I will return, good man, in an hour at latest;—meanwhile, feed on the simple fare our mountain boards provide—rest on the rushes strewn within—to slumber sink securely, and in dreams be happy!

SONG and CHORUS.

STELLA AND GOATHERDESSES.

I.

Way-worn man! here cheerly rest,
Perils past and travail o'er—
Droop no more by toil opprest,
Rest thee at the Rustic's door.
Rest, way-worn man!

II.

Milk, our up-land flocks have yielded,
Roots and honey strew the board;
Grapes yon rock from storm hath shielded,
These are all our huts afford.
Rest, way-worn man!

(*The Girls ascend, singing in Chorus, as the Scene closes.*)

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Chateau—several Domestic* hurrying across the Stage, carrying Vases of Flowers and different Ornaments for a Fête.

Enter PABLO.

Pab. Have a care, Theresa, how you carry that jar; Pedro, hold the beaupot steady; Ah! Bartolo, thou art an awkward devil; all my pains are thrown away—every thing will be spoilt.—There, there, get you forward, idle, heedless, graceless heathens!—

(Exeunt Domestic.

How I labour, but, all to no purpose! Elegance is not to be taught—I present the model, but nobody copies it.—*(Takes a Chair.)*—What a fatiguing day this will be!—First, it's the return of young Don Claudio from the wars; that's a rejoicing.—Next, it's the anniversary of the murder of Count Luneda, poor little Master Myrtillo's papa,—that's a condoling. Then there's to be a ceremony upon both occasions—to laugh for the one, and cry for the other—how difficult to unite such opposites! Miss Rosara has left all to my management.—What a task for a man of genius! I shall sink under it—I feel quite oppressed already.

Capt. ZAVIER (without.)

Zav. Sail a-head there? Varlet! Pablo!

Pab. *(Jumping up.)*—Here's the old sea Captain firing his chase-guns after me—it's too much on the brain—I can never stand it.—Here, Capt. Xavier.

Enter ZAVIER.

Zav. So, puppy, I have you within hail at last!

B

How long am I to wait for breakfast? where's my brother? my niece? where's my little Myrtillo?

Pab. Under favour, you must fancy it banyan day, Captain:—no breakfast yet—I can't spare you a single lacquey.

Zav. Why, the knave's besotted. Where have you sent all the servants?

Pab. (*Laying his finger to his nose.*)—Hush! hush! be secret; we are knee-deep in preparations.

Zav. Preparations! and for what?

Pab. Joy and grief—dances and dirges—the living and the dead——

Zav. Speak plainly, you incomprehensible dolphin, or I'll translate your skull into a meaning with my stick.

(*Rosara runs in, and catches Xavier's arm.*)

Ros. Hold, dear uncle! I'll be poor Pablo's expositor.

Zav. Aha! my pretty niece! thy kiss charms the rising storm into a nap, more cunningly than e'er a Lapland witch's bag!—Yet, that puppy so provoked me——

Ros. I am in fault, uncle; poor Pablo only acted by my desire.

Pab. No, Captain, I only stood at the helm, but Miss gave steering orders.—(*Aside.*)—There's a salt sop for the old dragon in his own element.

Zav. Well, but I must be taken into confidence. Come, roguish-eyes, tell me your secret.

Ros. Must I——? You shall promise to be very good then. We are preparing a surprise for somebody in the garden—a triumphal arch—garlands—inscriptions—in fact, a fête in compliment to the day. You know, my brother's return after a long twelvemonth's absence, may be expected every minute. His campaign has been a glorious one, and our dear Claudio ought to meet, amidst the welcomes of

his home, a grateful recollection of the gallantry by which it had been protected.

Zav. That's a sentiment worthy of a female heart; the debt of gratitude can never be over-paid to the defenders of their country, whether by land or sea. Ah! you girls have little notion of our perils. I remember, when I was first appointed to his Catholic Majesty's gun-brig, the Strombolo——

Pab (Aside.)—O! Lord, if he once gets on board the Strombolo, we shall make a voyage till dinner-time.—*(bustily.)*—Miss, Miss, you have not told his honour t'other half of the secret.

Ros. True, Pablo. Have you forgotten this day is the anniversary of an event, at once our happiness and our affliction.—Your little protégée, the orphan Myrtillo——

Zav. How? what? this day, said you?—true, true, the thirteenth of August—'tis just six years this day, since I first found him in the wood of Colares.—Poor little fellow! how unhappy this day will make him! for he still feels the horrid tragedy, as if it were but yesterday it happened.

Ros. True, my dear uncle; and, as I knew his sorrows ever return upon this morning with acuter pain, I had planned a little incident. Among the effects, which the unhappy Luneda had left behind him in Mexico, and which but lately were transmitted for his orphan, I found a marble bust, said to be a striking resemblance of the murdered man.—Myrtillo is, as yet, ignorant of its existence. I have ordered a small monument, recording the strange calamity, to be raised at the entrance of the garden; on this the bust shall presently be deposited, with an appropriate ceremony, in the orphan's presence. Thus, in the very midst of our own festivity, he will discover, that *his* afflictions have been remembered.

Zav. Well, well; but is not this beating about for a north-east passage to China, thro' the frozen ocean, while the plain course lays open to us, by the Cape of Good Hope? Why remind the little fellow of his misfortunes, while we have songs, dances, castanets, and sparkling muscadin to drown them in oblivion?

Ros. Wrong, uncle—positively wrong. Navigation is your science—botany mine; and since you have invoked Neptune for a metaphor against me, I shall e'en borrow an illustration of Flora in my defence. Recollect the plant I sketched for your dressing room yesterday—the *Evening Primrose*.—When the sun glares, and the busy hum of action is abroad, that timid flower folds itself together closely, droops to the ground, and seems to sicken with the day; but when the nightingale sings plaintively, and the meek glimmer of the moon is round us.—Ah! *then* its tiny leaves disclose—the dew-drop steals into its bosom, it cheers—it blooms—and blends its spirit with the gentler hour!—Even so fares it with the human heart, affliction recoils from the embrace of mirth, but softens, and expands at the touch of sympathy.

Zav. Hum! may be so—may be so—my poor Myrtillo! and this day six years was the very morning of our first meeting. Niece! did I ever relate to you the particulars of that adventure in the wood of Collares?

Pab. O, doleful! when once he gets into that wood, he never finds a way out again. Miss! Miss! don't trouble the Captain now—remember, 'tis such a busy time.

Zav. Oh, I don't value the trouble a rope's end; but, take a seat, my child. I always tell my story best, when my company are seated. Pablo, my lad, there's a stool for thee in yonder corner,

Pab. Thank ye kindly, Captain; but I wou'dn't take such a liberty for the world; besides, I've heard the story.

Zav. Repetition imprints a fact stronger on the memory; be seated I command you.

Pab. (*Afide.*) My bowels yearn at the thoughts of it.—Such a disageeable hard seat too!

Zav. Let me see—aye! it is exactly six years since, that peace being restored to Spain, and my ship paid off, my kind brother offer'd me a snug hammock in the dwelling of my forefathers;—I mounted a mule at Barcelona, and trotted away for my native mountains. At the dawn of the fourth day's journey, I entered the wood of Collares, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree—

Pab. (*jumping up.*) A chesnut, Captain, a *chesnut*.

Zav. Bah! you booby, I say, a cork.

Pab. And I swear, a chesnut—Captain! this is the twenty-seventh time I have heard you relate this story, and you invariably said, a chesnut, till now.

Zav. Did I? Well, a chesnut be it then. But, take your seat again.

Pab. Willingly—Only out with the *cork*, and I'm your man for sitting.

Zav. Well then—from the thick boughs of a chesnut, suddenly slipped down a little boy, who cast himself on his knees in the path before me—his features were convulsed and pale, and his poor piteous eyes that were raised beseechingly to mine, ran over with salt water as fast as the scuppers of my own brig, when she had shipped a sea. "What cheer, young messmate?" cried I,—his lips open'd, as if to return my hail, but no utterance followed; yet the boy kept throwing out strange signals of distress, and seemed to invite me, in dumb shew, to accompany him thro' an opening in the underwood. I dismounted, fasten'd my mule to the—the—

Pab. (*Eagerly.*) Chesnut.

Zav. Well, well, the tree that stood next me.—The child placed his cold and trembling hand within mine, and led me thro' a winding of the wood, into an open space, where the high road to Col-lares crossed—there I beheld—O! I shall never forget the sight!—a chariot, with its traces cut—the doors on either side forced open, and the body of an Officer covered with stabs, stretched on the seat within. The boy sprang from me, threw himself upon the corpse, covered with frantic kisses every bubbling wound, then, raised his eyes to heaven, but dropped them in despair, and sank down as lifeless as the form that pillow'd him.

Ros. Dear Myrtillo! my heart weeps with thee.

Zav. A precious time I had of it, you may be sure. The alarm was rung; the district raised, Alguazils,—Corregidors — depositions — examinations, and cross examinations. At last, we discovered by papers, found upon the body, and by the child's evidence, who, though deprived of speech by the terror of the scene, could *write*, that the murder'd man had been a Count Luneda, but recently landed from Mexico, and then travelling to meet some military friend, whose name Myrtillo had forgotten.

Ros. I think it was stated, Count Luneda had converted his large property into jewels, which he carried about him at the time.

Zav. And of which he was rifled by the murderer; but, thanks to Providence and my excellent brother, our poor orphan, tho' bereft of parent, and of fortune, possesses yet a kindly, and protecting home.

Ros. Where compassion gives him two fathers for the one he has lost—a sister in Rosara——

Pab. And a true friend in Pablo—but see, his chamber opens—(*points off the stage.*)

Zav. He seems lost in thought; he holds his tablets in one hand, a pencil in the other.

Ros. And writes, as he advances—so earnest too, he does not observe us.

MYRTILLO enters as described—when he reaches the front of the Stage, he rapidly adds another word to the Tablet, and, by gesture expresses that the document is then complete.—He turns, perceives his friends, and throws himself precipitately into the arms of Rosara and Xavier.

Zav. Welcome, my adopted son.

Ros. Welcome, my second brother!

Pab. The compliments of the morning to you, Master Myrtillo.—(*Myrtillo draws back, and signs to Pablo reproachfully.*)—Ah! he will never let me speak respectfully, as I wish. Well, then, if I must not say Master Myrtillo, good day, my friend Myrtillo.—(*Myrtillo smiles, runs to him, and shakes hands eagerly.*)—Aye, now he's pleased; but it's a shame for me to be so familiar—I, who am only a servant.—(*Myrtillo shakes his head, and seems to ask "What then am I?" turns again to Xavier, and expresses that, without his bounty, he should be destitute.*)

Ros. Fye, Myrtillo! we do not like to be reminded—your sense of gratitude is too deep—it distresses us.

Zav. Gratitude, and for what? doing our duty? Heaven help the child! wouldn't he be a pretty dog of a sailor who should see a messmate drowning alongside his ship, and not fling out a rope to save him upon deck. [Exit.

Ros. You have been writing this morning; what subject has employed your fancy.—(*He signifies his past misfortunes, that the present day is their sixth anni-*

versary, then bows respectfully, and offers the tablets to Rosara.)

Ros. Ah! I comprehend you, dear Myrtillo, but too well, and these tablets are designed for me.—*(He expresses assent.)*—What inscription is here? “The memoirs of an orphan, dedicated to his benefactress.”—*(She appears about to open the leaves, Myrtillo stops her, and asks that she will not read further in his presence.)*—Enough, I will read of you hereafter, converse with you now, think of you for ever.

Enter the BARON with an open letter.

Baron. Joy, joy to all of you! Our absentee will be in the arms of his family within the hour: thus runs his billet:—*(Reads)*—“The courier who delivers this will scarcely precede me by a single post. “A brother officer, the Chevalier Rigolio, is the “companion of my journey. He has proved the “kindest of friends to your inexperienced soldier— “tell Rosara he is wealthy, accomplished, and a bachelor: Need I entreat the smiles of my pretty “sister to welcome such a visitor?” You perceive, Rosara, your brother thinks of *you*.

Ros. And I of *him* so entirely, Sir, I cannot find a thought to waste on strangers.

Pab. Fags and fidgets! Don Claudio on the road, and half my work yet unfinished. O! by your love of the fine arts—to the garden—to the fête—to the *bust*.

Ros. Hush! Come, Myrtillo, you must be my escort. *(Myrtillo hesitates, and implies reluctance.)* How, you refuse to be my beau? is this your gallantry?—*(He shakes his head mournfully, draws out his watch, points to the hour, and lifts his hands, as in prayer, and expresses anxiety to be gone.)*

Ros. (*Aside to Pablo.*)—Hush! his watch reminds him—'tis near the hour when the annual mass for his father is sung at the chapel beyond the torrent—'tis his custom afterwards to remain in solitary prayer till evening. We understand your scruples, Myrtillo, and respect their piety. You shall reach the chapel by the time you wish; but yield us a few spare minutes first. Your own Rosara asks it. Will you refuse her?—(*Myrtillo eagerly kisses the hand she extends, and submits himself to her discretion.*)—You trust to me. Ah! the confidence shall not be abused. Quickly to the garden, to our festival.—(*Music of sudden animation. Pablo leads the way, the Baron follows, and Myrtillo, caressing the hand of Rosara, finishes the group.*)

SCENE.—*The Gardens.*—On one side is the entrance to a cypress grove, across which an artificial screen of boughs has been placed. Several domestics are busied in arrangement. Pablo runs forward and increases the bustle. The other characters then enter, and reach the front of the Stage.

Ros. Beloved Myrtillo, pause—this spot is sacredly your own. Rosara consecrates this cypress grove to the adopted brother of her affections.

CHAUNT OF INVISIBLE PERSONS FROM THE GROVE.

Orphan! left by fate to languish,
 In these bowers appease thy fear,
 Kindred breasts still own thy anguish,
 View their love, their pity here.

(The girls suddenly divide the screen into several boughs and a monument appears which has been hidden behind it; inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of Luneda.")

—Myrtillo sinks on his knee, with involuntary fervor: A black veil, which has surmounted the monument, is lifted floatingly away, and the bust of Luneda in white marble is discovered. Myrtillo utters a sudden cry, springs forward, and clasps the marble with enthusiastic joy.)

Zav. *(Grasping Myrtillo by the hand.)*—Yes, my dear Myrtillo, you at last possess the darling object of your pious wishes—a memorial of your unhappy father—and think not heavenly justice less certain because 'tis slow: for, even this day, while you chaunt to the repose of your parent, his murderer may be disclosed, his destiny avenged.—*(Myrtillo wrought up to enthusiasm by the address of Xavier, passionately addresses Heaven, and seems to imprecate its vengeance on the secret assassin. Shouts of villagers suddenly resound without, and the chime of bells strikes out joyously.)*

Baron. Hark! my son is within sight.

Ros. Our dear Claudio arrived!

Pablo. Now for my *Allegro* after my *Penseroso*. O, the bonny bells! I hear them!—and O, the bonny throats of the lasses! I hear them too!—Huzza! huzza! Claudio for ever!—*(Runs up the Stage to meet them. Myrtillo seems anxious to avoid the festivity.)*

Zav. No, my child, you shall not be detained.—Obey the altar's sacred call!—By yonder path you can avoid the crowd.

Ros. But when religion has fulfilled its claim, then think of us—think of Claudio—he is Rosara's brother, and must be yours.—*(Myrtillo much agitated, hastily bids adieu, and promises to return as she desires, then darts off by an ascending path on one side, just*

as the joyous groupe begin to display themselves on a planted eminence opposite. Young villagers male and female, precede, scattering flowers, &c. Castanets, tamborines, &c. These fill the front of the Stage, with song and dance, while Claudio and Rigolo pause upon the eminence, where they are received and welcomed in action by the characters of the family, Claudio introducing his friend, &c.)

(The characters have gradually advanced, and appear in front as the Ballet concludes.)

Baron. In truth, my noble boy, you credit your campaign.

Pat. Yes, young master has shot up like a poplar tree.

Claudio. If my return is indeed a subject of gratulation among my relatives, to this excellent guardian, this best of friends—*(pointing to Rigolo)*—all acknowledgments are justly due.

Rigo. Forbear, dear Claudio, you over-rate my simple services.

Claudio. Nay, Rigolo, you shall not deny my heart its dearest luxury, the expression of its gratitude. Yes, my friends, but for this generous arm, your Claudio had been nothing. At the storming of Tortona, dashed from the rampart, and hurled amidst a crowd of foes, the brave Rigolo cut a passage to my aid, and, at the hazard of his own life, rescued mine.

Baron Noble gentleman! if ever you become a parent, you will *feel* those thanks I cannot utter.

Rigo. Your son, my lord, is an enthusiast:—to save a gallant comrade in his extremity is but the common impulse of a soldier's mind—yet he venerates, as the result of principle, that which was merely the effect of chance.

Baron. The generous spirit ever makes its own distinctions. Now, my kind neighbours—*(to the*

peasants)—partake of our refreshments. Pablo, this is a part of your office.

Pablo. Yes, my lord, and one I always execute in person. When eating and drinking is the charge, I never could bear to employ a deputy.—(*Pablo conducts the villagers to the tables. They assemble joyously, and he appears to superintend officiously.*)

Claudio. Ah! how this scene—this happy, native scene exhilarates my heart! But, uncle, I miss one welcome yet. Where is your son?

Zav. O he shall greet you presently.

Rigo. How, Claudio, this is a relative you had not mentioned to me:—I never heard you had a cousin.

Zav. What! has the Colonel never been told of our Myrtillo, the little orphan whom I found this day six years, in the wood of Collares?

Rigo. (*Starting.*)—Found?—the wood of Collares?—and on this day?

Zav. Aye, the thirteenth of August. Providence, Sir, cast him on my care, for his father had just perished in that very wood by the execrable hand of an assassin.

Rigo. (*Involuntarily.*)—Merciful heavens!

Claudio. My friend!

Ros. The Colonel is unwell.

Rigo. (*Endeavouring to rally.*)—No, no—a momentary spasm—I entreat your pardon—'tis gone again—this keen mountain air.

Baron. You have remained exposed to it too long—let me conduct you, I entreat, into the house: Our breakfast shall be prepared within.

Rigo. You are too kind. I follow you. Lovely Rosara, may I presume to ask this hand?—(*They turn to pass into the house. The Baron leads, Rigolio follows, leading Rosara. Just as they front the bust, his*

eye falls upon it ; suddenly his hand drops that of Rosara, and he stands intensely rooted to the spot.)

Claudio. Colonel, will you not proceed?

Rigo. (*Without disengaging his eye.*)—Which is the path?

Claudio. Straight onwards.

Rigo. No—'tis barred against me—No, no, no—I cannot pass him.

Claudio. Whom?

Rigo. Those dead eyes glare so—Oh! I cannot bear it.—Frown not so terribly, Luneda.

Cladio. You knew him then?—(*to Rigolio.*)—Perhaps he was your friend?

Rigo. My friend?—Ha! ha!—Yes, yes, he was my friend.—Ha! ha! ha!—(*He sinks, paralysed with emotion, between Claudio and Xavier. All the peasants, &c. participate.*)

Claudio. Bend him forwards—he revives again.

Rigo. Did I dream it?—No, 'tis there again!—ill fated, sacrificed Luneda!—My friend!—I called him so, did I not?

Zav. You did, and you are with those who venerate his memory.

Rig. True—I perceive all now.—A bust, a mere memorial—and his orphan resides here.

Ros. O! yes, Sir—and he will be so rejoiced to welcome a friend of his father's.—Though he is dumb, his eyes will speak for him.

Rigo. How!—dumb, say you?

Zav. Yes, Colonel, excessive terror at the moment of his father's murder deprived him of his utterance; but medical men have assured me that some violent revulsion of nature may as suddenly restore it.

Rigo. Does he recollect any circumstances think you of—of—?

Ros. Of the murder? O! thoroughly, and though six years have now elapsed, he persists that he should recognise the face of the assassin at a single glance.

Padlo. (*Running forward*)—Joy! joy! good fortune at the very nick of time! Here comes Myrtillo himself, returning from mass—he runs towards us with all his speed.

Claudio. Happy minute! Now, my friend, you will behold—

Rigo. (*Wildly.*)—Not for worlds—My surprise—my emotion—I cannot yet support the joy of—

Ros. But he is here.

(*Myrtillo appears at the top of the rising path by which he had before departed.*)

Rigo. (*Just glancing towards him.*)—Horror! madness!

(*Rigolio covers his countenance by his hat, and recedes as the boy advances. At the same instant at which Myrtillo gains the front of the stage, the Colonel has passed behind the other characters, and darts away by the path the other had just quitted.*)

Claudio.—(*pursues him crying.*)—My friend! my friend!—(*General groupe.*)

A C T II.

SCENE—*The Pyrenees, with STELLA's Cabin, as before—RIGOLIO descends the Crags, looking anxiously behind him.*

Rig. YES—I have outstripped pursuit.—Claudio's voice hollows down the rocks no longer—'tis solitude—utter solitude around. Here then let me pause—here use the few brief minutes yet my own—for reflection—for decision!—After six years of fancied safety—ruin! absolute ruin, threatens to overwhelm me. The father perished, but the child survives—aye,—I recollect—when the mask fell from my face, and my dying victim cried——“Is it my friend that strikes?”—then my arm—my faculties were paralysed, and while I faltered, the urchin glided from my grasp!—Six years!—and yet *this* day—this *fatal* day—a living evidence appears to blast me!—If this boy once meets, he remembers—and all is lost!—What is to be done?—a second murder?—No, no—that were the only certain way—but in the castle, amidst his friends—the attempt were vain!—Flight, then—aye! instant flight alone can save me. Once at a distance from the scene of danger, I could at leisure frame some plan for my future life—write to Claudio—colour with some well-imagined fraud, the abruptness of my departure,—and—yes—yes—it must be so.—What if I cross the mountains into France?—So, I might

clude enquiry altogether. Could I but hire a guide to lead me across these precipices to Bellegarde—*(sees the Cabin.)*—A Goatherd's cabin!—this may furnish me!—*(knocks at the door, Stella appears.)*

Stel. Gracious saints!—here's an honour! the great visitor from the castle!—

Rig. *(Aside.)* Confusion!—known here too!—you have seen me then before?

Stel. Yes, Signor!—You might not have noticed me, but I was one of the village lasses, who met you at the bridge, to strew flowers, and to—

Rig. True, true—I remember you.

Stel. But, bless me!—how comes your honour in such a place? just when the fête is going on at the castle—not a creature has returned from the dance yet, except myself—and I only slipped away, because—

Rig. *(Hastily.)* No matter, my good girl! sudden and unexpected business calls me from my friends. Could you procure me a guide, who would lead me by the straightest path to the French side of the mountain?

Stel. How fortunate!—yes, yes, Signor—I have a travelling person within—a poor kinsman of my own—he knows the road—and if he could but pass the frontier under your protection—

Rig. I promise for him every thing that you can wish—but hasten, hasten! I have not a minute now to lose.

Stel. He shall attend you instantly.

[Exit into Cabin.]

Rig. Each moment swells into hours, that I delay among these fatal mountains.—Why was I persuaded to visit them? Oh! that I could recall the damning hour I first beheld them—that hour of frenzy and perdition—when stripped by gamesters of my last resource, fortune lost, and reputation staked, I

rushed on blood and rapine as my predestined course!—Upon what trivial chances may our crimes, or virtues hinge!—Had not Luneda's letter reached me at the very instant that it did—had it not apprised me of the treasure borne about his person—his lonely route—his unattended state—each particular conspiring to seduce—my soul had never—no, surely, never—been tempted to the deed which damns it! Wretched Luneda! still, still I hear his dying cry—it pleads to heaven against me—the groans too uttering *now*, by the poor wretch, on whom I secretly directed the suspicion—that miserable slave who now toils among the galleys, and invokes——

[*Estevan has advanced during the last sentence, from the Cottage, with fearful humility, and bowing just opposite to Rigolio as he turns his head.*]

Estev. Signor!—I wait your——

Rig. Ha!—what apparition has——

Estev. The Signor Rigolio!——

Rig. 'Tis he!—Estevan!—the very valet of——

Estev. Count Luneda. Oh, Signor! betray me not. Mercy! mercy!—(*Flings himself distractedly at Rigolio's feet.*)

Rig. Rise! if you are unfortunate, I—but, tell me—how came you to this spot? Report had reach'd me, you were sentenced—and for life, to——

Estev. Yes, to slavery!—and to disgrace far heavier than my chains!—but I was innocent of all. Oh, Signor! you were my master's friend—pity me! save me!——

Rig. Speak more coherently—let me comprehend your case.—I had been told, that some weeks after the murder of my friend you had been apprehended in a distant part of Spain upon suspicion of the

crime—and though the fact was not distinctly proved upon your trial, yet, so ambiguous seemed the circumstance, your judges had condemned you to the oar for life.

Estev. Such was the dreadful sentence.—Yet, by every power——

Rig. Reserve your oaths—give me facts.

Estev. I will obey you, Signor!—my unfortunate master, when he landed from Mexico, was accompanied only by his little son, and by myself—his vast property converted into jewels, travelled with him.—Your name he perpetually mentioned with anxiety, as one of his earliest friends.—At the first post upon our journey he learned that your regiment lay in quarters but a short distance from the town of Tarracona. Instantly he dispatched me forwards with a note, requesting you to meet him at Collares. This, as you must remember, I had the honour to deliver into your own hands with punctuality. I was then to have rejoined my master instantly, before he passed the wood. Scarcely had I proceeded a league on my return, when a stranger met me with a written paper, apparently in the Count's hand. In this, I was directed to take a different route, and wait at Gerona for his further orders. Credulous fool! I fell into the snare, treachery triumphed, and the noble Luneda perished!

Rig. (*Aside*)—Still then, I am unsuspected by him.—Proceed, my worthy man, I am attentive.

Estev. News of the murder reached Gerona—on the first surprise, my senses fled. When I recovered, it was in a dungeon. During my delirium, some secret villain had denounced me as the assassin—hurried before strange Judges—my guilt in part believed—a sentence of eternal slavery was passed.—Oh, Signor! think of his horrid fate who lives to

be a slave forever! four nights since by miracle I escaped—*your* protection would ensure my safety.—O, bear me with you into France—my services—my prayers—my life are yours!

Rig. (Aside.) This accident may yet redeem me—aye!—*suddenly*, and it may. Estevan! honest, suffering creature!—a sure asylum for your griefs is near. The chateau of my friend shall be your home while I am absent; and trust me, even before I return, such zeal will I employ, tidings you little can expect, may reach you.

Estev. (Flings himself before him.) Benignant! gracious Being! these bursting tears must thank you!

Rig. No thanks till you find I have deserved them; there is not a moment to be lost. You must thither instantly—I will provide you with a letter shall accomplish all!

Estev. Too gracious Signor!—but your own affairs——

Rig. However urgent, they shall not be regarded, 'till I have settled yours. Once in the Castle you will be sufficiently secured. The letter shall instantly be written, which decides your fate!

(Rigolio hastily enters the Cabin motioning Estevan to follow him, who is met by Stella)

Stel. Speed thee, dear kinsman! beyond these mountains danger and persecution both will cease,—

Estev. Thanks, kind Stella! eternal thanks!

[Exit Estevan into Cabin.]

AIR.

THE BROKEN SWORD.

AIR.—STELLA.

Oh! speed thee, dear kinsman
From bondage from fear,
For danger's await thee
While lingering here ;—
The breeze of yon mountain,
Shall lift up it's voice,
Like a spirit to bid thee,
In freedom rejoice!—

Then, speed thee dear kinsman,
Oh, hasten away—
From slavery's darkness
To liberty's day!

II.

Thy fame has been blotted,
By calumny's mark ;—
The stream of thy fortunes
Runs troubled and dark,
But streams that have struggled
Long buried in night,
At length burst in torrents
To freedom and light !
Then speed thee, &c.

[Exit.]

SCENE.—*The Chateau.*—ROSARA and PABLO *Enter from opposite sides.*

Ros. How singular an event !

Pab. The oddest of all possible oddities !

Ros. To leave us so abruptly—to refuse all explanation.

Pab. Without the civility of saying, “Gentlemen, good day,”

Ros. To depart without his servants—what a strange man !

Pab. To depart without his breakfast—what a simple man !

Enter ZAVIOR.

Ros. Any news of our runaway guest, uncle ?

Zav. None, my girl ; I left your brother in the chace—but this Colonel slipped his cable so quietly, without signal, and had stood out to sea under such a press of sail, that the Strombolo herself would never come up with him.

Ros. How unaccountable his conduct !—Surely his friendship for Luneda must have been extraordinary. I never witnessed agitation so violent.

Zav. Nor I.—What says Myrtillo ? does he recollect the Colonel’s name ?

Ros. Yes, perfectly—he frequently had heard his poor father mention it—but he cannot recall any particulars.

Baron (without.) This way, good man !—let me present you to my family.

Enter BARON followed by ESTEVAN.

Zav. What strange cruizer has my brother taken in tow here ?—One that seems to have weathered some foul gales.

Baron. Pablo! Seek for my son, directly—this stranger bears a letter to him.

(*Pablo looks curiously at Estevan and Exit.*)

He comes recommended to our protection by the Chevalier Rigolio.

Ros. Oh! then we shall know all.—Where did you leave the Colonel, honest man?—when does he return to us?

Estev. I am ignorant, young lady, of the Colonel's precise plans.—But, I know that he devotes himself at this moment, to a benevolent cause, and the prayers of the unfortunate attend him every where.

Zav. Do they? then a seamen's good wish be blown along with them, let him tack about, and steer for what harbour he pleases.

Ros. Ah! Claudio is here, and now the letter will tell us all.

Enter CLAUDIO and PABLO.

Claud. A messenger to me! and from Rigolio!

Baron. This man has a letter for you—the Colonel is his patron.

Claud. Indeed! then I beseech you, let all here receive him as their friend.

Baron. Speak for your family, Claudio.—Say, that he is welcome—truly welcome!

Estev. Ah! Signors—this kindness to one, so long injured to sorrow and contempt, I——

Claud. Whatever your distresses, think them concluded here—this letter will teach us, doubtless, how to sympathize with, and to console you.—

(*Opens and reads.*)—"My excellent young friend, entreat your family to pardon my abrupt departure—to-morrow shall elucidate every thing. Meanwhile, let me conjure you to secure the per-

“son of the man who delivers this. You behold in
 “him, a fugitive from offended laws, and the con-
 “victed murderer of the Count Luneda.”

[A pause—Esteven overwhelmed by surprise and emotion,—stands incapable of utterance.—The other Characters surveying him with the different regards of horror and dismay.]

Claud. Monster!

Ros. Wretched, wicked being! I shudder to behold him!

Baron. Let the officers of justice be summoned!—remove the monster from us, lest his presence draw a vengeance on these walls.

Claud. Be that my care—guard him closely!—let him not stir till I return.—*(Rushes out.)*

Zav. See, how conscious guilt confounds his features.

Baron. Speak, have you a word to offer in defence?

(Esteven seems for a moment endeavouring to address him, but emotion suffocates the effort, he staggers towards Rosara, buries his face with his hands, and at last sobs audibly.)

Ros. Ah! how dreadful the image of affliction, even in the guilty! Unhappy being! speak, have you one plea to offer?

Estev. *(With a look of still despair.)*—None, lady none! I feel that I was born to be a wretch, and dare not struggle longer against my fate!

Ros. Then you confess the crime?

Estev. No, before man and heaven, I deny it solemnly! but treachery has woven such a net about me, I must needs despair!

(Esteven relapses into the profoundest despondency, and again obscures his face. Myrtillo enters cheerfully, through a door in the centre of the scene, and advances between Xavier and Rosara.)

Ros. (*Rapidly intercepting his view of Estevan.*)—Oh! beloved Myrtillo, withdraw.—I conjure you—you must not pass this way.

(*Myrtillo in astonishment seems to ask her motives. Estevan suddenly changes his position, and the eyes of the two meet. Both start as if bewildered by doubtful recollections.*)

Estev. Merciful heavens!—that face!—those eyes!

Zav. Yes, murderer! tremble!—The son of Luneda stands before you!

Estev. Ah!

(*He springs involuntarily forward, and clasps Myrtillo's knees.—The boy still hesitates—Estevan tears up the sleeve of his right arm, and points to a scar. The boy's eyes lighten up with instant conviction, he embraces Estevan, and welcomes him with tenderness and affection.*)

Estev. Bounteous heaven! thanks! I behold my master's son once more, and I can die content.

Zav. What mystery is here? Can Myrtillo embrace the assassin of his father?

(*Myrtillo persists in his caresses, and pointing to the scar, indicates that he remembers it with gratitude.*)

Ros. Why does he point to that scar upon the arm?

Estev. He remembers it; 'twas the bite of a ferocious wolf, which I received in protecting him from danger in his infant years.—(*Myrtillo acquiesces with fervour.*)

Zav. Is it possible Rigolio has deceived us? Answer us, Myrtillo.—You beheld distinctly the features of your father's murderer—answer, then, is there a possibility this can have been the man?

(*Myrtillo impetuously repels the idea, and identifies Estevan as his friend.*)

Estev. (*With frantic joy.*)—My innocence at last is manifest! Yes, yes, Luneda's son proclaims my innocence.

Zav. Rise, rise, much injured man!—Whoever be your persecutors, you shall find protection here.

(*The thunder suddenly rolls, and the windows become illuminated with the lightning.*)

Pablo. There—I thought so—I expected a storm would come after sunset—the skies have threatened all day.

Ros. I fear 'twill be tremendous, and our dear Claudio, deceived by this unlucky letter, crossing the mountain to summon the police, is now exposed to all its fury.

Baron. I tremble lest he should be overtaken by the darkness, and miss the narrow foot-track beyond the torrent.

Pablo. Ah! that cursed torrent! Some accident happens there continually.—(*Storm increases.*)

Zav. Brother, let the servants assemble with torches, and take different paths towards the torrent. I'll go with them myself.

Baron. Have with you brother.—Unless we plant lights along those precipices, Claudio's danger may indeed be great.

Ros. But if the officers of justice should arrive in your absence, how shall I protect this unfortunate man?

(*Myrtillo signifies that himself, with Estevan, will accompany the party forth.*)

Ros. You will meet them, and declare his innocence at once. Ah! but in this storm—

Zav. (*Storm.*)—Ha! no more delay. Pablo! Torches there!—to the torrent!

(*Exit Rosara on one side, the other characters by the opposite direction. Myrtillo grasps Estevan's*

hand with alacrity, and pledges himself to avouch his innocence.

SCENE.—*The Valley of the Torrent.*—*Across the head of the Torrent a foot-bridge is cast to the summit of a perpendicular rock, on which the ruins of a chapel are perceptible. The scene is nearly dark, and the different masses of rock and water are developed, but at intervals, by the glare of lightning. The storm rages, and Rigolio appears combating with its fury.*

Rig. Spirits of darkness! whither will ye drive your victim! I have lost the track should lead me into France, and wander through this dreadful wilderness without a clue. What will become of me? Return to the Castle—I dare not while the orphan lives.—I am exhausted.—(*He leans on the rocks.—Storm redoubles.—Rushes wildly forward.*)—Avenging powers!—Luneda's spirit walks abroad, and arms the elements against me.—(*Halloos are heard at a distance.—He halloos to them in return.*)—Ah! voices so near!—torches too!—If they are peasants, I am saved.—Holloa! this way, this way.—Ah! no, the Baron's voice.—I am sought for.—If they find me—Horror!—Whither shall I fly to shun them?

(*He flies up the winding path conducting to the torrent. Baron, Xavier, Pablo, and domestics, enter with torches in front.*)

Zav. 'This way the voice sounded. No doubt it was my nephew.

Baron. Merciful heavens! how dreadfully the torrent rages!

Zav. Holloa! Claudio! Nephew! Holloa!

Enter ESTEVAN and MYRTILLO.

Estev. Ah! Sirs! I beseech you prevail upon this generous, noble youth that he return.—At such tender years to brave a storm like this.

Zav. Return, return; Myrtillo; I command you.
(*Rigolio is seen crossing the foot-bridge, to gain the shelter of the ruins. Just as he crosses the lightning flares upon his figure.*)

Pablo Look! look! there's somebody on the bridge. I saw a figure pass—I swear it.

Baron. It must be Claudio—and if he ventures further—

(*Myrtillo suddenly snatches a torch from one of the domestics, and darts up the path.*)

Pablo. Stop! stop!—Master Myrtillo, stop!

Zav. Ah! the brave child! never fear him—he knows his footing well. Bring your torches further along the bed of the torrent, that he may see us, and one of you follow him.

(*All depart by a lower path, except Estevan, who takes the same track Myrtillo has ascended, but left far behind. Rigolio is seen watching from the ruin the different directions of the torches. Myrtillo advances across the bridge; just as he is about to enter the ruin, Rigolio with his sword strikes the torch from his hand. The Boy recedes in the darkness; Rigolio follows, seizes him on the middle of the bridge, and hurls him over into the bed of the torrent. Estevan, with his torch, appears at the same moment on a projecting crag; about half-way up the path he hears the plunge.*)

Estev. Ah! he has fallen from the bridge!—
Help! help! save him! save him!

(He precipitates himself into the torrent. Rigolio flies into the ruins. Baron, Xavier, &c. rapidly return.)

Zav. My boy! my boy! save him!—All I have in the world shall reward the man who saves him!

(The lightnings flare vividly upon the water, and shew Myrtillo borne down the agitated waters, Estevan struggling after him.)

Zav. Ah! he floats towards the second fall—then he is lost!

Pablo. No, no, the man has caught his arm—

Zav. But the torrent bears them both away.

(Pablo flings out a cord; at the moment they approach the second fall, Estevan catches it with his disengaged hand.)

Pablo. Huzza! he catches the cord!—Quick, quick! all of you your torches this way!

(Estevan struggles; they drag him to the bank.—he bears Myrtillo, insensible, forwards, flings him into Xavier's extended arms, then falls exhausted among the groupe.)

SCENE.—*The Chateau.*

Enter ROSARA and CLAUDIO.

Ros. How unlucky! Then you have returned without meeting them?

Claudio. You say they are seeking for me in the direction of the torrent, supposing I must pass the bridge; but the storm beset my path so suddenly, I dispatched a peasant forwards, and returned myself by the sheltered path among the olive grounds. However, the magistracy are, ere this, alarmed; and the villain will be secured by their officers to-night.

Ros. Ah! I had forgotten to inform you—your friend the Colonel has been utterly deceived:—the man he would accuse is innocent of the murder.—Myrtillo has himself declared so.

Claudio. Impossible! My life and honour upon the strictness of Rigolio's charge. The misapprehension must be *here*.

Enter PABLO.

Pablo. Horrible! dreadful!—Oh! Miss Rosara! have you heard it?—Such an accident!

Ros. Heavens!—What has happened?

Pablo. Death and horror!—Murder and destruction!—Poor Master Myrtillo has been drowned.

Ros. Merciful powers!

Claudio. Myrtillo drowned!

Pablo. Oh, yes! he was quite killed once; but we have brought him to life again.

Ros. Then he yet lives?

Pablo. Yes; all owing to me though.—How the torrent foamed and roared!—there he floated away for the second fall—there the strange man buffeted after him—there both of them were just spent—and there I flung out the rope that saved them.—Oh! Miss, if you had but seen me fling it—so nice and neat to the moment!

Ros. But speak, speak!—How did this danger happen?

Pablo. I can't tell yet.—Master Myrtillo had but just recovered, and was beginning to explain, when I ran on before to tell you.

Enter ZAVIER abruptly with ESTEVAN.—He waves to PABLO hastily to withdraw.

Zav. Ah! nephew you are here then? You have heard already of—

Claudio. Dear Myrtillo's danger?—Yes, sir.—But how did this accident—

Zav. No, no, nephew, it was not accident—design, horrible design!

Claudio. You cannot mean it.—What hand so atrocious——?

Zav. I tremble for your sake—I tremble whilst I denounce the monster;—but suspicion, powerful suspicion, falls upon——

Claudio. Whom?

Zav. That man you call your dearest friend—Rigolio.

Claudio. Monstrous calumny!—Who could defame so excellent, so honourable a character?

Zav. Behold his accuser, this stranger, who but now, at the hazard of his own life, saved Myrtillo's.

Claudio. Infamous aspersion!—If there be a punishment——

Estev. Prove that I merit your reproach, and yield me freely to the sharpest torture; but listen to my proofs, before you reject my testimony.

Claudio. Speak!

Estev. When Myrtillo recovered from his swoon, he motioned to us that we should search the spot from which he had fallen. We did so; and this fragment of a sword blade—(*produces about a third of a blade, broken off from the point*)—was found at the entrance of the ruined abbey:—that it must recently have fallen there, the brightness of its polish is an evidence. Signor, respectfully I request that you will unsheath your own regimental sword, and compare the two blades together.

Claudio. Assuredly—examine it freely.—(*Draws.*)

Zav. (*after comparing them.*) The fragments correspond precisely, both in shape and quality, and the engravings on each alike. Would not Colonel Rigolio's sword be the counterpart of yours?

Claudio. I admit the resemblance and the probability.—But what would you infer from this?

Zav. Hear me. While this search was making

on the rock, my poor boy traced eagerly with a pencil these hasty words. (*Reads.*) "My life has been attempted. A sword suddenly struck against the torch I carried, and dashed it from my hand—the blade broke as it gave the blow, and a piece of it fell against my foot. I retreated; but a figure pursued me in the dark—it seized and plunged me from the bridge into the torrent."

Claudio. And is this your motive for suspicion? Vain and preposterous surmise! Rigolio, the bravest and best of heroes, become the assassin of an innocent boy!—too monstrous even for reply. But know, base slanderer! to your confusion know, my friend must have been at a distance of many leagues beyond the bridge at the very moment Myrtillo was assaulted there.

Enter PABLO.

Pablo. O! signor! wonder upon wonders!—Your friend, whom every body thought had gone away from us, has just come back again; I left him in the great hall.

Claudio. Colonel Rigolio do you mean?

Pablo. Yes—and such a figure I never saw in my life—his face so pale, and his eyes so wild.—I vow when I placed the candles before him, he looked to me for all the world like some murderer.

Claudio. Peace, scoundrel!—I must not, will not, dare not think of it.

Zav. Nephew! nephew! if private friendship can stifle in your bosom the awful claim of justice—then the pride and honour of your house are forfeited for ever.—Rigolio's return at the very instant when—

Claudio. Every thing will be explained to his honour; I am convinced it will.—Pablo, lead me to him instantly.

Estev. Hold, signor!—I have a cause which makes a lowly man forget humility. I demand, solemnly demand, to be confronted with Rigolio, this moment, in your presence.

Claudio. Come on—*(Seizes his hand.)*—You brave a fearful risk.—May heaven decide between you for the truth!

(Exeunt Claudio and Estevan on one side, Xavier, &c. opposite.)

SCENE—*The Castle Hall*—RIGOLIO is discovered the desolate being described by PABLO, seated in the centre of the Hall, near a Table on which lights are burning.

Rig. How frightful is this pause of solitude and silence! None of the family approach to welcome me. But oh! neglect of ceremony is affliction's charter; and this accursed hand has changed these hospitable halls into a desolate abode of death and tears!—*(Suddenly starts up.)*—Let me endeavour to shake off this lethargy!—*(Paces rapidly.)*—I can pace these floors securely now; the only form I dreaded to encounter—*here* shall never, never more be found. The winds have heard, and mocked his dying cry! the wave flows over him—he sleeps eternally! Sit lightly then, my heart—rejoice; exult; No—no—there is a chilly weight that sinks it down—quite down!—*(He drops back into his chair.)*—Shame; shame! let me rally—they approach—Let me, at least, be faithful to myself.

Enter PABLO, lighting CLAUDIO, who is followed by ESTEVAN.

Claud. Pablo, leave us.

[Exit Pab.]

Rig. *(With forced spirits advancing.)*—My friend! dear Claudio!—*(For a moment they preserve an uneasy*

silence, regarding each other anxiously, as at a loss how to address.)—Claudio,—you—you are doubtless surprised at my return.

Claud. I must own, it was unexpected.

Rig. Entirely accidental. The storm has swollen the rivulets into an inundation across the valley, and I found it impossible to proceed. My return is not, I trust, unwelcome to my friends?

Claud. (*After a struggle.*)—Rigolio, I cannot—never *could* dissimble. Speak! does your conscience declare, you still deserve our welcome?

Rig. Ha! I perceive—some odious calumny.—Where is the wretch, who dares accuse me?

Claud. Behold!—and O! if possible, disprove him here!

Points to ESTEVAN, who Enters.

Rig. That traitor! that convicted felon!

Estev. No—that injured suffering man, whom a villain persecutes, but whom heaven protects.

Rig. Insolent wretch! is it to me you dare address—

Estev. The only language truth can use to villainy so monstrous. Here, in the presence of this noble youth—and soon before the whole assembled world—aloud I brand you with the name of murderer—an infant's murderer!—aye, murderer and coward!

Rig. My rage can brook no more! die, miscreant! e're that venom'd tongue—

[*Rigolio, transported almost to madness, furiously draws his sword, Claudio forcibly catches his arm as he rushes forwards—the blade appears broken towards the point.*

Estev. Ah! the proof! the deep, the damning proof!—Heaven's own eternal hand is here!

[*He fixes the fragment to the extended blade——*
Rigolio, as he perceives the discovery, stands as if rooted to the spot by magic.

Clau. Merciful heavens! the evidence indeed is clear!

Rig. (*Tremulously.*) What proof? what evidence? who says that——if the orphan, by accident, have perished——

Estev. Ha! mark there——the villain's own confusion now confesses all. But, know, Myrtillo lives!

Rig. Lives!

Estev. Aye! to blast and overwhelm a monster! This instant let the wretch be seized——this instant!

[*Estevan rushes out, as if to summon the family.——*
Rigolio staggers towards the Table, and supports his trembling limbs against it

Clau. (*Surveying him with mixed emotions.*)——Rigolio, most unhappy man; what dæmon could have prompted——but no matter, you once saved my life, I cannot injure yours.—Fly!—escape, if possible.

Rig. You then, even you believe me guilty.

Clau. Unfortunate man! I feel convinced; but, let me pay the debt of gratitude I owe you—these doors open to the garden—this key unlocks the private gate beyond—fly, fly!

Rig. I am a wretch—dispose of me as you will.

Baron. This way.

[*Claudio leads Rigolio (stupified by apprehensions) to the folding doors in the centre of the scene—they are thrown asunder, and a crowd of persons and torches are discovered.*]

Clau. (*Dragging Rigolio quicker back.*)—We are prevented. Ah! 'tis now too late—by yonder door——fly! fly!

Baron (*Advancing.*)—My son, the officers of justice have arrived to execute your summons.

[*The groupe moves forward—Zavier and Rosara with Myrtillo visible in the centre. Rigolio turns to escape—Esteven's rapid entrance intercepts him at the other door.*

Estev. Officers, advance! behold your prisoner here!

[*Rigolio, as he turns to avoid Esteven, suddenly faces Myrtillo—the eye of each becomes rivetted. —The boy presses his throat between his fingers, as if to repress a choaking effort of the feelings. —He shudders violently, then, with a sudden fearful cry, he darts from his position, and springs upon Rigolio exclaiming*

Myr. My father's murderer!

Estev. Ha! he speaks!—an inspiration from the grave resounds!—the father's ghost cries “Vengeance” by his orphan's lips.

Myr. (*Fastening irremoveably upon Rigolio.*)—Justice! justice! justice!

[*Rigolio laughs deliriously, and sinks down, convulsed, under Myrtillo's grasp.*

Ros. Miserable being!—Justice must be his meed from man—may mercy prove his boon from heaven!

The Picture is formed, and the Curtain falls.

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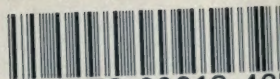
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